



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

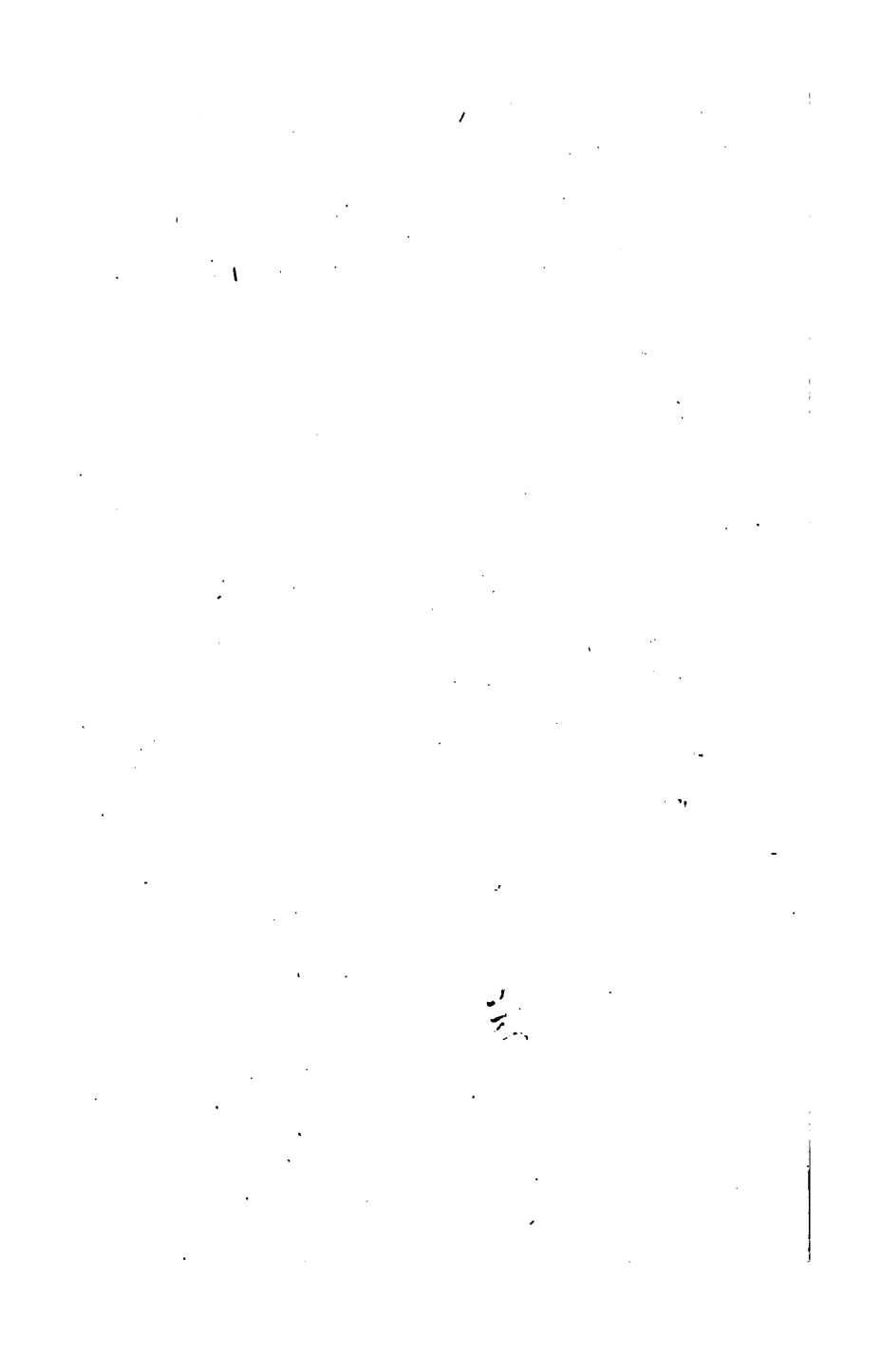


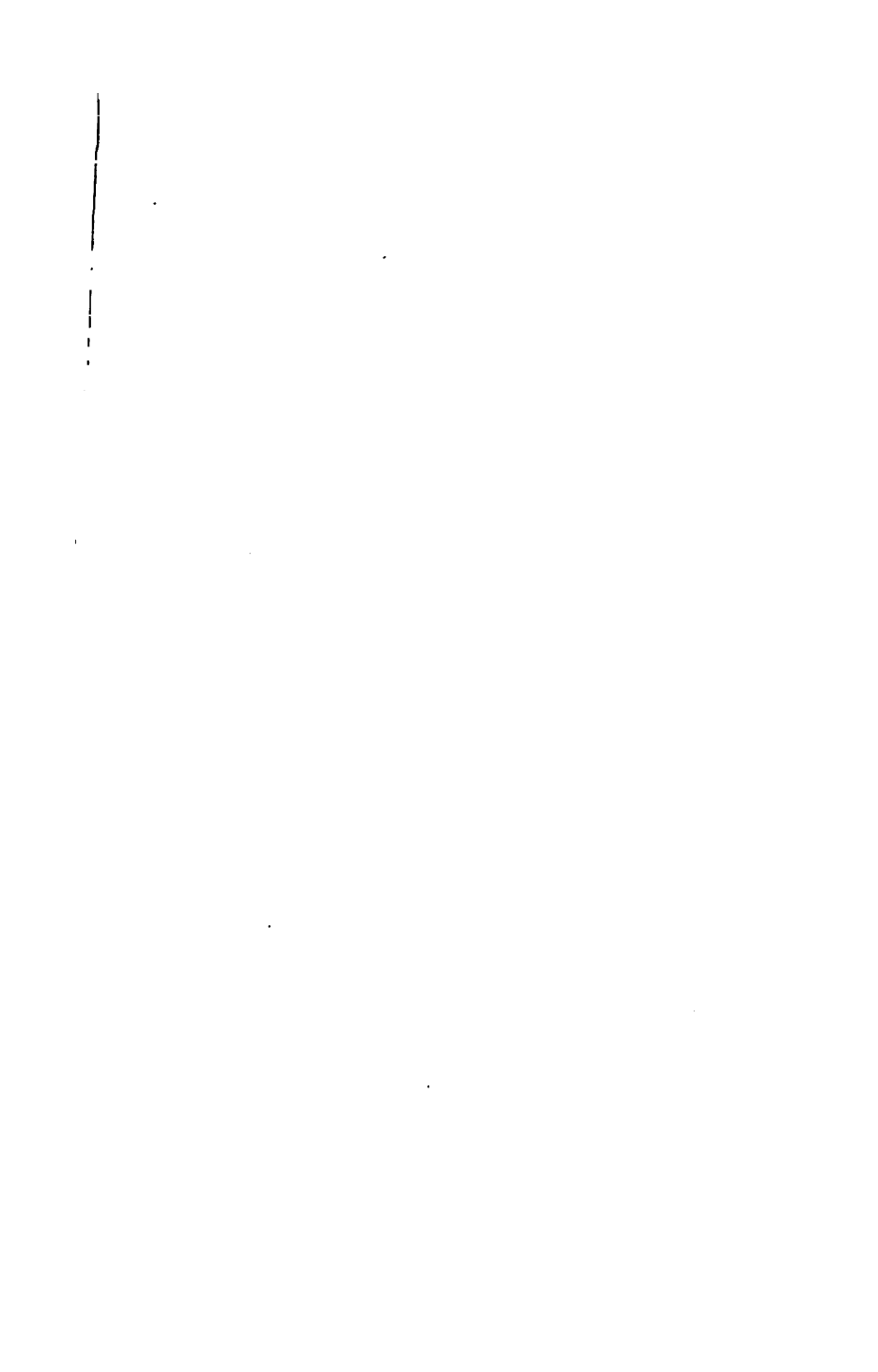


600057635W







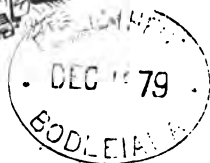




AN OLD CHIMNEY CORNER IN CHADDERTON FOLD.

THE
CHIMNEY CORNER.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

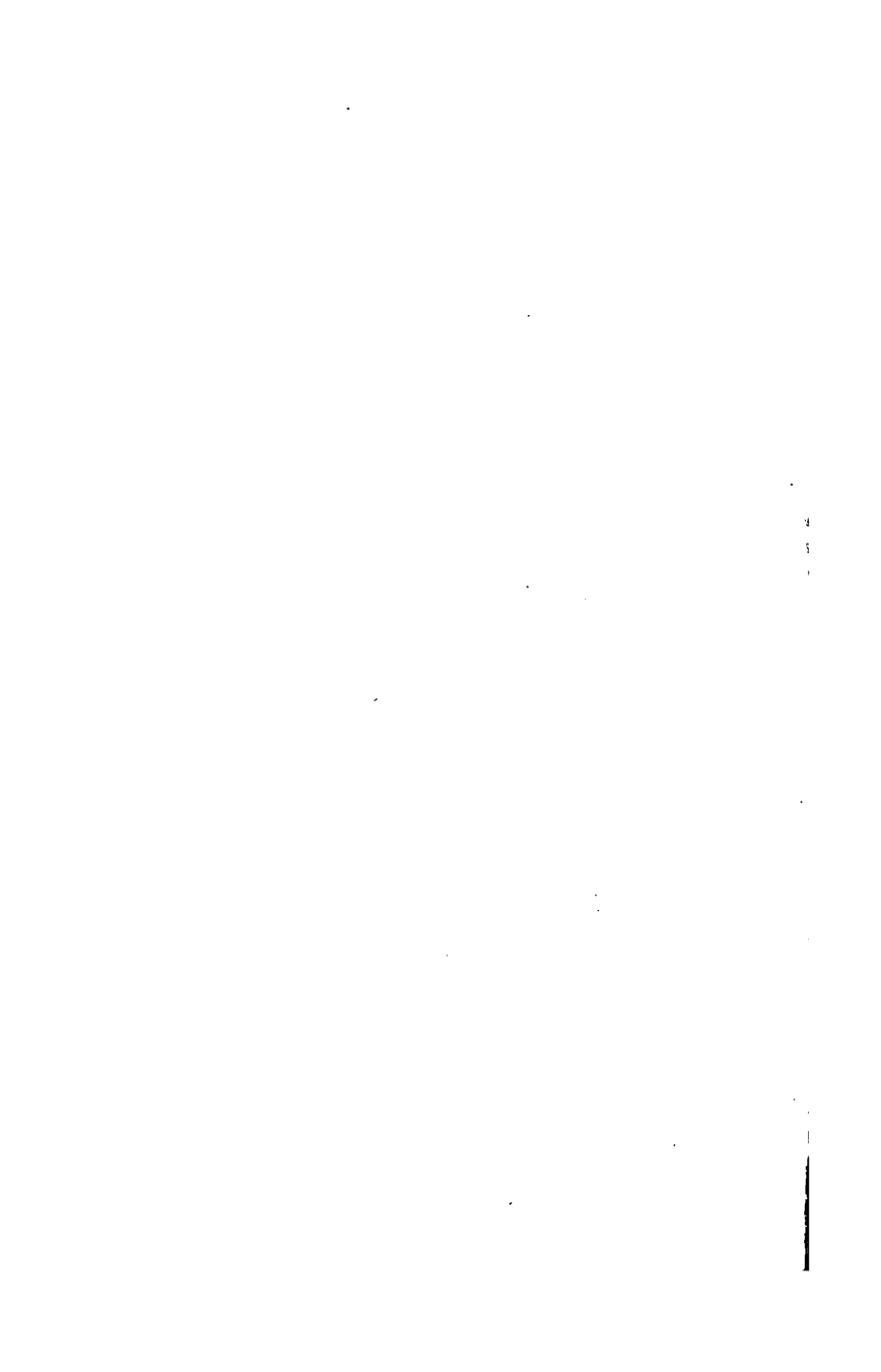


MANCHESTER: ABEL HEYWOOD & SON.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1879.

251. c. 928.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
SARVICE TIME	I
SUNDAY NOON	13
SNICK-SNARLES	25
THE NOMINATION	37
THE SWALLOWED SIXPENCE	43
THE OLD-COAL MAN	50
LUBBERS AFLOAT	78
A JOLLY WAGGONER	85
THE WIMBERKY CAKE	94
THE TWELVE APOSTLES	100
THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR	106
WORKING HIS PASSAGE	113
POP AN' COCKLES	120
"SEND TUMMUS UP!"	125
"OH, MY NOSE!"	132
A BERRIN' POSY	140
BITTER-SWEET	150
WAKKEN BEGGAR	156
BAUM-TAY AN' PONCAKES	163
BLENDSPICE	168
THE WIND STORM	176
THE LOST DONKEY	181
THE IRISH FISHWIFE	187

	PAGE
THE WORM DOCTOR	193
THE GOBLIN LOVERS	202
DEET NO PAPPER	208
LOBSCOUSE	214
A POOR SWAP	221
"HE'S COMIN' TO!"	228
HEART-SMITTEN	236
ROUGH LODGINGS	241
NIPPIN' TIMES	247
A BIT O' COURTIN'	254
THE PIG AND THE PURSE	265
FAUSE BENJAMIN	274
MOIDER'T MALLY	280
THE WRONG CHIMNEY	289
COBBLER BILL	299
MARKET NEET	310
A SNIP IN A TRAP	320
A RUN WI' TH' DOGS	329
"SHAVING, PLEASE?"	336
MISERABLE SINNERS	346
THE HAY-BAG	350
TURVIN LUMPERS	355
EAVES-DROPPINGS	358
UNDER THE SNOW	370



SARVICE TIME.



"Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke :
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots ; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes—

As on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer."
GRAHAME.

A fine Sunday morning in August. The bell of the moorland chapel tolling for service. Stragglers on their way, from different points of the scene, towards the chapel. MARY O' NATHAN'S O' TOOTER'S, standing in the tree-shaded porch of an old farmhouse, with her little son, drest for church. She turns back—

"**N**OW, Martha, thou'll mind an' ha' th' dinner ready bi one ; for there'll be no howdin' these childer when th' sarvice is o'er."

"I'll have it ready."

"An' mind thou doesn't brun that beef to a cinder, as thou did last Sunday! . . . An' make 'em plenty o' Yorkshire puddin',—doesto yer?"

"I yer."

"Wind yon clock up; an' don't let thi fire get too low! an' keep yon buttery-dur shut, or else thou'll ha' some o'th' cats in! . . . Whatever are yon childer doin' so lung? They're olez i'th' felt when they should be i'th' fowd!"

(She shouts upstairs.)

"Now, lasses; how lung ever are yo beawn to be fiddle-fadlin' up theer? Dun yo yer yon bell? I begged an' prayed on yo to get ready i' time for once,—but yo winnot be said. If yo'r faither had been a-whoam he'd ha' stirred some on yo up afore now!"

"We're comin'!"

"Yo're comin'!—ay, an' so is Kessmas! (Christmas.) A lot o' up-grown young folk, like yo,—whatever are yo thinkin' at? Yo needen moor tentin' nor if yo'rn in a caither!" (cradle.)

"We're comin', I tell yo!"

"Ay, an' I'm comin', too, if yo aren't down thoose stairs i' two minutes! Yo'n had the whole mornin' to get yo'rsels ready in,—an'

here yo are again! I wonder at yo,—that I do! Stir yo'rsels, I prayo! I fair shame to see yo trailin' into th' chapel after th' sarvice has begun,—disturbin' folk. An' th' parson doesn't like it, noather,—I can tell yo! What, yo're a town's talk,—that yo are! Mary, whatever are yo doin'?"

"It's our Ailse, here; hoo cannot get her yure reet!"

"If I have to come up thoose stairs I'll put her yure to reets, some soon,—an' thine too!"

"Yo can be goin' on, mother, we'n o'ertay yo!"

"I wonder how yo can for shame o' yo'rsels, that I do! Good Sunday as it is! It's a disgrace to yo,—that it is,—sniggerin', an' laughin'!"

"We aren't laughin'!"

"Yo'n ha' to laugh o'th' wrang side o'th' mouth, if yo don't mind! Hie yo down, or I'll bring a stick to yo!"

"We sha'not be a minute, mother. I've nobbut this bit o' ribbon to tee, an' then. We'n o'ertay yo afore yo getten to th' Owler Nook."

"'Od rot sich wark! I wish yo'r faither wur a-whoam! . . . Come, William; we mun be gooin', as how."

(She shouts upstairs again.)

"Dun yo yer?"

"Well!"

"Mind; if I have to turn back, I'll warm some on yo,—to some tune! . . . Come, my lad; let's be gettin' on."

They had not gone many yards before the old woman stopped suddenly, and said, "Eh! I declare, I've forgotten my Prayer Book! William; run back, my lad, an' ax Martha for it,—hoo'll find it a-top o'th' drawers, wi' a white pocket-handkerchief lapt round it. An' there's a bunch o' neps a-side on it,—bring them, too."

The lad ran back for his mother's Prayer Book; and then they wandered on together down the old lane, under over-hanging boughs of thick-leaved summer green, through which the strong sunshine stole in fitful freaks of golden gleam. The air was clear, and pure, and bright, and save the songs of birds, and the quiet music of a little brooklet here and there, the sound of the chapel bell floated far and wide over the rural parish with cheerful solemnity, calling the scattered inhabitants of hill and dale from their leafy nooks to the house of prayer. The sky was cloudless, and the green flower-sprent landscape seemed as still as the overarching heavens. A strange serenity lay upon the beautiful summer scene; as if all nature felt that the day of

God, and god of days, had dawned upon the earth once more. The old lane leading towards the chapel was flanked by a sprawling thorn hedge, overhung by the foliage of ancient forest trees. The hedge, on each side, was full of holes, and "hare gates," and tunnels, and runs, where the mole, the weazle, and the hurcheon wandered at will ; and where many a wasp-nest lurked unseen ; and it was overgrown with a world of herbs and wild-flowers, and prickly brushwood, the delight of the country botanist and the truant schoolboy. As old Mary wandered thoughtfully down the lane, with her Prayer Book in her hand, Billy lingered behind his mother, and began to play amongst the flowery wilderness by the wayside. Not hearing his footsteps, she turned round, and to her dismay she saw him a little way behind, up to the middle in prickles, quietly whistling, and cutting a twig with his knife.

" William ! " cried she, " whatever art o' doin' ? "

" I'm makin' a wicken-whistle."

" I'll whistle tho ; thou little monkey, thou ! Doesto know what day it is ? Gi' me howd o' that knife, this minute ! An' look how thou's daubed thi cloas ! An' thi shoon, too,—they're o' cover't wi' frog-rud—

dirty lad! An' tak that posy out o' thi' hat! I have sich wark wi' one and another on yo that I'm fair moidert out o' mi life,—that I am! . . . Now, then, wipe thi nose; an' come on! . . . Stop a minute; let's see if yon lasses are comin'!"

The old woman turned back a little, and looking back towards the house, through an opening in the hedge, she said, "Oh; they're comin' at last, I see! They'n nobbut just be i' time! Come, William, let's be goin' on!"

In another part of the landscape, where a rough bridle-path led up to the unshaded heights overlooking the pleasant vale, two old friends met on their way to chapel.

"Mornin', Sam!"

"Mornin'!"

"Fine mornin'!"

"Fine mornin', very! . . . Thou's a bit o' a smut o' thi nose, Enoch! . . . T'other side! . . . That's it! It's off, now! . . . Well; an' how are yo' o' up at th' Crag?"

"Oh,—meeterly. My wife's a bit bother't wi'th 'tic,—an' one o'th' childer's trouble't wi' th' worms,—but t'other are o' reet. They're off to th' chapel, yon, sitho."

"Owd Bill o' Snatch-block's had a bit of a touch o'th' worms,—but I think he's gotten

rid on 'em o' somehow. Jone o' Collop's met him i'th' fowd one day, about a month sin', an' he says to him, he says, 'Bill; thou looks poorly; what's to do witho?' 'I'm trouble't wi' th' worms,' said Bill. 'Worms!' said Jone; 'I con soon get rid o' thoose for tho! Sitho; thou sees th' Seven Stars yon?' 'Ay!' 'Well,—go thi ways reet in at th' front dur, an' get about seven pints of owd Jerry's very best ale,—*an' if it doesn't kill th' worms, by th' mass, it'll kill thee!*' "

"Ay; it's just like Jone, is that. . . . Well; an' how are yo' gettin' on wi' yo'r hay?"

"Well; we're leet-honded, raither; but I think it'll do very fair,—if this weather howds out."

"An' it looks ever so likely."

"Ay; it's just let i'th' reet nick, has this fine weather; an' I think we're safe as lung as this moon lasts. . . . Who's yon, at's wobblin by th' end o'th' lone, yon?"

"It's Robin o' Bob's. . . . He geet o' his hay in three days sin'; an' they had their churn-supper o' Friday neet; an' he axed th' hawve o'th' parish to't. But there wur so mony coom 'at had to stop o' neet that his wife said to him, 'I'll tell tho what, Robin; I'se never be able to find beds for th' hawve o' these!' 'Oh, never thee mind,' said

Robin; *'give 'em drink enough,—an' they'n find beds for theirsels!'* an' there's one o' 'em did find a bed for his-sel'; for he wur taen ill th' same neet; an' he dee'd th' next day."

"It's bin an ill haliday for that chap, as how 'tis. Who wur it, saysto?"

"It wur Jack o' Waddle's."

"Nay, sure. Why, I thought that Jack had bin as hard as brazzil."

"Well, an' so he wur; but then, thou knows, cast iron will not last for ever. It brings 'em down, titter or latter,—as how strung they are. . . . Poor owd Jack! He wur a daicent, hard-wortchin', simple-hearted chap—as innocent as a flea! He never thought he wur doin' reet unless he wur wortchin' like a slave,—for a little wage. If onybody had offer't him aboon fifteen shillin' a week, he'd ha' thought he wur beawn to ruin 'em."

"There's noan so mony laft o' that mak."

"Nawe; that breed o' folk's gettin' thin strewn,—it is for sure. . . . Poor owd Jack! He co'de (called) wi' his cart at th' Birch Farm one day,—he'd brought some stuff up fro' th' town for 'em. It wur a blazin' whot summer day; an' owd Jack's throttle wur as drufty as a lime-brunner's clog. Th' mistress co'de him into th' kitchen, an' hoo said, 'John, come in, an' sit yo down a

minute. Yo could do wi' a drop of ale, couldn't yo?' 'Yigh,' said Jack, as he wiped his face wi' his handkitcher, 'I've nought again' it, 'at I know on.' 'Here, Jane,' said th' mistress to one o'th' sarvants, 'goo into th' cellar, an' draw John a jug of ale.' Well, this wur a new sarvant, an' hoo went an' drew this ale out of a wrong barrel— hoo drew it out of a barrel that they'd letten go sour a-purpose, becose they wanted to use it for aliker (aleger). Well, when th' lass brought this jug o' sour ale, th' mistress honded it to Jack, an' hoo said, 'Theer, John, get that into yo; I'm sure yo'n do wi' it sitch a day as this!' 'It's very warm, for sure,' said owd Jack; an' then he laid howd o'th' jug, an' he oppen't his gills, for he lippen't o' lettin' th' ale down o' at a wynt; but th' first gulp wur enough, an' he stopt an' roll't it round his mouth, for th' taste wur terrible, an' he wur frettent o' givin' it bally-reawm; an' theer he stode, swillin' it round, an' starin' like a twitchelt earwig. Th' owd lad didn't like sayin' that th' ale wur naught, so wi' mich ado he manage't to swallow th' odd mouthful, an' then he set th' pitcher down, an' he said, 'Here, mistress; *I'm happen noan dry!*' 'Eh, *do* finish yo'r ale, John,' said th' mistress. 'Nay,' said Jack; 'let it ston a bit; I dar say I's be look-

in 'in as I come back !' . . . Hello ! isn't yon Jerry, th' huntsman ?"

"It favvours him."

"Heigh, Jerry ! what's o' thi hurry ? Poo up a bit, an' tak us witho ! We's be in afore th' bell drops !"

"Well,—our maister's very particular about th' sarvants bein' in i' time."

"Ay, ay ; he's very religious,—of a Sunday,—I know. . . . Well,—an' when are yo beawn to get into yon grand new house o' yor's ?"

"Oh, it'll be a week or two yet. There's nob'dy theer nobbut owd Liddy, th' house-keeper ; hoo's takkin' care, till things getten put to reets. . . . Tother day, there wur a gentleman coom a-lookin' th' house o'er, an' after he'd gone through it, he said to owd Liddy, 'Well, it's really a very fine house,—an' very beautifully finished !' 'Oh, nay !' said Liddy, 'it's not finished yet !' 'Indeed,' said he, 'why, what more do they intend to do at it ?' 'Well,' said Liddy, 'I heard our master sayin' tother day, that he was *going to have a mortgage put on it !*' 'Oh, ay,' said th' gentleman, 'I see,—an' that does indeed prove a finisher, sometimes !' . . . Now then ; we're just i' time ; I see th' parson's comin' across th' feelt, yon ! . . . Hello ; what's owd Ben doin' stride-legs upo'

th' riggin' o'th' chapel? He looks as if he wur ridin' a rush-cart."

"Some'at wrang, wi'th' bell, I think."

"Nay; th' bell's gooin' reet enough! What's up, thinken yo? He'll ha' to come off th' peeorch (perch) in a minute or two, an' start of his clerkin'! This caps me! . . . Ston fur; th' parson's here! Let him goo in th' first!"

"Good morning to you! A fine morning!"

"Good morning, sir! It's a bonny mornin'!"

The old parson had walked across the fields, ready robed, for the morning service; and, as he passed though the ancient lych-gate, into the tree-shaded chapel-garth, he looked up with astonishment to find the old man who acted as sexton, clerk, and bell-ringer, sitting astride upon the roof of the chapel, in front of the little belfry, with a hammer in his hands.

"Hollo, Benjamin," said he, "whatever are you doing up there?"

And the old man turned half round upon his seat, and he said, "Well, sir; yo seen, it's a fine day, an' there hasn't bin so mony fine days latly; an' so owd *Sam Buckley* has borrowed th' bell-rope, to lead his hay wi'—an' I've come'd here to ring in wi'th' coal hommer!"

"Come down; come down, at once!" said the parson, as he walked quietly on to the vestry door.

The old sexton came down from his perch, and followed his master. The stragglers who had been lounging in the chapel-yard, where their fore-elders lay at rest, trickled quietly in, one after another, and took their seats; and in two or three minutes the solemn words of the service of the Church of England floated dreamily through the little chapel, and out at the open doors, into the listening sunshine.





SUNDAY NOON.



"In summer, when the shade do creep
Below the Sunday steeple, round
The mossy stones that love cut deep
Wi' names that tongues no more do sound ;
The lane do lose the stalken team,
An' dry-rimmed waggon-wheels be still,
An' hills do roll their down-shot stream
Below the resten wheel at mill.
O holy day, when toil do cease,
Sweet day o' rest, an' grace, an' peace !"
WILLIAM BARNES.

"O day, most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this the next world's bud.
The couch of time, care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark but for thy light :
Thy torch doth show the way."
GEORGE HERBERT.

(A fine Sunday, in the height of summer. Interior of a little moorland chapel, during morning service. MARY O' NATHAN'S, with her little son BILLY, and her three daughters, seated in their pew.)

THE day was cloudless and bright, and the scene outside the moorland chapel was still "as a resting wheel," save the songs of wild birds, the

ripple of a brooklet, here and there, as it wandered through the secluded vale, and a sleepy rustle of trees in the churchyard, which came with drowsy distinctness in at the open doors, mingling with the preacher's voice. More than half the morning service had gone by with the usual attentive observance, and the responses had risen in audible murmurs from old and young, of the simple congregation; but by the time the sun had reached the vertical point of his journey, and the noontide heat rained down in full force upon the roof of the little fane, the younger part of the assembly had begun to fidget upon their seats. The heat of the day, too, was beginning to tell, here and there, upon a drowsy nature in that rustic congregation, whose lives being mostly spent actively in the open air, made them more susceptible of the soporific influence of hot confinement, and long restraint in a sitting posture. More than once old Mary had found it necessary to nudge first one and then another of her daughters, as they were sinking into a dose. Little Billy, too, was beginning to yawn and get restless. Twice he had slyly pulled the three half-pennies out of his pocket, to count them over and fondle them; and twice he had been hastily checked by his mother for doing so. And again, whilst kneeling during

the prayers, with his head bent down in an attitude of devotion, the little fellow had furtively begun to practise the art of carving upon the woodwork in front of him, when his mother caught sight of him, and suddenly defeated the first efforts of his genius, by giving him a smart rap on the arm, which knocked the clasp-knife from his hand. The knife went to the floor with a clatter, which drew the attention of some of the congregation, and raised a blush upon the cheeks of every one of the family in old Mary's pew. She picked the knife up from the floor, and put it into her pocket; and shaking the lad by the shoulder, she whispered in his ear, "I'll warm thee, gentleman, when we getten whoam!" After this, Billy struggled manfully for a while, to keep himself still; but it was of no use. The little fellow's child-like sense of decorum had given way. The heat of the place, and the long continued thralldom of propriety, had been too much for him; and the solemn words of the service were gradually sinking into a monotonous buzz of wearisome sounds, from which he longed to escape into the open air. Beside, it was getting near "pudding time," and, during the sermon, the only thing that propped his drooping eyelids up was that his thoughts were beginning to concentrate upon

a gnawing pain which marked a vigorous attack of his usual noontide stomach complaint; and, when the parson came to the welcome words, "Now to God the Father," &c., he suddenly stood stock still, with the air of a devout young anchorite; but, like a greyhound straining at the slip, he was only preparing all the while for a rush at the open doorway.

The old clerk had drawled out the last "Amen" in a solemn and tremulous tone; and, after the usual reverential pause, the vicar had lifted his white head, and retired to the vestry. The organist struck up a lively voluntary; and the young folk began to shake out their holiday feathers, and look around with an air of relief. Morning service was over; and the congregation surged slowly out through the porch into the open sunshine; with many a greeting, here and there, among the little crowd, as old friends and neighbours met. The greater part of the congregation walked right on down the deep-worn pathway, out at the ancient lych-gate, into the lane which led to the church; and then took each his several way homeward through the pleasant landscape. A few staid folk lingered under the trees in the chapel-garth, seated on the low, moss-grown wall, chatting about the sermon, and the

crops, and the general news of the parish ; and, in one corner of the yard, apart from the rest, a middle-aged matron, with her two daughters and a little lad, all clad in "deep mourning," hovered about a new grave-stone, with moistened eyes, till all the rest had gone ; then, slowly and silently took their way, hand-in-hand, up the old lane ; and the grave-yard was left once more sleeping in the noontide sun, begirt by its guardian trees.

As different knots of the congregation straggled homeward through the landscape, old cronies began to "forgather," here and there, and chat together by the way. The vicar's sermon had been on the Crucifixion ; and, though this was a fitful theme of the talk of these rustic wanderers, yet their conversation drifted hither and thither, in all sorts of secular directions, in spite of an almost unconscious feeling of reverence for the sanctity of the day.

"Heigh, Robin! Slacken a bit ; an' tak me witho. Thou'rt gooin' at a terrible bat!"

"I want mi dinner, mon."

"Well, well ; what they'n surely lev a bit for thee, as how 'tis! Poo up, an' lets ha' thi company as fur as we're gooin'."

"Well ; come on, then! What's to do witho? Thou walks as if thou were hop-shackle't!"

"Thou'd be hop-shackle't too, if thou'd as many corns o' thi toes as I have."

"Thou should drink less, and wear bigger shoon, my lad!"

"It's noather drink nor little shoon 'ats brought these segs, Robin. It runs i'th blood. My faither wur trouble't wi' em, afore me."

"Well, come; let's tak it quietly, then; I'm noan i' that hurry."

"That's reet, Robin; every time I set my fuut down there's a steawngin' pain strikes straight up fro my toe to th' top o' mi yed! It makes me envy a chap 'ats a wood leg! . . . I'll tell tho what, Robin; th' owd lad's gan us a good sarmon, this mornin'!"

"He has that! an' he con do, when he's a mind. I don't know that I ever yerd a bit o' better talk about th' Crucifixion i' my life."

"Nor me noather. There mun ha' bin a quare mak o' folk livin' i' thoose days, that would ston by, an' see sich wark as that gooin' on! It's terrible, mon!"

"It's nought else. . . . But, between thee an' me, I think thoose Jews mun ha' bin a lot o' cowards, Robin!"

"Nay; I don't think that. Accordin' to o' accounts, they were'n olez agate o' feightin', oather amung theirsels, or wi' some o'th outside lot. Oh, nay; I don't think they wur

cowards—but they mun ha' bin o' a savage turn 'at could do sich things."

"Well,—I don't care. O' that I con say is that if I'd bin upo' that spot, I'd ha' taen that Pontius Pilate bi' th' yure o' th' yed an' I'd ha' punce't him round th' yard once or twice; an' I'd ha' taen some o' th' tother on 'em, one after another,—come cut an' lung tail—as lung as my shoon had stopt on!"

"Eh, there's no tellin.' They wur different times then, mon."

"Well, ay; they mun ha' bin so. They wouldn't ha' sich like wark as that now."

"Nawe, they wouldn't. But they han their own ways o' killin' folk i' these days."

"I guess they han. . . . Didto notice 'at Bill o' Fizzer's an' Sally Robishaw wur axed for th' third time i' th' chapel this mornin'?"

"Oh, ay. Sall 'll have a rough hond-full when hoo gets him."

"Hoo will that! . . . Well, what dost think he did, tother day?"

"Nay; he's noan to reckon on, isn't Bill. Summat quare, I'll uphowdto."

"Quare enough for onybody else; but nought to wonder at i' Bill. . . . Well, it wur this. He went up to th' parsonage one mornin', an' he knocked at th' dur, an' when th' sarvant coom, he said he wanted to see

th' vicar—very particular. Th' owd chap wur sit bi his-sel, up to th' een among his books; so Martha went an' knocked at his dur, an' tow'd him that Bill o' Fizzer's wanted to see him. 'Send him in,' said th' vicar. An' in went Bill, o' cover't wi' slutch, an' rough out o' th' felt. 'Well, William,' said the vicar, 'take a seat. What can I do for you?' 'Well, yo known,' said Bill, 'I put th' axins up about a fortnit sin!' 'Oh, yes,' said th' vicar, 'I remember. You are going to be married to Sarah Robishaw, at the Hartley.' 'Ay,' said Bill, 'that's hur 'at I wur beawn to get wed to at first; but I've unbethought mysel' sin' then.' 'You have what?' said th' vicar. 'Well,' said Bill, 'I've bin turnin' things o'er i' my mind; yo known, an' I think o' makin' a bit of an awteration. Sall's a daicent lass enough—an' her an' me's bin axed twice i' th' chapel; so fur so good. But what I want to see yo about is this,—sin Sall an' me wur axed I've let of another woman that I'd rather have than her bi th' hauce.' 'Why, William,' said th' vicar, 'what is the meaning of all this? You must be taking leave of your senses!' 'Oh, nay,' said Bill, 'its o' reet! This fresh un's a very good sort—an' hoo's a bit o' brass;—its Ailse o' Mally's. Hoo's moore to my likin' a good deeol than Sall. Her an' me's talked it o'er;

an, I've made up my mind 'at I'll get wed to her—if it can be shapt onyhow. . . . 'Th' same axins 'll do, I guess?' 'Certainly not,' said th' vicar. 'Oh,' said Bill, 'sha'n we ha' to be axed o'er agen?' 'Of course you will,' said the vicar. 'Why, then,' said Bill, 'let it ston as it is; I'll ha' Sally Robishaw; as how th' cat jumps!'"

"What a bowster-yed!"

"Ay, thou may well say that! 'Change is leetsome,' as th' sayin' is, thou knows; but there's no change i' Bill."

"Nawe; he's as big a foo as ever! God help her—as who gets him! . . . Owd Mary o' Jamie's wur at chapel this mornin', I seed."

"Ay; poor owd lass; I'm sorry for her."

"Th' owd crater looks very ill, for sure; an' hoo's i' black for somebry."

"I see thou's never yerd."

"Yerd what?"

"Well—about a fortnit sin', as I wur gooin' wi' th' cart down to th' town, I gav a look in at their house, thinkin' o' seein' Jem; but I fund nought in but poor owd Mary, rockin' hersel' bi th' fire wi' her yed lapt up, an' a pitcher full o' baum-tay upo' th' hob aside on her."

"Why, wheer wur Jem?"

"Well,—th' owd lad's off to another country, about a fortnit sin."

"Oh, ay? Why, Susy Potter co'de tother day, an' hoo tow'd me 'at he wur laid up, an' couldn't stir a peg."

"Ay; an' Susy wur reet—as it happens; for, laid up he is sure enough; an' he'll stir no moore, I doubt—for they'n buried him, i' th' owd chapel-yard, yon, amung his fore-elders."

"Eh, dear! Why, I never yerd a cheep on't! But then, thou sees, he's bin laid up a good while, an' he's a great age, an' they live't at an outside place. Poor owd Mary; hoo'll be very lonely! Nawe; I never yerd on't afore."

"Nawe: I dar say not. There's moore agate i' this world than oather thee or me gets to yer on. It wur Jone o' Quifter's 'at code as he wur gooin' down to th' town, a-buyin' a new scythe. Jone's a bit o' a relation o' owd Jem's; an' Jone an' his faither wur at th' bedside when th' owd lad dee'd. It seems 'at he'd a terrible hard time on't afore he could draw away. Day after day, an' neet after neet, he lee moanin' an' strugglin' between life an' deeth—an' th' last bit o' breath in his body kept comin' to th' edge o' his lips, an' then turnin' back again—as if it couldn't stop in an' durstn't goo out,—like

a child, fleyed o' bein' put out o' th' dur into th' cowl. Eh, bi what Jone tow'd me,—I believe it would ha' melted th' heart of a stone to ha' sin Mary while he lee theer, feightin' between life an' deeth. Th' owd lass wur fair worn to a shadow wi' watchin' neet an' day; but hoo turn't his pillow, an' hoo weet his lips, an' hoo wiped th' cowl pain-sweat fro' his forehead,—but, do what hoo would, nought seemed to give him relief. An' still he kept stickin' to her hond, an' lookin' into her face, as if he would ha' said, 'Mary, connot thou help me?' Poor owd Mary,—hoo looked as ill as deeth hersel'—an', as hoo stoode theer bi th' bedside, wi' tears running down her face, hoo said, 'Eh, my poor lad! whatever mun I do? He'll ne'er ha' no pleasur' till its o'er,—God help him!' At last, hoo leant down, an' hoo said, 'James, has thou somethin' on thi mind?' An' th' owd chap knowed what hoo said, for he oppent his een a bit, an' he gasped out, 'Nawe—nawe!' 'Then, why doesn't thou dee, mi lad?' said Mary; 'why doesn't thou dee?' An' sure enough, th' owd lad wur set at liberty the same neet."

"Poor owd Jem? He'd had a lung bout on't; an' it would be a happy release. I'll tell tho what, deeth's a poor thing!"

"It is, Robin; an' life's noan so mich bet-

ter; for we're no sooner here nor we're off again! . . . I've sin nought of our Joe upo' th' road; where con he be stoppin', thinken yo?"

"He's just at th' back on tho, here, sitho."

"Oh, thou'rt theer, arto? 'Talk o' the devil, an' he'll oather come or rick his chens,' I've yerd folk say."

"Yo don't co' me the devil, dun yo, faither?"

"I think thou'rt a bit akin to him sometimes. But hie tho into th' house, or thou'll be missin' thi dinner. . . . Well, good mornin', Robin! I guess I'se be leetin' on tho at th' latter sarvice?"

"Ay, I'se be theer."

"O' reet!"





SNICK-SNARLES.



“In troth I fancy
Some fiend, or fairy, nae sae very chancy,
Has driven me, by pawky wiles uncommon,
To wed this flytin’ fury of a woman.”

FERGUSSON.

Autumn evening. A little country town in Lancashire. MATTY PEEVISH and SAL O'DOSSY'S, at MATTY'S cottage window, commenting on people passing by.

“**N**OW then, Sally! I’th’ name o’ good Katty, what han we comin’ now? Is it a mountebank’s foo, or a morris-doancer, thinken yo? This is a bonny pictur’ to turn out into dayleet, as how ’tis! If I wur th’ sun I’d give o’er shinin’ till that geet out o’th’ seet! Hoo favvours a rush-cart-pooer! There’ll be some skrikin’ when yon gets into th’ market-place!”

“There will that! Folk’ll think there’s a circus comin’!”

"Yon's worn some brass o' ribbins, an' toppin'-fat, I'll awarnd yo!"

"I'll tell yo what, Matty; hoo'd mak a rare corn-boggart!"

"Well,—ay,—as yo say'n, Sally,—I've seen handsomer flay-crows i' my time,—but, hoo'd do! There's noan so mony brids that durst face yon top-knot! See yo, how hoo steps the ground! Is hoo lame, thinken yo? Hoo strides like a cat in a gutter!"

"Bless thi life, lass, hoo's tryin' to walk pratty!"

"Well,—hoo may walk as hoo's a mind; but, I don't like th' look on her! Yon's gutter-bred, as wheer hoo comes fro!"

"Ay! I'll uphould yo, hoo's bin fain to scrape a porritch-dish mony a time, has yon,—for o' her fithers!"

"Ay, Sally; it's ever so wi' sich like! Who's yon 'at hoo's talking to? See yo, but! eh,—hoo's bonny! I'll tell yo what, hoo'd fot brass, if hoo wur in a show! . . Who is it, i' God's name? Con yo mak her out?"

"Let's see! . . Eh, what a seet! . . Well, I declare—it's Nan o' Fuzzock's dowter,—Lizz o' Nan o' Fuzzock's,—hoo gws by th' name o' 'Midden i' Fithers,' wi' some folk."

"Nay, sure; is it that impident snicket?"

"It's nought else, Matty!"

"What, hur 'at there's bin so mich talk about?"

"Hoo lippen't o' bein' wed, yo known,—but it fell through."

"Oh, I've yerd o' about it. . . . Well,—hoo's a little brazen-faced madam,—that's what hoo is! Hoo should cock her neb an' waggle her flounces about,—wi' a calico rag on her back that hasn't sin wayter as three week! They may weel co' her 'Midden i' Fithers!' Little sloppetty sliven as hoo is! I'll uphowd yo that just meet now,—for o' 'at hoo's fithered an' furbelowed to th' heels,—hoo's so itter't wi' dirt that yo met (might) set potitos in her neck-hole! Hoo should be donned a bit, should yon,—for hoo'll tak a deeol o' donnin' to mak her nice! Did onybody ever see sich a be-ribbint foo as it is? It would beseem her better if hoo wur stonnin' i'th' front of a weshin'-mug, wi' a lin brat afore her, an' a pair o' clogs on! But I doubt hoo's gan o'er wortchin'! Trampin' princess as hoo is, yon'll ha' to sup sorrow bi' spoonfuls afore hoo dees, yo'n see! Hoo's after some'at at's noan so good, just meet now? But, if hoo wur a lass o' mine, see yo, I'd larn her a different rub o'th' spindle, afore hoo wur a day owder!"

"Hoo wants oather endin' or mendin',

does yon, Matty ; an' if hoo wur mine, I doubt I should lick her to th' seet of hersel', to begin wi, an' see what that'd do? But, what can yo expect fro folk 'at's leet gi'n?"

"Between yo an' me, Sally, her mother wur no better nor hoo should be,—an' they olez say'n that what's bred i'th' bwon's sure to come out i'th' flesh."

"But wheer does th' brass come fro', Matty?—that's what caps me."

"Nay,—never name it, Sally,—it doesn't come out o' gradely wark, I'll uphowd yo."

"Let her goo her own gate; I may (make) no 'count o' sich like pouse-dirt."

"How's yo'r Sam, Matty?"

"Our Sam? Eh, never name it! I've a weary life wi' him. If ever ony poor soul wur punish't for their sins, it's me. T'other day,"——

"Hello! See yo, Matty! What mak of a craitur han we here? Yon's a quare pattern, as how 'tis. I think I'd never a turn't yon out till after dark. Who owns you, pray?"

"It's th' new sarvant at th' Buck."

"What a trollops, to be sure!"

"Aye,—hoos a gradely daggie-tail."

"An' what a mouth!"

"Aye,—it'll bide some kussin', will yon! Hoo darn't oppen it o' at once."

"What for?"

"Freet'nt of her yed tumblin' off."

"Well, it's a terrible gash, for sure. If hoo gets howd of aught wi' yon mouth hoo'll lev a gap in it."

"Wheer does hoo belong?"

"Somewheer Manchester gate on; an' hoo'll ha' to go back afore aught's lung bi what I've yerd."

"How's that?"

"Well, hoo's nobbut bin a week at th' Buck, an' they'n gan her notice o'ready."

"An' what's that for, pray yo?"

"Well, they say'n hoo's brokken moore windows an' pots than twice her wage comes to, an' afore hoo'd bin here three days hoo'd hauce-a-dozen colliers whewtin' an' tootin' after her every neet."

"Hoo favvours one o' that mak, Matty,—does yon."

"Aye, it's true what I'm tellin' yo; beside, th' mistress at th' Buck says hoo's so dirty; an' they keepen missin' stuff."

"Hoo's a basket wi' her now."

"Aye, an' hoo's croppen out at th' back, yo seen."

"Oh, I see! Aye, it's an ill look wi't, has that,—it has for sure. I'd get rid o' yon, if I wur them,—an' soon too."

"Oh, hoo's nearly done her cap-full; hoo's

nobbut another week to stop. . . . Now then ; come, Sally, let's poo up to th' fire a bit, I'm gettin' quite parisht " (perished).

"Stop a minute, Matty,—who's this?"

"What's he like?"

"He's a wooden leg, wi' a brass ring on ; an' his nose is as red as a cock's comb."

"It's Dick o' Fiddler's. A bigger wastrel never kommed (combed) a toppin'! He's bin sowed up three or four times, an' he owes brass o' up an' down this town. It's noan so lung he wur taen up for sellin' hush ; an' he'll be taen up again afore lung, yo'n see, for some'at or another."

"Is he wed?"

"His wife is, whether he is or not. Hoo's had weary deed wi' him, I believe. A war divil never stepped a floor nor he is. If I mut (must) ha' my mind, yon would ha' to dangle at th' end of a bant afore mornin'.

. . . Let him goo! we can do bout (with-out) yon when we're busy. . . . Now then, Sally ; come, poo up to th' fire—it's bitter cowl. I'll put th' kettle on, an' we'n have a cup o' tay ; an' between thee an' me I could like a toothful o' rum in it."

"Well, Matty ; I'm noan agen that mysel', if yo'n let me goo out an' fotch it."

"Howd te din, lass! I've a saup in a nook i'th' cubbort 'at nobody knows on nobbut

mysel'. Thou knows, I'm ill o' my wynt, an' I find 'at there's nought yezzes (eases) me like a saup o' rum,—except it be a drop o' good gin."

"I'm forc't to tak it mysel', Matty; but mine's for th' rheumatic."

"Ay; yo couldn't have ought better, Sally. Now then, poo up; an' I'll mend this fire a bit."

(The door opens, and a man looks in.)

"Now then,—what dun yo want?"

"Mistress, can yo tell me wheer Jenny Pepper lives?"

"Who, sayn yo?"

"Owed Bill Pepper widow. Her faither wur a butcher."

"I know nought about her. Sper fur, an' shut th' dur."

(He retires.)

"Why, Matty, hoo lives close by here."

"I know that, but I wur noan boun' to tell yon nought about it. He favvours a bum-baillie."

(The door opens again, and a little girl looks in.)

"Well, an' what does thou want?"

"My mother wants to borrow yo'r hond-brush."

"Tell thi mother to buy a hond-brush o' her own,—an' ax her when hoo's for sendin' that cupful o' saut back 'at hoo borrowed last Monday. . . . An' poo that dur to!"

"Who's lass is yon?"

"It's Mall o' Whistler's. They're never off these dur-stones, for one thing or another,—saut, an' flour, an' pepper, an' candles,—ay, an' evenly pins. If thou'll believe me, they'd ha' one out o' house an' harbour, if I wur to gi' way to 'em. T' other forenoon they coom in no less nor three times to ax what time it wur,—till, at last, I could ston it no longer,—so I took yon little snicket a souse o'th yed, an' I said, 'Tell thi mother to fot (fetch) th' clock, an' ha' done wi't!' . . . Hoo's a quare craiter, is owd Mall."

"What, this lass's mother 'at's bin in?"

"Ay;—owd Whistler Bill's her husban'. They coom fro' Ash'oth moor,—an' they're as feaw as fried pow-cats! . . . Did'n yo never yer tell on 'em gooin a-kessunin' (christening) that last chylt o' theirs?"

"I dunnot remember."

"Eh, dear! . . . Well, yo known, Mall an' owd Bill set off wi' this chylt o' theirs to have it kessun't at Ash'oth Chapel; an' when they geet theer th' parson axed 'em what name they wanted to give it. 'Name,' said owd Bill; 'I never gan it a thought abeaut

th' name. Ax my wife, theer. Doesto yer, lass? He wants to know what it's to be co'del' 'Co'de,' said Mall, 'I know no names! Co' it what thou's a mind! 'Pike a name out o'th' Bible,—a fresh un!' 'Well,' said owd Bill, 'will Jezabel do for tho?' 'Nawe!' said Mall; 'I'll ha' no Jezabels!' 'Well,' said owd Bill, 'what's tho think about Habbakuk,—will that do?' 'Nay,' said Mally, 'I wouldn't co' a dog sich a name as that! Let's yer some'at at's moor sense in it nor that!' 'Well,' said owd Bill, 'mun he co' it Pontius Pilate, then?' 'Nawe, he munnot co' it Pontius Pilate!' said Mally; 'he munnot co' it Pontius Pilate; thou greight leather-yed,—doesto want to have us taen up, or some'at?' 'Here,' said owd Bill, turnin' to th' parson, 'co' it Nicodamus, an' ha' done wi't,—th' woman'll keep us botherin' here o' day!' So they had it kessunt Nicodamus, an' off they went; but afore they geet whoam they met Owd Thrum, th' weighver, that lives down i'th fowd, yon. 'Well, Bill,' said Owd Thrum, 'yo'n gotten th' kessunin' o'er, I guess?' 'Ay!' 'Well,—an' what han yo co'de it?' 'We'n co'de it Nicodamus,' said Bill. 'Nicodamus!' cried Thrum; 'why, I thought it had bin a lass!' 'Well, an' it *is* a lass!' said Bill. 'Well, then,' said Owd Thrum, 'yo' mun oather ha' th' name or th' chylt alter't,

for Nicodamus is a lad's name ! ' ' The dule it is ! ' cried owd Bill ; ' doesto yer, Mally ? Come thi ways back ; it'll ha' to be done o'er again ! ' An' away they went back to Ash'oth Chapel an' geet it unkessunt, —an' then they had it kessunt Liddy, after her gronmother ! "

" Well, I never yerd sich a tale i' my life."

" Eh, yo'd believe 'em if yo knowed 'em,—for hoo's nobbut about ninepence to th' shillin',—an' he hasn't dog-wit. . . . Now then, Sally ; draw to, an' put sugar in for yo'rsel', and get a saup o' that rum,—it'll happen skift yo'r rheumatism a bit. It does me good, I can tell yo. An', if yo'n believe me, Sally, I'm like to ha' some'at, or else I could never keep up. I'm not one 'at talks much about sich like things,—but I find mysel' gettin' war (worse) for wear, I can tell' yo. What wi' lumbago, an' rheumatic, an' tic, an' coughs, an' cowds, an' one thing an' another, I haven't had a sound day as twel'-month. An' between yo an' me, Sally,—what wi' illness, an' frettin', an' tuggin', an' tewin' wi' yon chap o' mine, I'm gettin' weary o' my life,—an' I wouldn't care if it were o'er to-morn,—I wouldn't, for sure ! . . . Now, Sally, get a saup moor o' that rum."

" I'm doing very weel, Matty ; get some yo'rsel'."

"I've just put some in. Oh, I'll go nought short. An' dunnot yo stint it, Sally; for there's plenty moor wheer that coom fro! . . . Ay; I may weel look ill, Sally; for I've had nought nobbut hard wark, an' trouble, an' starvation, an' ill-usage of o' maks sin I geet wed. I never rued weddin' nobbut once, an' that's been ever sin'. Yon chap o' mine, see yo, he's no moore feelin' for me nor a stone—that he hasn't! If I wur deecin' afore his een, see yo, he wouldn't do a hond's turn! An' catch him missin' a meal! He can guttle, an' drink, an' sleep, like a greight o'er-groon pig, as he is! An' he looks upo' me just as if I wur dirt under his feet! But, thank God, it cannot last for ever,—that's one comfort. If he'd help me a bit when he comes in fro' his wark,—but, eh, bless yo! yo met as weel ax for one o' his teeth,—an' here I have o' this house to look after, fro' mornin' till neet,—ill or weel, I must keep dingin' at it! An' it'll ha' to be so, I guess, till I drop to th' floor! I don't know what I mut ha' done if I'd had ony childer!"

(Enter Matty's husband, returning from his work.)

"Yo'n a fine smell i'th' hole!"

"Well; an' if there is a fine smell i'th' hole; thou hasn't brought it! It hasnt'

been paid for out o' *thy* brass! What is it to thee if Sally here has brought haue-a-noggin o' rum wi' her? It's a bonny come-off if one cannot get a cup o' tay quietly,—an' me as ill as I am!—but one mun be worried an' harrish't wi' thy din!"

"Why; I've hardly oppen't my mouth yet."

"Thou's hardly oppen't thy mouth! I wonder how thou can for shame o' thi face abuse one as thou does! . . . Here, Sally; help me to side this table; I'll goo out, an' lev him to it!"

"Well,—off witho'!"





THE NOMINATION.

“Eh ; that wur a good un !”

“What wur it ?”

“I don’t know ; but somebody’s catched it !”

—*Voices in the Crowd.*

AT the close of one of the old elections in Manchester, I sat at my window, in the market-place, watching the fall of a shower of rain. The stall-keepers had crept under the roofs of their sheds ; and people stood in the doorways, shaking the wet from their clothing. The street was very still for a few minutes. Anon there came trickling round the corner, a man with a woeful countenance. He was a little, square-built fellow, very poorly dressed. He looked like a hanger-on at some public-house, ready to do any kind of odd jobs, for drink and broken meat. One side of his face was covered with plaster ; and his neck was

swathed in a dirty woollen tie. He was working his passage along the opposite side of the street, with his hand upon his cheek, when a voice from below my window arrested his progress.

"Heigh, Joe—come in here, mon; thae'll be drown't! Arto hawkin' rain-wayter or some'at? Come in here! Thou looks like a two-legged dish-clout!"

He halted; and came slowly across into shelter.

His friend looked very hard at him, and then said, "By th' mon, owd lad, thou'rt wonderfully alter't! I should never ha' known tho but for that wart at thi nose-end! What's to do wi' thi face? it looks terrible side-heavy."

"Oh," replied he, speaking out of the corner of his mouth, "It's eawt o' flunters a bit—that's o'."

"Ay; an' so it is, bi th' look on't," said his friend. "What ails it?"

"Well,—I co' it 'Nomination.'"

"Nomination! What's that? Aw thought thae'd gotten th' tooth-warche."

"Well, an' I have gotten th' tooth-warche, aboon a bit. But then I haven't quite as mony teeth as I had last Monday,—that's one comfort. Th' best o' my teeth o' went that day. I'd one grand owd buck-tooth,—

it wur as big as a piano-keigh, very near,—
I wouldn't ha' lost that tooth for a sovereign,
—but it went. I dar say somebody's made
it into a chimbley ornament, or else a hondle
for an umbrell. I lost about nine on 'em o'
together; an' thoose 'at's left are wamblin'
about like chips in a ponful o' warp-sizin'.
It'll be a good while afore my teeth getten
sattle't again. If thou yers of onybody that's
fund a lot o' fine teeth,—they're mine!"

"Well," said his friend, "I'm soory to yer
it, owd lad; willto have a bite o' moufin?"

"Moufin?" replied he; "nawe, I'll ha'
noan, thae'd never ha' axed me that, if my
teeth had bin reet."

"Well, but thou'rt welcome, if thou'll have
a bit."

"Nay; aw'm livin o' spoon-meight at
present."

"Oh, aw see. . . . Well, an' how wur
it done? Didto run again summat?"

"Nawe; it run again *me*."

"Wur it a cart?"

"Nawe."

"What then?"

"It wur a breek."

"Oh!"

"I said 'Oh!' too, at th' time."

"Well, an' heaw wur it? Thou might tell
a body."

"Well," replied he, "if thy mouth wur like mine, thae wouldn't want to cample so mich. But aw'll tell tho as weel as I con. . . . It wur done o' th' nomination day. I let of a rook o' chaps gooin' down to see th' row; an' I thought I'd go too, an' give a bit of a skrike for summat or another, among th' lot. An' a bonny hullabakoo it wur. Aw geet ram-jam into th' middle, wi' my elbow in an owd woman's ear-hole; an' I couldn't get it out again noather. Th' owd lass kept cryin' out, 'Maister; tak yo'r elbow out o' mi ear-hole, win yo! I'm deef enough without yo pluggin' me up o' that road! Tak it out, I tell yo! Yo'n ha' to pay rent for that ear-hole, if yo stoppen much longer!' . . . But, there it wur,—an' there it had to stop! for noather her nor me could stir a peg. . . . Well; they olez say'n there's th' most thrutchin' wheer there's th' least reawm; an' it wur so theer, by th' mon; First one lot sheawted, an' then another lot sheawted; an' I did my share; for I sheawted every time onybody else sheawted—so I couldn't get far wrang. Thea knows, I thought it wur o' gotten up for a spree. . . . Well, after th' chaps upo' th' platform had palavert, an' co'ed (called) one another, too ill to brun, thoose that wur down i'th' front began o' snow-bo'in' one another, wi' breck

an' stones, an' ony mak o' stuff 'at coom th' first. Well, thae knows, aw use't to be a rare hond at cloddin' when aw're a lad, so that suited me to a tee. An' I flang a two-thre (two or three) oddments mysel'; for I began to feel as if it wur a fuut-bo match, or summat. An' every time I chuckt a lump, I stood o' my tippy-toes, to see where it let (alighted). An' it's rare gam, too—as lung as a body doesn't get hit theirsel'. But that mak' o' wark doesn't onswer lung wheer there's a good lot o' folk abeawt. . . . Aw dropt in for't in a bit. . . . I'd nobbut bin a sleepin' partner i' that consarn,—for a good while,—but they wakken't me up o' at once. . . . I'd just 'livert (delivered) a hondful o' slutch,—that let in a chap's neck-hole,—that stood upo' th' platform; an' aw're clappin' my honds, an' co'in' eawt, 'Here, here!' to summat or another—for I couldn't yer a word 'at noan on 'em said—when a hauve-breek coom wusk again my chops! . . . I began o' mindin' my own business at after that breek let (alighted). I'd quite a different way o' lookin' at things, for a minute or two. I sent no more parcels out. My een stroke fire! I sead Solomon's Temple, an' o' his glory! Folk thought I wur wrang i' my yed! An' I wur, too,—rayther! I took no moor notice o' their

speeches. Th' election wur o'er—as far as I wur consarn't. That breck wur a plumper. . . . Folk kept sayin', 'What's to do wi' that chap?' an' then I yerd another say, 'Somebody's bin joggin' his memory?' . . . But I'd had enough. . . . I don't know who's gotten in to this day—an' I don't care. My mother use't to say, 'It'll come to tho, yet—mind if it doesn't!' An' it *has* come'd. It coom o' Monday. At after that breck let, I don't believe I said another word, nobbut 'O my!' an' I began o' feelin' as if I didn't care so much abeawt stoppin' theer ony lunger; so I pike't off, wi' my yed deawn; for bits o' hard stuff kept flyin' up an' down, thick-an'-three-fowd—like kest-iron pigeons. I geet whoam o' some-heaw; an' I've made up my mind to ha' nought no moor to do wi' noan o' their elections, wheer they begin o' tally-graftin' wi' breck. That's the end o' my nomination do! . . . Well, thae knows, Joe, I'm nobbut a poor hond at music; but my yed's bin agate o' singin' ever sin that day!"





THE
SWALLOWED SIXPENCE.

"Thou art gone from my gaze!"

MODERN SONG.

"Fare thee well; and if for ever,

Then, for ever fare thee well!"

BYRON.

"**T**HAT'S a corker!" said Enoch o' Twilter's, as he stood in front of a pork-shop window, with his eyes fixed upon a sucking pig, with a red-cheeked apple in it's mouth. "That's a corker!" said he, laying his hand upon his waistcoat, and staring right at the pig—which seemed as if it would have laughed but for the gag in its mouth. He stood stock still, looking at the pig—and yet he did not see it. Although his gaze was fixed upon that well-scraped porkling, with the red-cheeked emblem of the fall of man in its jaws, his

thoughts were, evidently, in some other quarter. There was a "yonderly" look about his eyes which showed that his mind had been suddenly concentrated upon something which had taken place in his inside. . . . The butcher stood in the door-way, beating time with his thwittle, and humming—

Frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, lads,
Frisk it while you're able ;
Cheepin' layrocks round the board,
An' plenty upo' th' table ;
Crack your jokes, an' let 'em leet,
Sly deception scornin' ;
Prank it out wi' glee to-neet,
An' strike to wark i' th' mornin' !

Till, catching sight of Enoch, gazing at the pig in the window, he stepped from the threshold, and said—

"Come, Enoch, let's sell tho that pig."

Enoch woke up from his dream ; and turning round, he replied—

"The dule tak' th' pig !"

The butcher looked at the pig to see what ailed it. But that innocent suckling seemed to smile a kind of blind smile upon the man who had dealt its death-blow, as if to assure him that it was contented with its fate. The pig was all right. So the butcher turned to Enoch again, and said—

"What's up ?"

"Up," replied Enoch; "nay—it's down!"

"What's down, then?"

"I've just swallowed sixpence," replied Enoch.

The butcher's eyes glided to the lowmost button of Enoch's waistcoat, as if he thought that the sixpence might have lodged somewhere about that spot; and then his eyes wandered back to Enoch again.

"Swallowed sixpence," said he. "Expensive diet, owd lad! Has some doctor recommended it?"

"Not he!" replied Enoch. "Th' doctor would ha' swallowed th' sixpence his-sel', an' he'd ha' gan me some Spanish-juice an' wayter. It would ha' done me moor good, too."

"It would, owd lad," said the butcher. "But there are complaints that nought but money can cure."

"Ay, there are," said Enoch; "an' I'm troublet wi'em sometimes. But money's a mak o' physic that shouldn't be takken in'ardly."

"Well, neaw," replied the butcher; "it makes things awk'ard, for sure. I thought bi th' look o' thi face that summat ail't tho."

"Summat will ail me, I doubt, afore I get rid o' this," said Enoch, laying his hand upon

his waistcoat again. "I begin to feel short o' breath, neaw."

"Well," answered the butcher, "if thae'rt short o' breath, thea'rt noan short o' brass, owd lad—as lung as that sixpence stops i' thi inside."

"Well," replied Enoch, "one may as weel be short o' breath as short o' brass, for ought I know. But then, what's o' th' brass i'th' world to a mon that cannot get his breath? If I wur ram-jam full o' sixpences I shouldn't feel comfortable."

"I don't think thae would," said the butcher. "I shouldn't mysel'. . . . But what didto swallow it for? Arto layin' by for th' rent, or summat?"

"Am I hectum as like," replied Enoch.

"I thought not," said the butcher.

Just then the butcher saw an acquaintance passing by; and, laying his hand upon Enoch's shoulder, he cried out—

"Heigh, Joe; gi' me change for this chap, here! He's sixpence in his inside!"

"Cut him oppen!" replied Joe. And on he went laughing.

"Now, then," said Enoch to the butcher, "thae doesn't need to tell o' th' world, if I *have* swallowed sixpence. Thae'll have 'em borin' holes into me, if they catchen me asleep!"

"Thou'rt reet," replied the butcher, "let's keep it to ersels (ourselves)."

"I doubt I shall have to do that," said Enoch.

"It'll happen breed," said the butcher.

"Ay," replied Enoch; "it'll breed a disturbance."

"Wur it a good un?" asked the butcher.

"Never a better," replied Enoch.

"Well, then, it should pass. . . . But, how didto get it down?"

"It went down itsel'," replied Enoch. "I couldn't help it."

"How so?"

"Well, thae sees," replied Enoch, "I wur comin' straight to this shop for a pound o' black puddin's wi' th' sixpence i' my mouth; an' as soon as I seed that pig i'th' window, theer, it set me agate o' laughin'—an' o' at once—down went my sixpence!"

"Well done, Enoch!" cried the butcher. "I've tow'd thee mony a time to save a bit o' brass; an' thae's done it at last! It's th' first time I ever knew thee lay aught by for a rainy day."

"That bit's safe enough, as long as it stops where it is, as how," replied Enoch.

"It is, owd lad," said the butcher. "Thae'rt a mon o' property now, go where tho will."

"Well, I've a bit o' summat to fo' back on, haven't I?" replied Enoch.

"Thae has, owd lad," continued the butcher. "Thae'rt like a walkin' purse. If I were thee, I'd swallow a thripenny bit, and three owd penny pieces, now; an' then thae'll have a shillin's worth o' change i' thi inside. Beside, thae'd jingle as thea walked, like a bell-wether."

"Well, it's noan so mony folk that gets their insides line't wi' silver, is it?" replied Enoch.

"Nawe, it isn't, owd lad," said the butcher. "Thae'rt like rollin'-stock on a railroad, now."

"Ay," replied Enoch, "that's o' very weel, as far as it gwos; but how mun I manage for th' puddin's? . . . Yo'n be like to trust me a pound, now. Yo known that sixpence is yo'rs—if ever it comes to th' leet again."

"Ay, ay," said the butcher; "but it'll happen stop where it is."

"Well, yo known where to find it," replied Enoch.

"Ay," answered the butcher; "I could say so if it were at th' bottom of a coal pit."

"Well," continued Enoch, "every time that I pass this dur yo'n know that it's yo'r sixpence that's gooin' by; so it's as safe as th' bank."

"Ay," said the butcher; "but it'll nobbut pay poor interest, as long as it stops where it is. An' yet,—there is ways o' bringin' it to th' leet again."

"So there is!" cried Enoch.

"Ay, ay," said the butcher; "but it would happen cost aboon sixpence. But here, come thi ways. Thae shall ha' some puddin's, let it leet as it will. There's a bit o' summat good in tho at last. Come thi ways in!"





THE OLD COAL MAN.



*[Time, a winter night.—Place, the kitchen of the
“Brid an’ Bantlin’.”—Persons, OLD SAM, the
landlord, BOCKIN, and BILLY TWITTER, the bird-
stuffer, seated about a round table at the fireside.]*

CHAPTER I.

“I wol yow telle a litel thing in prose.”

CHAUCER.

“**W**ELL, Twitter, owd brid,—aught fresh?”

“Not mich. . . . My faither wur sayin’ ’at they’d had a meetin’ this forenoon to see what colour th’ church schoo’ wur to be whitewashed.”

“Well, an’ how wenten they on?”

“Oh, it’s to be yollo,—an’ my faither’s gotten th’ job.”

“Wheer’s that owd’st lass o’ yor’s livin’ at now?” said the landlord.

"Hoo lives no wheer, now," replied Twitter, "hoo's getten wed."

"Oh, I see. House o' their own, I guess?"

"Ay."

"O Billy!" continued the landlord, "tell thi faither that I say he isn't a mon of his word. I met him th' last Thursday, an' he never coom; but tell him that I'll meet him again o' Satterday, whether he's theer or not."

"That just favours mi faither. I'll tell him."

"Mally," said Bockin, flinging one leg over the other, "bring a tot oth' owd mak. . . . Trade's bad again, I believe. Owd Bung says 'at folk wur beginnin' o' hangin' their pouches terribly i'th' town."

"Ay," replied the landlord, "an' he'd hang his pouch, too, if he wur losin' his own brass."

"Bit o' good coal, Sam," said Bockin, pointing to the fire with his pipe.

"Middlin'."

"Wheer doests get 'em?"

"Knat Bonk."

"How are they, now?"

"Risen again."

"Again! By th' mass, they'n be as dear as potitos in a bit. I'll tell tho what, Sam,

they'n rise an' rise till they'n be out o' th' reitch o' folk o'together."

"Nay, they'n never do that. But as long as there's three customers waitin' for every barrow-full 'at comes up,—they'n never come down. They'n be no chepper till you can get moore coal than folk wanten."

"Ay, I guess it is so," replied Bockin. "But by th' mass, thoose at liven fro hond to mouth, han bin terribly nipt for firin', this winter."

"Ay, ay; it's so like. If every poor nook i'th' world could tell a tale for itsel', it'd make folk's yure ston of an end. But, as things are i' this world, folk dunnot get coal out o' th' ground to give it away,—they gotten it to sell; an' they'n make as mich out on it as they con. It's noan o' their faut 'at this chap stinks o' brass, an' that chap hasn't a hawp'ny about his rags,—th' chap 'at can gi' th' big'st price for th' coals gets em,—an' t'other mun go whoam an' shiver,—or else warm theirsels at somb'dy else's fire. . . . An' it's th' same o' through th' piece,—butchers, an' bakers, an' weyvers, an' o' maks 'at's aught to sell,—they wanten brass for their stuff; an' they'n have as mich as they can get,—as who's clemmed, or as who goes bare. Buyin' an' sellin's nought to do wi' charity; an' that's just it,—th' hare an'

th' hare-gate'. It's o' tuggin' an' rivin' i' this world. If I could get twopence a quart moor for mi ale, I'd have it,—an' thoose couldn't pay th' price mut (must) go 'at beawt."

"Thou'd ston a gill, wouldn'to?" said Bockin.

"Well, it'd be just as it let. But sellin's one thing, an' givin's another. . . . It's th' same wi' churches an' chapels; folk at connot pay for a pew mun sit on a form, or lean again a wole, or stop awhoam. An' thou con noather get kessunt (christened), nor wed, nor buried for nought."

"Ay, that's true, Sam," said Bockin, "an' they chargen moor at some places than at othersome. Th' first time I geet wed I geet both th' owd un an' th' young un for three-an'-sixpence; but th' second time, I tried a fresh shop, an' I had to pay six shillin' for our Betty hersel'."

"I dar say," replied the landlord, "and then," continued he, "as for thi soul—if thou doesn't belong to th' reet set thou'd better look out, or thou'll find thisel' i'th' wrung shop when th' upstroke comes."

"Sam," said Bockin, "thou knows what things belungs, as fur as natur gwos."

"Eh, mon," replied Sam, "natur's noan as big a foo' as some folk. Hoo has her own

way o' doin' things,—an' hoo does it. Hoo goes straight to her wark;—an' thoose 'at doesn't like it may lump it. It's noather he said nor hoo said,—it is theer to look at; an' hoo tells no lies, noather. But,—enough said,—what's this?"

And he looked towards the doorway.

Here a new customer came shivering into the kitchen, and creeping quietly to a chair on the opposite side of the fire, he called for a glass of ale. He was a thin, care-worn man, something past middle age; and there was an air of settled melancholy upon his intelligent countenance. He was dressed in threadbare black, stained here and there, and shiny at the elbows and knees; and the tattered cuffs of his coat, and ill-concealed repairs of his clothing, bespoke the painful struggles of a poverty-stricken state. He had dropt in on his way over the moors from a neighbouring town, where he had been seeking orders for some book that was "coming out in numbers." Overtaken by age and misfortune, that was the only recourse of his lonely decline. His sunken chest, and hollow cough, told that the poor pilgrim was the prey of some deep-seated disease, which was hastening him on to the last resting-place of the weary and heavy-laden. With his tot of ale upon the hob

beside him, he sat in the shade, trying to fill a little black pipe with the crumbled relics of a pennyworth of tobacco, twisted in a bit of paper.

The three cronies on the opposite side of the fire sat smoking silently, and watching the old man with kindly eyes.

"Cold night," said he, pressing the last crumb of tobacco in his half-filled pipe.

"Bitter," replied Bockin, "bitter. Here, owd lad," continued he, flinging his tobacco-box across, "thou'll find a bit o' some'at i' that. Sup up, an' have a gill wi' me. Have it fettle't; it'll do tho moor good. Mally, bring him a pint,—an' fettle it."

There was a thoughtful pause for a few minutes during which Mally brought the old man his drink; and then little Twitter began again.

"Talkin' about coals, Sam," said he, "by the good Katty, thou should see th' women i'th' fowd, trailin' up an' down, an' dartin' at every naplin' at shakes off th' carts as they come fro th' pit."

"Ay," replied Bockin, "an' it's just th' same wi' us. T'other day, yon young'st lad o' mine pood a bit o' summat black out of his singlet pocket, an' he said, 'See yo, faither, I've just fund that.' It wur about have an ounce of a naplin 'at he'd pick't up somewheer;

an' he said he wur for keepin' it in a drawer till he'd save't a shillin's worth."

"I dar say," replied Twitter; "Owd Roddle wur tellin' about some neighbour o' their's sendin' a little lass wi' a pitcher a-bor-rowin' a quart o' sleek, till her mother geet paid for her weshin'."

"I'll tell thee what, Sam," said Bockin, "colliers han rare times just now. They say'n nought 'll sarve 'em but frog-i'th-hole puddin' an' champagne to every meal."

"I don't believe i' sich like things," said the landlord. "It's o' beggar-berm an' bull-scut-ter! There will be here an' theer a leather-yed, 'at's hardly born wi dog-wit,—but who's to blame for that? Colliers are noan as ill as they're code (called). They worchen for their livin'—that's one thing i' their favour for a start. There may be here an' there a collier 'at's no moor wit nor wearin' his hard-won brass o' sich like prout as champagne,—but he'll give o'er o' that when he comes to reckon things up. If a mon will rom his hond into fire, God Almighty winnot shift th' grate for th' sake o' savin' his fingers; an' if th' fire doesn't teych him, he's a hard larnar, an' that's o' about it. But colliers addle'n their brass; an' they'n a reet to wear it as they'n a mind. If a mon's a foo, he's a foo; an' he mun pay through th' nose for't.

There's a good lot o' jumt-up foos i' this world at's moor brass nor colliers han, an' dunnot wortch as hard for't. But,—enough said. Cowd ale, for my brass,—as far as drinkin' goes! Th' best-suppin'-stuff that ever went down an Englishman's neck! I'll bate nought at it!"

"Reet again, Sam," said Bockin. "Here, Mally, bring me another."

By this time the stranger in the opposite corner was beginning to get warmer. Drawing his chair nearer, he set his feet upon the fender, and spreading his hands before the fire, he looked thoughtfully into the glowing grate.

"That's reet, owd lad," said Bockin; "poo up. How are coals yo'r gate on?"

The stranger coughed; and, after he had wiped his face with a bit of tattered handkerchief, he replied, "Well, all that I know about it is that I can never get fire enough to warm myself, unless I go into a public-house. But then, you see, I'm only a lodger. I'm a stranger in these parts. I have no relations alive—and very few friends—and what friends I have are poor folk. I occupy two little rooms in a cottage belonging to a family of working people. My landlady is an Irishwoman, and her husband is a journeyman joiner, and an Englishman. They are

very decent people; and as they have no children, it suits me very well. I hear them complaining, day by day, about the price of coals; especially when I ask for a little more upon the fire in my room. But, while you were talking, it brought to mind a thing that happened when I was at home the other day."

The three in the opposite corner were beginning to feel a growing interest in the old man and his story.

"Oh, ay," said Bockin, shifting his chair, and taking a pull at the pitcher; "oh, ay, what wur that?"

"Ay, let's have it," said the bird-stuffer, putting his little finger into the bowl of his pipe; "let's have it. Here, Mally, bring a bit moor 'bacco; an' fill th' owd lad his tot again."

And then they settled themselves into attention for the stranger's story.



CHAPTER II.

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young;
Then out went the candle, and we were left darkling."
—KING LEAR.

"DOESTO yer, lass," said the landlord, "gi' this hearth a bit of a touch."

Mally mended the fire, and tidied up with the brush; and then, with her knitting in her hand, she sat down amongst the rest, to listen to the story.

"Weet thi whistle afore tho starts, owd brid," said Bockin.

After another fit of coughing, the stranger put the ragged bit of handkerchief into his hat, and began:—

"The street where I live is not far from the heart of the city; and yet it is very quiet, except when some organ-grinder comes and plays for an hour together at the same tunes, till he gets tired of looking round at the empty windows, and goes lounging away, with his box on his back, glaring from side to side, as if he was fully bent on murdering the first inhabitant of that quarter that he could meet with in the dark. There is very little noise of any other kind, except what is made by folks who come about selling fish, and

water-cresses, and such like things ; the prattle of children, playing about the doors ; and the distant rumble of omnibuses and cabs. There is no outlet at our end of the street. It is a little island of quietness amidst the roaring ocean around. It is a favourite roosting-place of the city sparrows. After daring raids into the bustling highway beyond, they are glad to come back there, to sleep in peace with their young. And when twilight steals over the stilling streets, we can hear them twittering down to rest under the eaves.

“The other day I sat reading in my little room, when a knock came to the front door that made the whole house jump. The landlady ran up the lobby ; and then I heard an old man say, ‘Is this the house that I’m takin’ the coals to?’ There was no mistake about his being an Irishman ; and I could see through the window that he was a short shrivelled man, with thin white hair ; and he held the handle of a little cart which contained two hundred weight of coals. ‘Is this the house that I’m takin’ the coals to?’ said he. ‘Well, indeed, then, it is,’ replied she, ‘barrin’ that the coals may be for some one else.’ ‘Arrah, thin,’ said the old man, ‘I forget the name all out, wi’ the fright I got from a horse in the street beyant there ; but I dragged them divuls far enough, any way ;

an', av it's plazin' to ye, ma'am, I'd be delighted to lave them where they are, for I am tired o' their company.' 'All right,' said she ; and the old man pulled up the grid, and began to slutter the coals down into the cellar. 'You're Irish,' said my landlady, as she handed him the money for the coals. 'Indeed, ma'am,' replied he, 'that's true for ye,—glory be to God !—an' bad luck to the day I left the place where I was born ! At the same time, mind ye, no disparagement to this country, in the laste,—barrin' that I'm not at home.' 'An' what part of Ireland d'ye come from ?' said she. 'Well, indeed, ma'am,' replied the old man, 'my parents came from county Mayo ; but they left that airly in life, and settled in the town o' Belfast, where I was born.' 'An' what made ye lave Belfast ?' continued she. 'Begorra, ma'am,' replied he, 'ye may well say that ; for when I was at home, amongst my own people, I was in full an' plinty, wid lashins an' lavins to the fore. I kept a shop, an' was well-to-do ; an' I had frinds high an' low, an' was respected ; an' divul a one could say "black's your nail" to me. More bi token I reared five boys an' a girl, an' gev them the best o' larnin'—an' I gev two o' the boys trades ; an' it's myself that carried a bold head forninst the wide world, for I wasn't beholden to man, woman,

or child for the loan of a shilling. Musha, ma'am, but I had the ball at my foot in thim days. But, indeed, indeed, it's not in the power o' mortal man to know what's lyin' in wait beyant the passin' hour,—glory be to God! Well, time went on, an' the childer grew up, bright an' brave, without speck or flaw; an' myself an' the wife were as happy as the day is light. Ah, ma'am, when I look back, it's like an illigant drame to me now! Well, well,—in the manetime, the boys got news o' the big wages in England, an' two o' them started off to Manchester in sarch o' work; an' bedad, they done so well that the rest o' them soon followed after; an' the wife an' the wee cutty was all that was left to me. An' oh, it's well I remember, it was not aisy partin' wi' the crayturs,—barrin' that I thought it was for their own good,—an' so, hopin' that the hand o' the Lord might be about them, I let them go. But oh, indeed, ma'am, if ever ye parted from thim was dear as light an' life to ye, it's yourself 'll be able to know how lonely we felt when they were gone. Ah, many's the sore heart-ache we had, sittin' our lone,—the wife an' I,—about thim that was far away in a strange land. An', at the heel of the day, she would be rockin' in the corner, wi' the big tears chasin' down her cheeks, as if her heart would break.

"Arrah, acushla," says I, "don't be takin' it so hard. Sure the boys is doin' well; an the same God is over them in England was over them in Ireland." An' all the while, d'ye mind, divul a one o' me could keep the water from my eyes, for the same raison. . . Well, anyhow, time still wint on, an' grand letters began to come from the boys, sayin' how well they were doin' in England; an' beggin' for us to go over an' see them. An' oh, the promises they made if I would only go. An' oh, the letters they sint! Bedad, ma'am, it was all roses an' crame, an' goold galore! Well, I'm not aisy deluded, now; but my heart was drawn over to see the lads; an' when Christmas was nigh, the wife persuaded me to bundle an' go; for, d'ye see, she was still frettin' about them—more bi token, that poor Ted, the youngest, was the light of his mother's eye. So, at linth,—well I remember the day; there was deep snow on the ground; she packed me off, bag an' baggage—clane shirts, an' turkey eggs, an' duck eggs, an' farles o' oaten bread, an' fadge; for, d'ye see, the boys complained that they couldn't get anything but soft bread in England. Well, amongst the rest, I'll engage she didn't forget to pack up two stout bottles of Inishone. So, one cold evening, I tuk the staymer to Fleetwood, an' from Fleetwood I tuk the train; but,

begorra, after that, a man might write a book in regard to the way I was scattered about the country, from one town to another, among strangers, that were takin' rises out o' me at every turn. Oh, indeed, it was the greatest divarsion in life,—when it was over. An' then, don't ye see, ma'am, if the towns had all been drawn up in line forninst me, like a troop o' dragoons on parade, I wouldn't be able to tell which was which. How-an'-ever, at last, wi' the help o' God, after losin' my whisky—an' my timper—an' my sinses—I landed safe amongst the boys; standin' brave, in my own skin. And, indeed, ma'am, it was then the row began! Oh, ma'am dear, the spoort there was is beyant the tongue o' man to tell. Divul receive the better entertainment an angel could have had than I met with among the crayters. Oh, Mary, Mary, mother dear, but it's I that was the happiest man in the world,—that has only two legs! I was at Jem's one night; I was at Pat's another night; an' I was at Jem's sweetheart's the next night; for, d'ye see, they lived in different parts o' the town, bi the way o' being contagious to their work. Well, by dad, it's little rest I had by night or by day. They tuk me here, an' they tuk me there; an' it was all aitin', an' drinkin', an' spoortin', an' ridin', an' rollin' about, from mornin' to night. What with gardens, an'

ale-houses, an' singin'-rooms, an' theaytres, an' this an' that,—bi mi sowkins, it put me astray entirely. Oh, mille murthur,—the singin', *an'* the dancin',—*an'* the plays,—I seen three plays,—an',—mind I'm tellin' ye,—I never seen the like before, nor since! An' thin, wherever I wint, everybody seemed to be livin' in full an' plinty, an' nobody seemed to be workin'; an' faith, thinks I, the boys 'll never look behind them more! An' so the rollick wint on; an' I might have stayed longer, but for the wee cutty writin' letters, sayin' that her mother was onaisy about me; an' beggin' that I would go home, for the praties was all sold out in the shop. An' then I began to take myself aside,—and think. So, one mornin' I says to the boys, "Boys," says I, "this'll not howld water. I must go home to mi work, an' you must get to yours." At last I got lave to go; an', oh, av ye seen the dust was raised! Oh, holy waiver,—av ye seen it! Bi my soul, there was as many people to see me away as if it was Pontius Pilate, or the King o' Mesapotamia, takin' lave of his subjects,—the one half o' them blind drunk. Faith, ye'd think I was going to Aigypht! An' "Oh, father dear," says little Ted, "ye'll bring my mother over to England, won't ye, now?" An' "Arrah, father," says Jem, "av ye'll come over an' live wid us ye'll never see another black day.

We'll pay the rint for yees, an' divul a stroke ye'll do but walk the streets, wid your hands in your pockets,—like any other gentleman. Arrah, father," says he, "you're an old man now, an' why wouldn't we pay the rint for yees,—an' we young an' strong, an' rollin' in wealth! Oh, *weirasthrue*, father dear, sell up the shop, an' bring my mother over to live with us!" An' musha, ma'am, but it was a great timplation, that same thought of us all livin' together; so I promised,—I dunno what. How-an'-ever, I tuk lave o' the crayturs; an' bi my soul, there was a shower o' water in every eye,—not forgetting my own,—when I came away. An' so,—wid my heart pullin' both ways,—I tuk the boat for Ireland. It was a stormy night; an' oh, av ye seen the tossin', an' the washin', an' the rollin' we got on the say! Bad luck to the sleep I slept that mortal night, for I was say-sick the whole o' the time. Begorra, ma'am, I thought the inside was takin' lave o' me entirely; an' indeed, little matter for that, for I expected every minute that I'd be interred in the say, without bell, book, or candle,—before I was dead. Well, well, it's yourself may say that I was the tired man, when I landed at the pier o' Belfast, sick, sore, an' sorry, an' glad to set my foot upon anything that

didn't roll. Well, indeed, ye may think, ma'am, the wife was glad to see me. "Oh, Dennis, dear," says she, "don't lave me my lone again, will ye, darlin'? I've not long to live; an' I cannot bear it!" "Acushla, dear," says I, "naither land or water shall ever part us more!" Well, ma'am, the days wint on, an' when I got the sickness out o' mi bones, I up an' told her what the boys said about us livin' wi' them in England. But, divul a word would she listen to. "Arrah, Dennis," says she, "why would we lave Ireland? Why would we lave the place where the childer were born an' reared for thirty years? Sure we know where we are, but we'll not know where we're going to. An' indeed," says she, "small the better yourself looks, after spendin' your tin pound in England." So, I kep a calm sough, an' we settled down in the old way for a while; but, indeed, to my dyin' day, I'll repint that ever I gev in to her when she changed her mind. An' this was the way of it, d'ye see. About mid-summer we got a letter from the eldest boy,—he was a mechanic by trade,—an' he got an appointment to go out to Amerikay,—an' nuthun would sarve but he must see his mother before he crossed the say. Well, ma'am, the mother's heart tuk a lep at the news,—an' away she started, hot foot, wi' the

colleen, for England; lavin' me behind, d'ye see, to mind the shop. Well,—wi' the help o' God,—the two o' them landed safe an' sound; an' after seein' Pat off to Amerikay, they stayed wi' the rest o' the boys well nigh a month,—livin' in clover. Arrah, it was then they put the comether on the craytur, entirely; an' she came back to Belfast more dazzled an' bewildered wi' the splendour than I was myself. Och, och, the glitterin' talk that was scattered about! The boys was to pay the rint, an' I was to walk about idle an' aisy; an' divul a hand's turn the wife was to do but make tay an' keep the buttons on the shirts; an' oh, *ma-horp-an-diaoul*, ma'am, but ye'd swear the bread was buttered on both sides for us till we were carried home to the daisies. Well, well, the mother's heart was in it, an', for the matter o' that, so was mine. She gave me no rest, bi night or day, till we left Belfast. So, to make a long story short, I sold up house an' shop, horse an' cart, dish an' spoon, an' came to England. An' indeed, ma'am, we found that it was a nate little house they'd taken for us up the road, convanient. Well, mi dear, they paid the rint from week to week, an' all wint on well for a while, till Ted, the youngest boy,—he was a tin-plate worker,—was out of his apprenticeship, an' he began to get big wages, be-

side overtime. Well, d'ye see, on a Saturday night, the boys used to meet in our place; an' one night, when we were all sittin' cosy round the fire, the eldest boy looks at Ted, an' says he, "Faith, Ted, you're gettin' big wages now. It's not fair that we two should be payin' my father's rint, an' you doin' nothin' towards it." "Bedad," replies Ted, "I never was the one to persuade my father an' mother to lave the place where they were doin' well!" An' no more he was, for d'ye see, he was only a 'prentice then. "Well, but," says the eldest again, "you've only yourself, an' I have a wife an' child—an' likely for more." "An' sure," says Ted, "how' d'ye know but I'm going to have a wife myself! Sure you've got a grand house o' furniture of your own, an' I've all my furniture to buy." An' so they wint on jawin', from one thing to another. An' all the while I was keepin' my eye on the wife, as she sat by the fire, quietly rakin' in the ashes, an' lookin' down, wi' the gray locks stragglin' about her face; an' indeed, I saw that she didn't like it. At last I could stand it no longer. So I jumped up on the floor, an' I said, "Boys; the divul o' one o' ye'll ever pay my rint any more, from this to my dyin' day! Its myself that has given yees all good edication, an' good trades, an' yees drifted away

the minute ye were able to do for yourselves. It was your own persuasion that brought me here. An' sure, it's mighty soon ye're repentin' o' your bargain, mi darlins! But—here me now!—from this hour I have done with it! For whilst I have thim tin old fingers at the ind o' mi arms, I'll naither be beholden to young or old o' yees!" . . . An' oh, ma'am, dear, from that hour the world began to go wrong wid me an' mine. The light o' the day was over, an' darkness gathered deeper an' deeper about the old wife an' me. Mi childer tuk wing, an' we were left alone. Jem quarrelled wid his wife, an' he went to Australia; an' I never heard scrap nor line of him from that day to this. The other boy 'listed into the army, an' was killed in the great war. An' poor Ted,—arrah, it's he that had the bold timper o' the rale owld stock in him,—one night Ted was drinkin' wid a few frinds from over the water; an' they got to high words; an' one o' them tuk Ted a rap on the head wid a bit of a stick; an' thin,—wid the gratest punctuality in life,—Ted replied to him wid a trifle of a poker, that was lyin' convanient; an' bedad, ma'am, the durty rap tuk the opportunity o' dyin' that same night; an' my own poor boy was left to stand the brunt o' the whole thing; for, d'ye see, they tuk the law on him; an'

now, poor Ted is sarvin' his time out beyant the say. Oh, *veeha-vaugha!* (virgin mother) will I ever live to behold my own brave boy agin? . . . An' then, when I thought the *miau* an' the *miroch* (the sorrow and trouble) had done their worst on me, the wife an' the colleen tuk the fayver, an' they both died in one week; an' they are lyin' together now, in the chapel-yard, over beyant there. . . . An' oh, ma'am, but that I haven't the heart to lave the place where they are lyin', I'd like to go back to Ireland to die. . . . Ah, ma'am, the weight was too heavy on me for a while; an' I lost heart entirely, an' began to wander. . . . An' ye see me now, ma'am, a poor old shaky *shingawn* (little man), livin' my lone, among strangers. My sight is failin' fast; an' I am airnin' my solitary bread by trailin' coals through the streets from the yard over by; an' not one kind hand o' my own kin left to close my eyes at last. An' indeed, indeed, ma'am, I'll not be sorry,—glory be to God!—when the blessed hour comes that I may be laid down to rest wi' them that's waitin' for me in the little yard beyant!'

"And then," said the stranger, "the old man went his way. I watched him as he passed the window, trailing his empty cart through the rain; and I felt that I had seen

the last of him. My landlady closed the door, and, as she came up the lobby, wiping her eyes, she said, 'Poor old fellow; the one half o' the world doesn't know how the other half lives.'"

"Maister," said the landlady, addressing the stranger in the corner, "han yo far to goo?"

"About six miles."

"Stop wheer yo are, till mornin'. We'n find yo a good bed."

"Ay," said the landlord, "an' get us a bit o' supper ready."

"I will," replied she.

"An', doesto yer, lass?"

"Well."

"Do us a potito."

"I will."

"I'll tell yo what, Mally," said Bockin, "as yo are gooin' to start o' cookin', I feel as if I could like a bit o' some'at mysel'. Here, Billy," continued he, addressing the bird-stuffer, "thou'rt generally th' hungry side out, have a bit o' supper wi' me."

"By th' mass," replied the bird-stuffer, "I'm ready for tho, ony minute! If yo're o' beawn to start, I'll start too; for I haven't had a bite o' nought sin we had that lobscouse at 'Th' Hare an' Hounds' at

noon, nobbut two butter't moufins, an' a hondful o' scallions."

"Well, an' what are yo for havin'?" said the landlady.

"Well," said Bockin, "we'n just have aught 'at yo'n a mind to give us, Mally. I'm noan tickle; an' I'm sure Billy isn't. Arto, owd lad?"

"Not I," said the bird-stuffer, "not I. We'n just lev it to yo, Mally. It's sure to turn up reet, owd crayter."

"Ay, ay," said the landlord, "hoo'll find yo some'at, if yo'n let her have her own road."

"I'll find yo every one some'at," said she, "if yo'n be patient a bit."

"Then, Belltinker for ever!" said Bockin, jumping up, "I could face th' dule this neet! Here, Billy, give us a bit of a ditty while th' cookin's agate. What, we noan beawn to dee i'th' shell, are we? Strike up, owd brid! Let's have 'Hopper hopped out, an' Limper limped in!'"

"Nawe, nawe," said the landlord, "let him sing 'Th' Grindlestone.'"

"I'm willin'," replied Bockin. "Brast off, owd lad; an' give it mouth!"

"I'm ready," said the bird-stuffer. "But here, Mally; yo'n be like to fill this thing again for me. I cannot sing to an empty pot."

The landlady filled his pot again, and then, flinging one leg over the other, and turning his face up to the ceiling, Billy began "The Grindlestone," to the old tune of "Derry down."

It wur Dody o' Joseph's, a joiner by trade,
A comical cowl, an' a keen-bitten blade ;
He're as fause as a boggart, an' th' neighbours weel knew,
Though,—when he'd a mind,—he could look like a foo'.
Derry down.

But th' bravest an' breetest o' th' childer o' men
May haply be hamper't a bit, now an' then ;
Dody's axe wanted grindin', one wark-a-day morn,
When there nobry about to gi' th' grindle a turn.
Derry down.

Then he grunted, an' mumble't, an' glendur't around,
An' he tooted about o'er th' neighbourin' ground ;
Still, never a soul to turn th' stone could he find,
An' it made him a little bit thrutched in his mind.
Derry down.

Till a soft-lookin' urchin coom wanderin' by,
Wi' his thumb in his mouth, an' a tear in his eye :
Wi' his slate an' his satchel, he're creepin' to schoo',
An',—bi th' look of his een,—Dody know'd he're a foo'.
Derry down.

"Bi' th' maskins," says Dody, "I'm losen't at last !"
An' he beckon't o' th' lad that wur wanderin' past !
"Come hither, my tight little maister o' men !"
Then he poo'd out a sixpence,—an' fobbed it again.
Derry down.

"There's a grindlestone here—dosto think thou can turn ?
If thou doesn't know how, I can help tho to larn.
I cannot howd th' axe an' turn th' hondle mysel';
Thou'rt a nice lad o' somebry's—come, give us a twell!"
Derry down.

Th' lad laid howd o' th' hondle, an' shap't like a mon ;
For he lippen't o' sixpence when th' turnin' wur done ;
So he twirl't at this grindle o' Dody o' Joe's,
Till the saut-water trickl't off th' end of his nose.
Derry down.

Dody felt at his axe,—an' he said, "Thou young foo',
Thou'll get a rare twiltin' for stoppin' fro' schoo' ;
Hie tho' off, like a red-shank, or th' dur may be teen'd ;"
An' he gav' him a bit of a lifter beheend.
Derry down.

Th' lad dried fro' his for-yed the breet briny drip,
An' he pike'd up his books, wi' a wimperin' lip ;
An' he crope off to schoo', turnin' o'er in his mind,
Th' first lesson he'd larn't i' the pranks o' monkind.
Derry down.

As yo wander'n through life, ten 'at one that yo'n find
A good lot o' folk that han axes to grind ;
Give a turn when yo con ; but remember to th' end,
It's turnin' th' wrang road to turn on a friend.
Derry down.

There was a great clatter of applause at
the end of the song.

"Bravo, Billy," cried Bockin, "thou's twit-
ter't that bit of a ditty like a layrock, owd
brid !"

"Gi' me thi hond, Billy," said the landlord, "bi th' mon, thou'rt a sond-piper, owd lad! I could ha' cheep't a bit mysel', once of a day; but it's up wi' thi' owd foo' now. Gi' me thi hond!"

"Thou'rt a gowden linnet, Billy," said Bockin; "bi th' mass arto."

"He's nought else," continued the landlord, "an' he's have an odd tot wi' me, if my shoon stops on a minute lunger, for I'll fill it mysel'."

"Bockin," said the bird-stuffer, "it's thy turn now. Come, give us a stave, owd mon."

"Here goes!" replied Bockin.

"Billy o Sheep-shouter's,
Robin o'th' Dree;
Rondle o' Scouter's,
Thunger an' me;
We made Mally Grime's
Owd kitchen roof ring,
One merry yule-time,
When met for a sing!"

"Stop, stop," said the landlady; "come an' get yo'r supper. Yo can sing at after. I've laid it out i' this t'other reawm, here. Come, an' get it while it's warm!"

"Come on, lads," said the landlord; "let's see what there is. I'm sharp set, whether yo are or not. Come on!"

It was a merry meal, and there were good

trencher-men around the board. For an hour or so after supper was over, "the night drave on, wi' sangs an' clatter," but before the clock in the kitchen had struck eleven, Bockin and his companion were trickling homeward, down the moorside, by the light of the stars; the inmates of the "Bird an' Bantlin'" were sound asleep; and the night-wind played audibly with sleepy sough, around the old moorland inn.





LUBBERS AFLOAT.



"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground."—THE TEMPEST.

"MORNING, Harry!"



"Morning!"

"What do you say to a bitter?"

"I'm your man."

"Come along, then! . . . Well; and where have you been? I've missed you on 'Change this many a day."

"I've been in Ireland."

"Ireland! I love that Irish land, Harry! 'Green be thy fields, dearest isle of the ocean!'—

"Wert thou all I could wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh, could I love thee more dearly than now?"

But you don't like sentiment. Hard work, cop bottoms, political economy, one God, no

devil, and twenty shillings in the pound; a solemn Sunday, and as righteous a week as the exigencies of the day will allow; with a modest quencher now and then, to wash down the dust of business; this is thy creed, O Henry! . . . So you had a jolly trip?"

"Jolly! I believe you, my boy! The passage was very rough; but we had some fun on board, in spite of the weather. A little knot of country folk, from Lancashire, went over with us; and most of them had never been upon the sea before. They were a sturdy, comfortable lot; and, when the boat started, they were the merriest folk on board; and they kept us alive with their quaint talk and hearty ways; but before we had got half-way across, they were all as sick as dogs, with one exception. One old fellow, 'with a frame of threescore and a spirit of twenty,' kept pacing the deck all the way, delighted with the storm. As the vessel pitched and rolled, he cried out, as he steadied himself upon his round pins, 'Woa, Dobbin! Thae's had too mich corn, owd crayter! Woigh, my lad! Gently does it! Thae'll waut (upset) th' whole consarn i' tho doesn't mind! Come; thae'll give o'er rompin' afore thae gets to th' fur end!' And when the tail-end of a wave whisked across the deck, he ducked his head and cried, 'Go it.

owd brid; I'll howd thi jacket! See yo, lads; I'm as weet as a wayter-dog! Eh, I wouldn't ha' missed this for a five-pound note! Look out, it's comin' again! Blaze away; I'm noather sugar nor saut! By th' mon, lads, this is a prime do! It makes my toes tingle!' And so he kept at it all the way. But the rest of his companions were in a sad state. One old man and his wife were worse than anybody else. The old woman couldn't bide the atmosphere below; so she lay upon deck, wrapt in rugs and shawls, heaving and moaning, and crying out now and then, when she could get breath, 'Oh, I wish to the Lord that I were a-whoam! Eh, if ever I set feet upo' dry lond again! This rollin' about 'll be th' end o' me! Look at my clooas! . . . Eh, whatever mun become o' yon childer, if aught happens me! . . . I say——reitch——that thing——I mun——Oh, dear o' me! . . . This sort o' wark doesn't agree wi' my inside! 'Oh——I'm done for!' The old fellow, who was pacing the deck, stopped now and then, to hap her up, and to see if she wanted anything. 'Now, Betty,' said he, 'how arto gettin' on? Keep thi heart up, owd lass!' 'Eh, Joe,' said she, 'I haven't a bit o' heart in me! I'm as hollow as a drum!' 'Well,' said he, 'thae mun bide as

weel as thae con. It'll soon be o'er! We're gettin' nar (nearer) Paddy's lond at every stride!' 'Thank the Lord for that,' replied the old girl; 'thank the Lord for that! Ony mak o' lond afore this rantipow! Oh, that I were a-whoam! Reitch me that——. I shall be a bonny seet i'th' mornin'! Eh, yon childer,—yon bits o' childer! . . . I say, Joe.' 'Now, then!' 'Wheer's our Sam?' 'He lies on his back down below, yon, as white as a sheet.' 'Go thi ways, an' tell him I want to see him! Eh, Joe, I'm finished this time! Tell him that if he wants to see me, alive, he mun come up this minute! We'n bin wed thirty year, thae knows, Joe! Eh, I mun see him! Joe, tell him I want to talk to him about th' childer. Eh, I'm welly (well-nigh) done! I'll try to howd out till he comes; but I. mun draw away afore aught's lung! I pritho (I pray thee), do goo, an' bring him up!' 'May thisel' yezzy, lass (make thyself easy),' said Joe, happing her up again; 'may thisel' yezzy; I'll fot (fetch) him up. Thae's have another look at th' owd brid, as how th' cat jumps!' And away went Joe to find her husband, who lay down below, as ill as herself, moaning and groaning. 'Eh, lads,' said he, speaking to the passengers near him, 'Eh, lads, if I'd known o' this I'd ha' gone tother gate on! . . .

Dry lond for my brass! . . . This is a doleful spree! I say, stewart, hond me that what-dosto-co' it! . . . Oh, by th' mon, it's hard wark! Here, stewart; dosto yer, owd lad—how lung will it tak us to get to a bit o' sensible floorin'?' 'Three hours.' 'Three hours! By th' mass, I'll sign o'er! Ten minutes moor, an' I'm done for! Hond me that——! Be sharp! . . . Oh, owd lad, I may as weel begin a taperin' off! It's up wi' th' owd foo!' In the meantime, his friend Joe had left the deck, and coming to him, where he lay, he said, 'Now, Sam, owd lad; how arto gettin' on?' 'Gettin' on?' said he, panting for breath, 'Eh, Joe; this is th' last time round! Th' gam's up, owd lad! I've tried mony a complaint i' my time, but this licks o'! Look what a seet I am!' 'Couldto like aught?' said Joe. 'Like aught?' replied Sam; 'ay; I could that.' 'Well; what is it?' said Joe. 'I could like a bit o' dry lond, owd lad, if thae con shap it,' replied Sam; 'a bit o' dry lond! I'd sooner have that nor aught there is i' this hole! Eh, Joe; I'm o' of a wamble i'th' inside. I laft whoam for an out; an' if ever I get out o' this they'n never catch me here no moor!' 'Well but,' said Joe, 'there's yo'r Betty, up at th' top, yon; an' hoo's as nee stiched up as ever onybody were i' this

world ; and hoo says that if thae wants to see her alive thae mun goo just now.' 'Oh,' replied old Sam ; 'an' so I'm to goo just now, am I?' 'Ay,' said Joe ; 'thae mun goo this minute, if thae wants to see her afore hoo draws away,—thoose are my orders.' 'Oh,—an' hoo's ill, is hoo?' 'Ill,—ay ! I never see'd no poor soul sich a seet sin I were born.' 'Oh,—well,—go thi ways up again ; and tell our Betty,—fro' me,—that as how ill ever hoo is I'm ten thousand times war (worse) ! If hoo's for deein', hoo mun dee. Hoo's olez (always) had her own road, so fur ; an' hoo may have it to th' end, for me. As for deein',—tell her I'm just at th' same bat mysel' ; an' if hoo dees th' first, I's o'ertak her afore hoo gets far. Now, off witho, an' tell her what I say ; for I connot stir a peg off this clod. . . . An' here, Joe ; dosto yer?' 'Well.' 'I'll lev (leave) thee my spectacles, an' my snuff-box, an' ony odd thing 'at thae's a mind to pike (pick) for thisel'. An', I say,—thae knows, I like our Mary,—thae mun let her ha' th' haue of everything that there is,—brass, an' everything 'at hoo's a mind to choose ; an' then divide th' tother amung th' childer, share an' share alike. An' then thae'll find a bit o' brass about our Betty an' me, at after we're gone. Well ; get a saup o' summat warm among yo, wi' that, as soon as

yo gotten to dry lond. . . . An', I say,—for th' Lord's sake, dunnot let us be buried i' Irelan', owd lad! Thae'll see us takken whoam again; an' laid down amung er (our) own folk, winnot tho?' 'Ay, I will!' 'That'll do! Well; gie me thi hond! Good day to tho, owd lad! Lap me up.'

"Well, of course, the old folks landed all right; and, after a little rest, they were as merry as ever. But I fell in with another Lancashire man, who was on his first trip to Dublin. We dined together in the city; and the story of his reception on landing tickled my fancy a good deal. He was a strange mixture of shrewdness, simplicity, and humour; and"—

"Stop, Harry; I'm due on 'Change. We'll have that after dinner."

"All right."





A JOLLY WAGGONER.

— o —

“What hempen homespuns have we here?”

—SHAKESPEARE.

[*Time, 1820; a keen, bright forenoon, in the depth of winter. The crisp snow lies glittering upon the streets of Manchester. BEN O'THUNGER'S, a tall, strong, country fellow, drest like a waggoner, is sauntering about Cannon Street, leading a little lad, who is muffled to the chin in a woollen “comfortable.” BEN has come from the foot of Blackstone Edge in search of employment; and he is waiting to see the manufacturer to whom he has been recommended. As he wanders to and fro in the street, he peeps in at the warehouse windows now and then; and he croons snatches of song as he gazes vacantly around.*]

“**T**HERE, Billy, my lad,—thou looks cowl! Thi nose is red—an’ thou’rt as keen as a young ferret! Let’s tee that muffler o’ thine, an’ tuck it into thi singlet a bit! Theer, now—thou’rt as grand as a parish bang-beggar! As soon as

I've sin this chap we'n go down to th' Seven Stars, an' get a bit o' dinner, an' a saup o' summat warm to it; an', then, heigh-up for Black's'nedge! once moore. . . . Arto tire't, my lad?"

"Ay,—a bit."

"Ay,—an' thou may weel. It's a lung trawnce; an' thou's walked it like a drum-major, my lad! Well, come,—thou shall ride back i' Billy Robishaw's cart. He sets off about two o'clock; an' we's just ha' nice time to get a bit o' dinner, in a nook at th' owd house, yon. . . . Arto hungry, my lad?"

"Ay."

"That's reet, my lad! Thou's a rare twist,—an' it's a good sign! Thou taks o' me for that! I wur olez ready for mi meals; afore they were ready for me; though we'n bin nought short yet—thank God! . . . Here, sitho; get this manchet an' cheese into tho; an' then thou'll happen howd out till dinner-time. . . . Stop. . . . Afore tho starts,—goo in at that warehouse dur, an' ax if th' maister's come'd. They said he'd be in about now."

(Billy goes in, and comes out again. The clerks peep through the window at the two on the street.)

"Well,—is he in?"

"Nawe. They say'n he'll be a quarter of an hour, yet. An' they wanten us to goo in, an' sit us down."

"Not I! I'm noan beawn to sit i' yon smudgy cote! It's as dark as a coal-hole! I'd raither be i'th' oppen street,—ten times o'er!"

(Begins to croon a song, as he walks about):—

I wish I was on yon wide moor,
An' my good dog wi' me, oh;
Among the blooming heather flower,
Wading wild an' free, oh!
Wild an' free!
Wild an' free!
Where the moorlan' breezes blow!

"What's yon? Th' Owd Church clock!
It's strikin' twelve! Another quarter of an hour, Billy, an' we's be liberated!"

I wish I was where th' moor-cock springs
From his nest on the heath'ry lea, oh!
An' the lonely mountain streamlet sings
To the desert wild an' free, oh!
Wild an' free!
Wild an' free!
Where the moorlan' breezes blow!

"See yo, faither; see yo at yon chap wi' a tun-dish on his yed!"

"Ay; yon's one o'th' show folk, my lad. There's some quare craiters i' this town, Billy."

"Faither, let's goo whoam. I don't like here."

"Nawe, nor me noather, Billy. It wouldn't do for me. I cannot draw my breath gradely among these streets. They're o' thrutched up in a lump, here—houses, an' folk an' o'. For th' bit o' time that I have to live I'd raither live where there's moore elbow-reawm than there is here. . . . Never mind, my lad. Bide a bit. We'n be off whoam again, soon after I've sin this chap."

(Sings again.)

'Mong blooming woods, at twilight dim,
The throstle chants with glee, oh !
But the plover sings his evening hymn
To the ferny wild so free, oh !
Wild an' free !
Wild an' free !
Where the moorlan' breezes blow !

Upon yon hill I'll take my rest,
And there my bed shall be, oh !
With the lady-fern above my breast,
In the keen blast waving free, oh !
Wild an' free !
Wild an' free !
Where the moorlan' breezes blow !

"See yo, faither,—see yo who there is o' t'other side yon !"

"Ay, bi'th' heart,—it's Parsley Bob,—an nought else ! Whatever's th' owd lad doin' here, I wonder. (*Shouts across the street.*)

Heigh, Robin! Now then, Bob, owd lad! Doesto yer? Wheer arto for at sich a pelt?"

"Hello, Ben, owd layrock! It's never thee, belike! Whatever's blown thee this gate on, i' thi haliday jump? An' here's yor Billy witho, I see! Whatever han yo agate?"

"Well,—if I mun tell the truth, Robin, I'm seechin' a shop!"

"Why, thou's never laft owd Sam's, sure?"

"Thou's hit th' mark, Robin. I've laft th' owd shop."

"The dule thou has! How leets that?"

"Well,—it let thus: T'other day, owd Sam coom into th' stable to me,—he wur market fresh, an' so wur I too for that matter, for we'd both bin off at th' town,—well, he coom into th' stable to me when I're agate o' fodderin' up for th' neet, an' he began o' gosterin' an' talkin' about th' horses—he'd ha this done, an' he'd ha' that done, or else he'd play th' upstroke wi' somebry. Well,—I couldn't ston' it a bit longer, so I chuck't th' bucket down, an' I said, 'D—— thee, an' thi horses too, Sam! If I cannot manage th' horses beawt bein' bother't wi' thee, thou'd better manage 'em thisel'! ' Wi' that he made no moore ado, but he up wi' his fist, an' he fot (fetched) me a cotter o' th' chops. Well, thou knows, I couldn't ston' that—so I tackle'd him in a snift. We'n had mony a bit

of a do afore, but this time I believe I gav him a gradely good towellin'. Well,—there wur a bonny racket i' that hole for a bit, I'll uphowd to! (I will uphold thee!) Well, thou knows, we're both on us of a tickle temper,—an' th' owd lad's a rare pluck't un, an' he feights rough when th' blood's up, so we didn't play dainty, I can tell tho, but went at it, hommer an' tungs; an', amung us, somehow, th' owd lad geet lamed—an' then he thrut up his hond, an' he said, 'Howd, Ben; let's drop it! Help me up; I believe my shoolder's out!' Well,—we'd made sich a din while we were agate, that they yerd us into th' house, an' it brought th' sarvants out,—an' then th' mistress coom, an' th' two daughters,—an' there were sich a kick up i'th' hole as never wur yerd tell on. Th' sarvants wanted to carry th' owd lad into th' house; but he wouldn't let nobody lay a finger on him nobbut me—noather th' wife, nor nobody else. 'Ben,' he said, 'come, thou'll ha' to help me in! It's bin a fair tussle,—but I'm nobbut th' topmost but one this time!' So I pushed 'em o' one side, an' I helped th' owd lad into th' house, an' geet him laid on a couch cheer. . . . Well,—th' mistress looked as if hoo could like to cut my throat,—an' hoo as good as swore that I should never do another stroke for them as

lung as hoo wur alive ! An' then hoo tow'd me to walk off, an' never darken a durhole o' theirs again ; an' hoo co'de me war than a pow-cat. Well, thou knows, owd Sam lee theer gruntin' wi' his shoolder,—an' he kept tellin' me to tak' no notice on her, but goo an' finish my wark. But th' owd lass stuck to it bitterly that hoo would never sleep another neet under that roof if ever I wur allowed to touch another job about th' premises. So at last, my own yure began o' bristlin' up a bit, an' I whipt th' stable keigh out o' my pocket, an' I said, ' Here, Sam ; tak' thi keigh ! ' I'll saddle this job at once ! If thou'rt gooin' to be rule't bi th' spindle, I'm not ! So I'll find another shop—an' I'll bid yo good neet,—o' on yo ! ' An' wi' that I coom out, an' banged th' dur to beheend me."

" Oh, be hanged ! That breeze 'll blow o'er, thou'll see ! Th' owd chap 'll send for tho back afore th' week end."

" Oh, I could do wi' him weel enough, but it's yon woman, mon ! I connot bide her !—hoo's so nattle, an' hoo's olez meddlin'. . . . But, my time's up, I see. This chap should ha' come'd in by now."

" Who is he ?"

" They say'n he's a very daicent sort o' a chap. He comes fro' somewheer about th' moor-ends. But ho'ever—he wants somebry

to look after his horses, an' he gi's good wage, an' there's no harm i' seein' what he's made on, thou knows."

"No moore there is, owd lad. Well, I wish tho good luck, Ben!"

"Th' same to thee, owd buzzart!"

"Now then, Billy, my lad—slip in again, an' see if he's loded."

(Billy goes in at the warehouse door, and comes out again.)

"Faither, he's come'd. They say'n ye mun goo in."

"That's reet. Come on, my lad!"

(They go in together.)

"Which is th' maister?"

"Come forrud!"

"Are yo th' maister?"

"Ay. What doesto want?"

"They say'n yo wanten a chap to look after th' horses, an' sich like."

"Wheer doesto come fro'?"

"Th' bottom o' Black's'nedge. . . . Shall I do, thinken yo?"

"Well, thou'rt big enough, as how 'tis. Who hasto bin wortchin' for?"

"Sam o' Matty's,—Copper Nob, as they co'n him. I've druvven for him aboon twelve year."

"Well, an' what didto lev for?"

"For hommerin' th' maister."

"Oh, ay! An' he didn't like it, I guess?"

"Well,—I don't think he care't so mich,—
but his wife didn't like it."

"Oh,—I see. Is that a lad o' thine?"

"One on 'em. I've seven moore a-whoam!"

"Hasto brought thi character?"

"Nawe,—I never axed for noan. An', to
tell yo truth, I'm better beawt it."

"I dar' say thou art. . . . Well,—thou
may come o' Monday mornin'; an' we'se see
how we can get on."

"O' reet, maister!"





THE WIMBERRY CAKE.

—o—

“It was the last that she had left.”

WILLY'S GRAVE.

AS I came down the main street the other day I was overtaken by an impulsive friend of mine,—a man of singular mental fertility and uncommon culture,—whose rare acquirements and racy humour have always delighted me. The range of his sympathies was unusually wide and warm. To him the small was great, and the great was small; and the commonest things in life could lead him into regions of lofty and reverent thought. In such moods it was a rare pleasure to listen to his discourse. He was at all times an interesting companion. From his well-stored and inventive mind something rich and strange was continually springing in allusion to the things around him: and even passing incidents

upon the street often called forth some ingenious remark, or some apt quotation from famous books—books too much neglected in these day of ephemeral scribble, hurried off the end of the pen to bring bread for the day.

He overtook me upon the street; and seizing my arm, as usual, he led me aside into St. Ann's Square. It was not a parade day in that fashionable lounge, and therefore we had a good deal of it to ourselves. The statue of Richard Cobden seemed to be the first thing that caught his eye. "Ah, now," said he, "there stands the counterfeit presentment of one of the greatest benefactors of mankind in our day. He wrought hard, and long, and suffered much; and it will be long before his countrymen comprehend the wide-embracing harmonies of the scheme which occupied that lucid mind. Even his immediate companions have not all of them grown up to the pitch of his great conceptions. I am almost disposed to endorse the high eulogium of his illustrious friend and co-worker, who once said to his audience, as he pointed to a marble bust of the great free-trader, 'I tell you that not even marble is more enduring than that man's fame.'" . . . From this theme he glided to the subject of art; and after severely criticising

the statue itself, he said, "The arts, my dear sir, though several in manifestation, are one in their source,—like the fingers of a man's hand. And then, how different are men's ways of working in art. For instance, one man, by slow and sedulous effort, and careful re-touching, achieves some embodiment of his ideal; but anon, there comes another—a man of noble creative force,—who strikes the amorphous block with the wand of divine command, and lo, there riseth into the ambient air an image full of the extremest beauty! Genius does what it *must*; talent does what it can." . . . And thus, as we paced to and fro, the temper of his discourse glided from one theme to another, as the leafy rustlings of a tree are changed in tone by the changes of the wind.

On the opposite side of the square, a man, who was once of some eminence in this city, was trailing his weary limbs along, shattered in health, and steeped to the lips in poverty,—although little more than forty years of age. "Ah," said my friend, "yonder goes one whose sun is going down while it is yet day. The hand of the ancient Master is in that worn countenance. Where are his friends? There is none so poor to do him reverence now! Another hapless soldier stricken down prematurely in the battle;

and no kind hand to carry him to the rearward, out of the trampling press of the fight. Ah, my dear sir, it is very sad; it is very sad!" . . . And thus he went on, in plaintive descant, until the massive form of a well-known lawyer came shouldering its way slowly through the sunshine; and my friend changed his note at once. . . . "Ah, there now," said he, "there goes a man of mighty physical mould! One of the sons of Anak! There goes a man whose bulk and big assemblage is touched with something finer than the dull world dreams of. I know him well; and an excellent fellow he is, for all his rugged exterior,—a man with the strength of a giant, and the tenderness of a woman. By the way, I heard an anecdote of him the other day, which may not be uninteresting. You know him sufficiently to know that though 'the patch is kind,' he, like Launcelot Gobbo, is a 'huge feeder.' Well, it seems that he had occasion, once, to go far away from town, up to one of our wild Lancashire moorland hills, upon some legal business; and after wandering about there for some hours, he found, to his dismay, that when his usual dinner-time came, he was miles away from any visible place of refreshment.

"Hollo!" cried he, looking at his watch; "how's this? Where am I to dine? There

are no hotels, nor anything here! I must have something to eat! What's to be done?"

The man who was in attendance upon him pointed to a lonely cottage, far down the moor-side, and suggested that perhaps *something* might be had there. It was the only dwelling in sight, and away they went towards the spot. The hungry lawyer found a poor woman in the cottage, with six little children playing around her.

"Mistress," said he, in a jovial off-hand way, "can you find me anything to eat? Eggs and bacon; bread and cheese; anything! I'm quite famished!"

The woman gazed with astonishment at that mighty, well-filled frame, which looked so unlike starvation; and then, giving a quiet look around her poor hut, she replied—

"Well; I've just made a wimberry cake, for these childer. Yo can have a bit o' that, if yo'n a mind."

"Wimberry cake!" cried he, rubbing his hands, "Wimberry cake! Grand! It'll do! Bring it on!"

The poor woman set the cake before him, and he fell to with a right good will.

"Ah!" said he, "this is excellent! It's very wholesome, too! very good, indeed!"

In the meantime, the children—who had

been silent up to this point, overawed by the great stranger's appearance—began to creep out from their corners; and, as they watched slice after slice disappear in the lawyer's hungry jaws, tears rose into their eyes. At last, they could bear it no longer; and they burst out, as if by common consent, with one cry—"Mother, mother; he's heyting it o'! he's heyting it o'!"

"Good God!" cried the lawyer, flinging down his knife, "am I eating the children's dinner?"

The poor woman raised her apron to her eyes, and she said, "Ay; it's o' that I had for 'em. I had a bit o' flour i'th' house, an' I sent th' childer on to th' moor a-gettin' some wimberry, so that I could make it into a cake for 'em. I thought it would be a bit of a puttin'-on, till to-morn."

"Poor little things!" said the lawyer, as he pushed the remainder of the cake away from him, "why didn't you tell me that before? I'll not have another bite!"

Then, putting a sovereign into the woman's hand, he said, "For Heaven's sake, get them something to eat!"

And he came away from that poor moorland cottage with tears rolling down his rough cheeks.



THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

"I tell thee, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are asses as that I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza; at least, so they seem to me." "Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not such a thing; but snuff those eyes of yours."

CERVANTES.

(Two friends at dinner, at the hotel.)

"**C**OME, Harry, you're not doing much. I like to see a man take his pound and his pint."

"I'm off my feed, Jack."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, the weather, I suppose. Wet and warm, like Oldham brewis. It unlaces me from top to toe."

"But, you've not finished?"

"Finished! I had done before I begun. Here, waiter, take away."

"Come along to the smoke room."

"I'm ready."

"Well, now, you promised to tell me about your fellow-traveller, and his landing at Dublin."

"Oh, ay! Well; I had noticed him particularly as we went across on the boat; for he was a 'ken-speckle' sample of the Lancashire breed; and, though a man of few words, there was a merry twinkle in his eye; and every time he opened his mouth, his speech told the land of his birth at once. This was his first trip across the sea; and he was disguised in a new suit, which he evidently did not feel quite at home in. Somehow, we got very thick together on the boat, and we had a good deal of chat in the old dialect. I missed him in the bustle when we came to the pier; but I met with him afterwards, in the city, where he dined with me; and, as we sat over a glass of grog, he gave me an account of his reception on landing.

"But, in the first place, you know how the Irish car-drivers crowd down to meet the arriving boats; and how full of devil-may-care rollick and fun they are. When the luggage comes ashore, they have a trick of seizing the best pieces they can lay hands on; and when the owner comes up, the fiend

is in it if they do not talk him onto a car, before he knows where he is.

"By the by, my fellow-traveller's name was Barker. Well; one of the car-men, attracted by the appearance of Barker's trunk, grabbed it at once, and, after carefully spelling out the name, B, a, r, bar, k, e, r, ker, —Bar-ker—he cried out, 'Where the devil's Mister Barker?' Barker, hearing his name shouted in a strange land, looked round with surprise, and seeing Paddy dragging the trunk towards the car, he cried, 'Here; wheer arto for? Stop an' rosin! That's mine!' 'Ah, Mister Barker!' said Paddy, saluting our friend, 'welcome to ould Ireland, Mister Barker! Sure, I was lookin' out for ye this three weeks! Good luck to ye, Mister Barker!' 'Well,' replied Barker, 'This gi's my crop a twist; I don't know how thae comes to know what I'm code (called); for I never set fuut upo' this clod i' my life afore.' 'Ah, now, Mister Barker,' answered Paddy, 'don't be sayin' that to your own car-boy! Sure, didn't I smell ye on the boat.' 'Well,' said Barker, scratching his head, 'this caps my trash, owd lad, I tell thee again; for I never were here afore—that shall be true—an' thae keeps Barkerin', an' Barkerin', as if thee an' me had bin twins. I cannot make it out.' 'Ah, come along, your honour,'

replied Paddy; 'sure, it's myself knew the whole seed, breed, an' generation o' the Barkers before ye were born!' Well; Barker followed slowly, wondering how on earth Paddy came to have his name so pat at the end of his tongue. 'Now, jump up, your honour,' said Paddy, 'till I show ye the way we'll roll along!' 'Stop a minute,' said Barker, 'let's have a look at th' horse. Hello! This 'll do noan! It's nobbut three legs!' 'Faith, ye are right,' replied Paddy; 'an' it's just as well, for if he had four I wouldn't be able to hold him.' 'By th' mon,' said Barker, laughing, 'I's be like to have a ride wi' thee, owd lad; legs or no legs! But, howd,' continued he, laying his hand on Paddy's shoulder, 'I want tho to tell me th' names o' some o' th' main buildin's, as we riden by.' 'Well, indeed then,' replied Paddy, 'here's the one boy that's able for that, Mister Barker!' 'Well then,' said Barker, as he mounted the car, 'off witho; an' mind thae tells no lies i' thi talk; for thae'rt terrible lennock (pliant, glib) about th' tung; an' it's quare to me if thae artn't a bit leet gi'n, bi th' look on tho. Nea then; get agate o' rollin', as soon as tho likes.' 'Where will I drive to, your honour?' 'Thae may just plez (please) thy bonny sel,' replied Barker. 'Keep drivin' up an' down, till I tell tho to

stop.' 'All right, your honour,' replied Paddy, giving the horse a switch; 'all right! Get along, out o' that, ye divil!' And away they went. 'I'll tell thee what, owd lad,' said Barker, leaning forward on the car, 'that's a quare mak (make) of a crayter 'at thae's gotten between thoose shafts.' 'Is it the horse, your honour?' inquired Paddy. 'Ay; if it be a horse,' replied Barker; 'but it favvours a seck-full o' fire-irons, as much as a horse. What doesto co' it?' 'Loightning, your honour.' 'Leetnin'! ay, well; it looks as if it had bin brought up o' moonshine an' yure-pins. Leetnin'! I never see'd a three-legged flash o' leetnin' afore! Is it a mare?' 'It is, your honour.' 'Why then, thae'll be havin' a spavin't thunner-bowt i'th' shafts some o' these days. . . . Howd, stop! What's yon buildin', i'th' front, yon?' 'That's the Parliamint Heawse, your honour.' 'Why; han yo a parliament here?' 'Faith, no, Mister Barker; they took the parliamint over the water; but they left the heawse behind.' 'Well; an' what's yon buildin', wi' three stone figures stonnin' o' th' top, yon?' 'Is it thim three bowld fellows, on the top o' the buildin', beyant there?' 'Ay; what's thoose three?' 'Thim three, your honour,—thim three's the Twelve Apostles!' 'Twelve Apostles! Heaw doesto manage to make

twelve out o' thoose three?' 'Well, indeed, Mister Barker; ye couldn't expect the whole twelve to be out at once, such a murderin' wet day as this. The other nine are gone in to dry their clothes!'

"'Poo up!' cried Barker; 'Poo up! Thae's gone fur enough, at once! Let's goo in, some- wheer, an' sit us down a minute or two.'"





THE
UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

"An' how came this man here,
Without the leave o' me?"
SCOTCH SONG.

AS I sauntered along the street the other day, I met with an old acquaintance—a humorous fellow, who is, also, a kind of vocal artist, in a small way—and, after the usual salutations, he told me the following story:—

"By the by," said he, "a curious thing has happened to me since the last time we forgathered. I had been engaged to take part in a public entertainment, in a manufacturing town about twelve miles from Manchester, and, on the morning of the appointed day, I received a note from the secretary of the institution on behalf of which the entertainment had been got up, simply saying

that 'Mr. B—— would be glad of my company at tea,' and, if I would leave Manchester by a certain train, he would meet me on the platform at the end of the journey. This note was accompanied by a programme of the proceedings, announcing that 'N. B——, Esq., of Carr Hill,' would take the chair. This gentleman I had no personal knowledge of; and, indeed, I had no intimate acquaintance with a single soul in the place I was going to. However, I left Manchester by the train mentioned in the secretary's note, and on my arrival at the journey's end I sauntered about the platform, expecting every minute to be accosted by Mr. B——, whose person was unknown to me. But, one after another, the passengers trickled away from the scene, and nobody seemed to notice me. The train went on its way; and, at last, I was left alone, pacing the silent platform with resounding step. It seemed strange; and, as I knew nobody in the town, I began to cast about in my mind what was to be done. I looked at the programme again. 'N. B——, Esq., of Carr Hill, in the chair.' It was all right. Inquiring of the porter, I found that Carr Hill was about a mile and a half from the station; and, seeing nothing better for it, I took my way thitherward at once.

"It was a fine day; and as my walk

brought me into the outskirts of the town, the scenery became more and more striking. I found the house, a quaint mansion, pleasantly seated in its own grounds, high upon the hill-side, and commanding a fine view of the bold hills on the opposite side of the valley. Entering by the front gate, I walked through the garden, up to the door, and rang the bell. When the servant came, I inquired if Mr. B—— was at home. She replied that he was not, but that he was expected in three-quarters of an hour; and then she held the door, and gazed, as if waiting to see whether I had anything more to say. I thought it strange; and, after a minute's pause, I said that I was expected to tea there that evening. 'Oh, indeed!' replied she, with an air of surprise, letting go the door. 'Step in, sir!' said she. Whereupon I walked in; and when I had hung up my hat, and deposited my stick in the stand, she opened a side door in the lobby, and pointing into the room, she said, 'Take a seat, sir, please.' I entered; she closed the door behind me, and I was alone.

"It was a quaint apartment, richly and tastefully furnished. The walls were hung with pictures by famous artists, and costly books lay strewn upon the tables. I took up one of these. It was an illustrated copy

of Froissart's 'Chronicles ;' and, seating myself upon a sofa, I was beginning to lose myself in the Middle Ages, when—' Tap, tap, tap !' The door opened, and the servant looked in. ' Would you be kind enough to send your name, sir, please ?' I gave her my name, and once more she disappeared. It seemed queer that they didn't know about it. Perhaps he has forgotten to tell them, thought I. And then, easy-hearted, I was relapsing into old Froissart again, when another tap came to the door. It was the servant again. ' Will you step this way, sir, please ?' I rose, and walked to the door. ' Take a seat in that room, sir, please,' said she, pointing to an open door on the opposite side of the lobby. I went in. It was a room very like the one I had just left. Costly books, and pictures, and furniture ; with a cosy charm pervading the whole—a quaint nest of rich and tasteful homeliness. And then, in this case, a cheerful fire tinged the shady light with a genial glow. ' Mrs. B—— will be down in a few minutes,' said the servant, as she closed the door behind her. I was examining a fine oil painting by Sam Bough, when a silken rustle in the lobby announced the approach of the lady of the house. She entered ; and, with quiet courtesy bidding me

'Good evening!' she sat down to crochet, saying that she expected her husband every minute. So we chatted quietly about the weather, and about the books which lay upon the table. In a little while the front door of the house was heard opening, 'He's here!' said she; and, rising from her seat, she went out and closed the door after her. There seemed to be a dead silence on all around for the next two or three minutes, and then Mr. B—— himself entered the room, and, with a twinkle of quiet humour in his eye, he shook me by the hand, and bade me welcome. His face was new to me, but I liked it. And now, thinks I, 'all's right!' and I began to feel thoroughly at home; and I began to chatter,—as is my wont, now and then, when the fit is on me,—about this and that,—books, politics, pictures, music, antiquities, and the scenery around us; and the genuine, though undemonstrative, geniality of his manner soon made me feel as if we had been 'as thick as inkle-weavers' all our lives. And then he began to bring out rare books,—first one, then another,—some of them the most costly existing illustrated works upon botany,—in which science I thought that he seemed to feel an especial interest. After a pleasant, discursive chat, he offered me a

cigar, and proposed a stroll in the grounds belonging to the house, until tea was laid out. And away we went, followed by his little terrier. It was a lovely evening. The bold outline of the opposite hills stood in grand relief against the sky; and as the dreamy glamour of twilight sank upon the scene the landscape looked finer than before. As we sauntered about, I found that he was well acquainted with the historic associations of the scene. After a pleasant stroll, we went to tea, at which we were joined by his wife, and his little daughter. Nearly an hour passed away in pleasant talk over the evening meal; and then, after a chirruping cup, we walked to town together,—he to preside over the evening's entertainment, and I to take my share in the performance.

“The affair went off in a satisfactory way; and, when it was over, he walked with me to the station to catch the returning train. Just before I took my seat in the carriage, he shook hands with me. ‘Good bye!’ said he, —‘*somebody* of my name has invited you to tea this evening, but, mind, *it was not me!*’ For a minute or so I was stunned; and then I made all sorts of blundering apologies. ‘Oh, don’t say a word about it,’ replied he; ‘I have enjoyed the whole thing; and I

hope you will find your way to the same place again as soon as you have opportunity.' And yet I felt a little uneasy about the thing until I received a letter from him, to the same kindly effect."





WORKING HIS PASSAGE.

"Poor lad ; he had a deal o' heart,
But very little head."

—NATTERIN' NAN.

[NAT SLASHER *and* NATHAN O' DOLL's *meeting*
in a green lane.]

"**N**OW then, owd dog !"



"Now then !"

"Nice melch mak o' a mornin'."

"Grand groo-weather, for sure. Weet an' warm, like Owdham brewis."

"What's to do wi' tho? thou stonds very keckley."

"Rheumatic or summat. I've never bin reet o' mi pins sin' Rushbearin."

"Thou wackers about like a tripe doll. We mun ha' tho spelk't up a bit, owd craiter, or else thou'll be tumblin' i' lumps."

"I feel very wambly, for sure. I'm as slap as a seck-full o' swillin's."

"It's this rakin' out at neet, mon. It'll not howd wayter. Thou mun oather poo up, or sign o'er. Pike for thisel'."

"Our Mally says so."

"Ay; an' your Mally's reet. . . . Well, an' how are things shappin' down i'th' cloof, yon?"

"About th' owd bat. There's nought uncuth (strange) agate 'at I know on. Well, —Bill o' Swiper's has order't a new dur to his pig-cote; it should ha' bin ready th' day after, but owd Churn-pow, th' joiner, wur off at a weddin'. Dan o' Cumper's wur axed for th' first time to Lizzy o' Flipper's, last Sunday, an' Ben at th' Hauve Moon's gotten his sign painted o'er again, wi' th' shap of his gronfaither, smookin', i'th' middle. There's nought else stirrin', mich. Well,—yigh,—Dick o' Belltinker's is for havin' one of his front teeth poo'd out, if it doesn't give o'er warchin'."

"Why, yo're quite in a boil, then. But it olez wur a lively nook, for th' size on't."

"Ay; th' town's busy if there's three folk talkin' together at once."

"Well; an' how's Owd Tupper gettin' on? Didto tell him what I said?"

"Ay; I tow'd him, mich and moore; an' I gav him th' best advice 'at I could."

"An' how then?"

"Well; thou knows what a wild kempie he is. He hearken't what I had to say, an' then took his own road,—th' same as ever. At it he went,—ticklebut,—like a bull at a gate. I'd better ha' save't mi breath to cool my porritch wi'."

"Well,—I lippen't o' nought better. Mon, there's some folk 'at winnot be said,—an' Dick's one on 'em. Reet or wrang, he'll have his own gate; an' nought'll stop him,—but a stone wole."

"I tow'd him I thought he wur stonnin' in his own leet."

"Thou met as weel ha' chanted th' 'Evenin' Hymn' to a deeod pow-cat. There's nought for't but lettin' him tak his own gate. Sich like olez leeten o' summat 'at poos 'em up afore they dee'n. He'll come to of his-sel', thou'll see."

"Well,—I laft him to't."

"Thou couldn't do better. Let him powder about th' world a bit; it's a rare schoo' for bull-necked scholars."

"Hasto yerd about Nat o' Softly's gooin' to Runcorn last week?"

"Nawe; I never yerd. Poor little Nat! What's he bin doin' theer?"

"Oh, by th' mass, I mun tell tho that."

Here; let's sit us down upo' th' hedge-side a bit. . . . Well, thou knows, Nat's nobbut about ninepence th' shillin' at th' best, poor lad, an' he's bin ill knocked about among it, for he's bin taen in of o' sides,—it oft leets so wi' folk 'ats no ill in 'em, if they happen to be of a dull turn,"——

"He's as numb as a clay dobber!"

"That's noather here nor theer. Th' lad cannot help it. His faither wur so afore him; an' there isn't a mon livin' 'at can jump out of his own skin into another. . . . Well,—but—as I wur tellin' tho. Little Nat's bin out o' wark a good while; and he's bin ill put to't for a bit o' scran, now an' then. He's had to fly up wi' th' hens mony a time. Well,—about a week sin' he yerd of a job down at Runcorn; an' he pricked his ears at news, an' ettle't his-sel for after it. Well, thou knows, th' owd lad wur as clemmed as a whisket,—an' he wur fair stagged up o' gates,—for he'd addle't nought of a good while; an' he took th' gate out o' Boarcloof wi' fourpence hawp'ny in his pocket. Well,—when he geet down into Manchester, he bethought his-sel about th' boat 'at runs to Runcorn fro Knott Mill, upo' th' Duke's Cut; an' off he set to see if he couldn't get to go by it; for he wur nobbut a hawmplin' mak of a walker' at th'

best,—an' he're as wake as a weet dishclout,—beside, he thought it'd save shoe-leather, an' sich like. Well, when he geet to Knott Mill, he went up to th' captain o' th' boat, an' he said, 'How soon does this boat start, maister?'

"'In about ten minutes.'

"'Con I goo wi' it?'

"'Ay, sure thou con.'

"'But I have no brass.'

"'Oh, then, thou cannot goo wi' it.'

"'Ay, but, maister,' said Nat, 'yo'n be like to let me goo, for it's a matter o' life and deeth, mon.' An' then he up an' tow'd th' captain about this job at he'd yerd on at Runcorn, an' he said, 'I'll tell yo what I'll do wi' yo!'

"'Well; what wilto do?'

"'I'll wortch my passage, if yo'n a mind.'

"Well, th' captain looked at Nat a minute or two, an' then he said, 'Wait a bit till I speak to yon chap o' mine; and I'll see what I can do for tho.' In a twothre (two or three) minutes th' captain coom up again, an' he said to Nat, 'Well, I think we can shap that job for tho!'

"'That's reet!' cried Nat, rubbin' his honds, 'I have nobbut fourpence, yo known, an' I'se want it for a bit o' summat to heyt. One good turn desarves another. I'll pay

you back th' first time I've a chance,—I will for sure,—if I'm a livin' mon !'

"'O' reet, my lad ! Well,—thou says thou'll wortch thi' passage ?'

"'Sure, I will !'

"'What conto do ?'

"'Oh,—aught at o' !

"'Arto ony hond at drivin' ?'

"'Well, I should be, for I drove a cart for Owd Shapper six year.'

"'Conto manage to drive yon horse for us ?'

"'Me ? Ay ! as weel as ony mon i' Manchester.'

"'Well, off witho, an' get agate then ; it's time to start.'

"And away went Nat, as content as a king ; an' mile after mile he drove th' horse along th' canal bank, thinking to his-sel, now an' then, as he looked down at th' ground, 'I met as weel ha' gone up th' owd road, an' walked it, for aught 'at I can see.' An' then he'd give a look back at th' boat an' console his-sel wi' sayin', 'But I *am* gooin' wi' 'em 'at after o'.' An' o' this time th' captain stood wi' th' tiller in his hond, steerin', an' watchin' poor Nat as he trail't along th' bank, an' wonderin' how fur he'd goo afore he fund it out. But Nat drove to th' fur end, as quiet as an owd sheep ; an' when

they geet to Runcorn he shook honds wi' th' captain, an' he said, 'Well; I can nobbut thank yo,—I'se never forget yo!'

"Well,—the captain wur a daycent chap, an' he said, 'Nawe; nor I'se never forget thee, owd lad! Here, come; we're noan beawn to put upo' good natur'. Thou's be paid for thi drivin', as how!' So they raise't him five shillin',—an' they gave him a good feed,—an' they tow'd him what a foo he'd made of his-sel.

"'By th' mass,' said Nat, 'I kept thinkin' there were summat wrang about it!'"





POP AN' COCKLES.



'Owd Pinder wur a rackless foo',
An' spent his days i' spreen';
At th' end of every drinkin'-do,
He're sure to crack o' deein !

"**H**ELLO ; wheer arto for, at sich a
pelt ? Arto runnin' thi country ?"

"I'm gooin' down to Posy Bill's
for a canful o' traycle, an' a burn (burden)
o' Payshen Docks 'at I laft last neet."

"Well,—if thou'll stop an' rosin haue a
minute, I'll goo witho. . . . Is yon Rondle
o' Crumper's marlockin' about th' fowd
again ?"

"It's nought else. Th' owd lad's brokken
out in a fresh place ; an' he's as peeort as a
pynot."

"It's never true, belike. Why, by th'
mass, I lippent o' yerrin' his passin'-bell
every day."

"Ay; an' so did I. He's had a tight run wi' th' owd mower this whet; but he *is* yon, again, thou sees,—as cant as a kittlin'!"

"Ay; he's yon,—for sure. I'll tell tho what,—some folk takken a deeol o' kiltlin'."

"Ay; they done—an' owd Rondle's as hard as brazzil. But it's bin a rough poo through for th' owd dog this time."

"So they say'n. Why they tell'n me that he wur clen off at th' side for a while."

"Ay; an' it's true enough, too. He weren't his own person for mony a week; an' he wander't an' maunder't in his talk; an' they could get nought into him nobbut suction."

"An' they tell'n me that he yammer't for rum,—neet an' day."

"An' so he did; an' th' doctor tow'd Betty that hoo weren't to let him ha' noan upo' no 'ceawnt. But it seems that while her back were turn't one day, th' owd'st lad fot him some, an' leet him have a good poo at it,—for quietness. Well,—when th' doctor coom, he snifted about a bit, an' he said, 'Hello, Betty; yo'n bin givin' him rum again!' But Betty said, 'Mich and moore that hoo'd never gan him noan.' 'Well, then,' said th' doctor, lookin' round among 'em, 'somebry else has!' Well,—the owd'st lad happen't to be theer at th' time, an' he said, 'It's me

'at did it! I couldn't help it! He went on so, 'at I couldn't bide to yer it; so I fot (fetched) him a saup, an' leet him sup a time or two, while my mother wur out.' 'Well, but,' said th' doctor, 'I tell yo again,—yo munnot do it! Yo'n kill him if yo letten him ha' rum!' 'Well,' said th' lad, wipin' his een, 'I couldn't bide to yer him.' 'But it'll kill him, I tell tho!' 'Well, an' if it does kill him,' said th' lad, 'he couldn't dee o' nought 'at he likes better!'

"Well, thou knows, th' lad wur reet as far as it went. But they had to give o'er givin' him rum, an' sich like stuff as that; an', in a bit, he began o' pickin' up his crumbs, an' he coom to his-sel' again. . . . Didto never yer about 'em changin' his diet?"

"Nawe; I don't know 'at I have."

"Well, then, gi's a reech o' 'bacco, an' I'll tell tho. . . . This is how it let. . . . Th' doctor went in one day, th' same as usual, an' he said, 'Well, Betty, how's owd lad gettin' on?' 'Eh,' said Betty, 'he's very ill,—he is for sure. I don't know what I mun do. But yo'd better goo up, an' look at him.' So he went up stairs; an' when he coom down again, Betty said, 'Well,—what thinken yo?' 'Well,' said th' doctor, 'he's ill enough, God knows,—but it's no use givin' him physic,—physic's no use,—keep him warm, and keep

him quiet, an' let him have a saup o' broth, now an' then, an' happen natur' may help him to poo through.' 'Is there nought that one could do for him, then?' said Betty. 'Well,—sartinly,' said th' doctor; 'there is one thing that would give him a chance—if yo' could get it for him—an' it's th' only thing I can think on, that's likely.' 'Eh, whatever is it?' said Betty; 'whatever is it? he's have it,—if I sell up, dish an' spoon!'

"'Well,' said th' doctor, 'a change o' diet's what I should recommend.' 'Eh, bless yo,' said Betty, 'he's have it,—as what it is!' 'Well, then, Betty,' said th' doctor, 'if yo can get him some good champagne,—an' some fresh native oysters, an' let him have his fill at his will, it's about the best thing for him that I can think on.' 'Eh, bless yo,—he's have it!' cried Betty, 'if I pop th' clock!' 'That'll do!' said th' doctor, an' away he went. . . . In a twothre days he coom again. 'Well, Betty,' said he, 'how is th' owd craiter, bi now?' 'I think yo'n find him a bit better,' said Betty, 'I left him about two minutes sin' up-ended i' bed, yon,—croodlin' a bit of a tune.' 'That favours mendin,' said th' doctor. 'It does, for sure,' said Betty; 'up wi' yo,—an' look at him.' Well,—when th' doctor coom down stairs again, Betty said, 'Well, doctor, what thinken

yo? Is he upo th' turn?' 'Ay, ay,' said th' doctor. 'He's gotten th' warst o'er. He isn't like th' same mon. I thought a change o' diet would bring him to—if aught would. . . . Of course, yo geet him what I towd yo?'

"'What wur that?'

"'I towd yo to get him some champagne an' oysters; an' yo geet it, I guess?'

"'Well,—nay, doctor,—I didn't justly get him that; but I geet him th' next best thing to't, 'at I could think on.'

"'What wur that?'

"'Well; I geet him some *pop an' cockles*. It's very nee th' same, yo known,—an' it comes in chepper!'"





“SEND TUMMUS UP!”



“‘Thou’ll come to mi berrin’, Jone,’ hoo said ;
An’ I said I should be glad.”

—NATTERIN’ NAN.

OWD BILL O’ SPIGGIT’S, *leaning against the village horse-trough, with a dog in a bant.* BUMPER *coming down the lane, with a sprig o’ thorn blossom in his hat, singing—*

“Then swap yor hats round, lads, to keep yor yeds warm ;
An’ a saup o’ good ale it’ll do us no harm.
Folderdiddleol, folderday, folderdiddleoladay.”

“**H**ELLO, Bumper, my lad ! What, fuddle’t bi noon ! Bilady, owd brid, thou’s let o’ thi feet ; mind to doesn’t leet o’ thi back afore neet.”

“Me fuddle’t, Billy ! me fuddle’t,—nought o’ th’ sort, owd buck-stick,—I can see a hole through a ladder, yet.”

“Well, well,—we’n say cheepin’-merry, then. By the good Katty, thou’s bin having

haliday deed, bi th' look on tho,' for thou cock's thi neb primely."

"Eh, Billy, Billy,—I wish thou'd bin wi' me! 'Lilters for ever!' cried Thunge. Eh, Billy! I've bin wheer there's roast and boiled,—an' a lopperin' stew, that it would make a mon's yure curl to smell at,—free to o' comers; ay, an' as brisk a tap o' brown ale as ever damped a mortal lip! It sang like a brid as it went down!"

"Ay, ay; what, thou's bin amung it, then. 'Heigho, jolly tinker!' Thou may weel twinkle and twitter so. Some folk leeten on strangely. Come, keawer tho down a bit, an' cool thisel', for thou reeches like a lime-kill."

"Hast ony bacco?"

"Here; help thisel'; an' pipe up."

"Who's yon 'at's off through th' fowd at sich a scutch?"

"Nay; I know not; but, by the hectum, he's switchin' along like an uncarterd stag, as who he is."

"Ay; he's cuttin' th' wynt, for sure, is th' lad. What's up, I wonder?"

"A labbor or summat, I dar say."

"More likker a weddin', bi th' look on him; for he's donned like a mountebank's foo."

"Ay; an' he thinks he's bonny, too. He's worn some brass o' horse-gowd, has yon lad."

Look at his waistcut; by guy, it glitters like th' front of a rush-cart. Who is he, thinksto?"

"Nay; I cannot make him out, yet. I wish he'd come a bit nar. He favvours a ale-taster about th' nose. I wonder if he'll turn in at th' Seven Stars? If he does I'se have a like aim who it is. But there's no tellin'. He's noan use't to yon suit o' clooas,—I can tell that bi his walk. He looks as if he'd a tin singlet on."

"I've sin yon mon wheelin' slutch, some-wheer."

"Well; I like as if I should know his wobble."

"Wobble, or no wobble, he's a kenspeckle mak of a face, as far as I can judge. I could tell him better if he'd his own clooas on."

"Ay, ay; but he'll need a deeol o' donnin', will yon lad,—to make him pratty,—for, as fur as I can see, he's as feaw as a fried neet-mare."

"Softly, Bill, softly; th' lad didn't make his-sel', thou knows."

"Nawe; but he's marred his-sel' primely, bi th' look on him; for his chops are o' in a blaze wi' ale-blossom,—an they're a troublesome mak o' posies, are thoose. . . . Keep thi e'en on him, an' see where he holes."

"Howd! . . . He's kennel't!"

"Wheer at?"

"Th' Seven Stars."

"Bi th' maskins, I know him,—to a yure!"

"Who is it?"

"It's Tummy o' Galker's, 'at played Bowd Slasher when we went a-pace-eggin' last year."

"Thou's hit it! What's he after, thinksto?"

"He's off to th' 'Hirin's,' like a hunted red-shank."

"Why; has he laft th' owd shop?"

"Ay; bi th' ounters; an' I wonder 'at he's stopt as lung as he has. Owd Mall's bad to bide,—for hoo's as cammed as a crushed whisket."

"Hoo's a nattle, ill-contrive't, camplin' fuzzock,—if ever there wur one."

"Bill, thou'rt in a terrible way for co'in' folk to-day."

"Well, I connot bide her, mon; hoo'll do no reet, nor hoo'll tay no wrang; an' hoo's no feelin' for nobry nobbut hersel'; an' that's th' top an' tail on't. . . . But Tummy use't to match her meeterly weel. . . . One day Owd Sam an' Tummy wur busy wortchin' i'th' garden; and Sam had gotten a lung ladder rear't again th' gable-end o' th' house; an' he wur gooin' up a-doin' summat at th' spout, when in comes Mall to th' garden, gosterin', an' hectorin', an' yeawlin' up an'

down, reet and lift, th' same as usual. 'Come down that ladder this minute, doesto yer!' cried hoo; 'come down, I tell tho—thou gawmless leather-yed,—for thou hasn't cat-wit! Doesto know that ladder's as rotten as a brunt rag? Thou'll breighk thi neck! Come down, I tell tho,—an' *send Tummus up!*' 'Noan so, Mally,' said Tummus; 'noan so! I've a neck as weel as yor Sam,—an' mine's worth more brass to me nor yor Sam's is. If it's noan fit for him, it's noan fit for me. If yo'n goo up, I'll howd th' ladder for yo; but I'm beawn to stop o' th' floor, this time,—if yo pleasen.' ”

“Well done, Tummy; he just sarve't her reet!”

“Oh, Tummus wur too mony for her. Hoo couldn't bant him at o'. Never a day passed but they'd a bit of a scog o' some mak. . . . One day, when th' rain wur peltin' down, at full bat, i' gill drops, Tummy coom runnin' into th' kitchen, out o' th' garden, sipein' weet; an' he began a-shakin' th' rain off him. Well,—owd Mall wur helpin' th' sarvant wi' summat, an' as soon as Tummy coom in, hoo lays howd of a greight tin can 'at stood upo' th' sink stone, as hoo says, 'Here, Tummus, —*thou art weet, an' thou con nobbut be weet,*—fotch us a can-full o' soft wayter fro' th' well, yon.' Th' well wur about a quarter of a miJe

off. Well,—Tummy wur noan so weel suited wi' that, thou may depend,—so he looked at her for a minute, an' then he said, 'Here, gi' me howd o' that can!' an' away he went for th' wayter, through th' heavy rain. In a bit he comes in again, weeter than ever,—wi' th' can on his yed,—an' he said, 'Now then, Mally, wheer are yo?' 'Here, Tummy,' said Mally; 'set it down upo' th' sink.' But i'sted o' settin' it upo' th' sink he tipt th' whole can-ful o' wayter slap onto owd Mall; an' flingin' th' can upo' th' floor, he said, *Now then,—thou art weet, an' thou con nobbut be weet,—fot th' next for thisel'!*"

"Well done, Tummy! Bi th' ounters, he just sarve't her reet. Hoo wants sleekin' a bit,—for hoo's a prodigal pouse."

"Oh, th' owd lad could fit her up nicely, when he're reet side out. Th' first time I let on him, at after he'd gan th' owd lass sich a swilkin', I took him into th' 'Seven Stars,' and I said, 'Here, Tummy; co' for aught there is i' this house, an' thou's have it, for what thou did at owd Mall!' . . . He's noan so breet i' some things, noather. I remember him an' me gooin' to Southport,—an' it wur o' new to him, for it wur th' first time 'at ever he'd sin th' say. Well, thou knows, when th' tide gwos out at Southport, yo' can hardly see th' sautwayter, it's so fur off th' town. Well,

one day, when Tummy an' me were walkin' bi th' shore, we coom to some fishin'-boats, 'at were laft dry upo' th' sond. Well,—Tummy looked at these boats a bit, an' then he said to a chap 'at wur gooin' past, 'Maister, how done they get these boats down to th' wayter?' An' th' chap said, '*They dunnot tak 'em down to th' wayter,—th' wayter comes a fottin' (fetching) 'em !*' 'Here, here,' said Tummy, '*thou munnot tell me that tale,—I COME FRO' OWDHAM !*' "





“OH, MY NOSE!”



“I don't know how yo' feel,
But I feel quite queer.”

—THE OPERA TICKET.

[Two friends, on 'Change.]

“**A**NYTHING new this morning?”

“Nothing.”

“No more fires?”

“Not yet.”

“Trade must be mending, then.”

“Oh, wait till the ‘Evening News’ comes out.”

“What was that wild burst of merriment about as I came in?”

“A railway accident,—that’s all.”

“Oh,—‘that’s all,’ eh? Ay,—well,—
‘There’s olez a summat to keep one’s spirits up!’ as Kempy said when he roll’t off th’
kitchen slate into th’ duck-poand. But, I

don't exactly see where the fun comes in with a railway accident, my friend."

"Ay; you should have heard Doctor Bateson tell the story."

"I thought he was in London."

"He came back last night; and he was in the collision."

"And yet, it doesn't seem like a laughing matter,—to me."

"Oh, it wasn't a *very* serious affair. The passengers were all, more or less, frightened and shaken; and one fine old Roman nose was broken,—but that seems to have been the principal damage."

"Ay; I see. 'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the'—what's his name? The owner of the nose wouldn't laugh, I suppose?"

"Well,—I believe not,—according to the Doctor's account."

"But what's the story, my friend, what's the story?"

"Well,—it seems that Bateson had finished his business in London early in the afternoon yesterday; and he hurried down from his hotel to catch the 5-15 train to Manchester. He was just in time; and he got comfortably seated in a first-class carriage by himself. The tickets had been examined, and the porters were closing the

doors, when a fat old man, with an enormous gold watch-chain, came waddling up to the door puffing and perspiring like a hot Scotch haggis. The porters pushed him in; the whistle screamed; away went the train; and Bateson and the new comer, sitting opposite each other, had the carriage all to themselves. For the first few miles hardly a word passed between the two, for it took the old man some time to recover his breath. At last he came to; and he began to squirt out a little jet of neighbourly chat, now and then, as they rolled along. The old man had a pleasant countenance, the most remarkable feature of which was a fine aquiline nose; and every sentence he uttered revealed that he was a native of Lancashire. He was evidently well off, and a good-natured man, but very illiterate; and, as Bateson said, 'his clumsy attempts at politeness said a great deal for the goodness of his heart, but very little for his education.' But, in spite of the old man's strained efforts at 'parlour talk,' Bateson was delighted with him, and they travelled on, mile after mile, chatting genially together, and well pleased with one another. 'Are you going far, sir?' said he to Bateson. 'I'm going to Manchester,' replied the doctor. 'So am I!' said the old man, rub-

bing his hands; 'So am I! Come, that's good! We shall be company! . . . You're not teetotal, are yo'?' 'Well,—not quite.' 'Ay, well come, that's reet! All right, sir. We shall get on in a bit!' And so, pleasantly they hob-nobbed together, for an hour or more, sitting opposite each other,—the old man, with his huge paunch, and his fine old aquiline nose, and Bateson, with his bald, bullet-shaped head, as white and as hard as a billiard ball. They had reached the green plains of middle England, and the old man was drawing the attention of his companion to the beauty of the landscape, when a sudden shock of the train brought Bateson's bald head bang against the old man's nose,—like a cannon ball. In an instant, the old man's politeness disappeared; and his language suddenly changed to the broad, strong, idiomatic dialect of Lancashire. Seizing his nose with both hands, he cried out—'Oh, by ——! Eh—h! What the —— hasto done that for!' And eke he groaned, and eke he swore, in strong, set phrase. As soon as the doctor had recovered from his astonishment, he said to the old man, 'Allow me to examine it.'

"'Keep off, yo ——scamp!' cried the old man; 'keep off! Allow thee, eh? By th' mass; I wish I had never set een on tho!

Here; keep off! Thou's done enough at me! They use't to co' this a Roman nose; but, by —, thou's awter't it!

"'Well, but, I'm a doctor,' said Bateson.

"'Eh, my nose!' continued the old man; 'it'll never be reet again! Oh —! . . . So, thou'rt a doctor, arto? Oh! hearken that; he says he's a doctor! Ay; an' I guess thou'rt gooin' up an' down th' country makin' jobs for thisel', arto? Keep off me, I tell tho,—or I'll warm thi shins for tho! Oh, my nose! A doctor, eh? By th' mon, I'se want a parson in a bit if I'm to be knocked about o' this shap!'

"'But, I'm a surgeon, I tell you,' said Bateson.

"'Surgeon, be —! Thou's surge't me nicely! Keep off! Go to yon tother end! I'll be noan surge't wi' thee, no moor!'

"'Well, sir,' said Bateson, 'I'm very sorry for it.'

"'Soory for it, arto? Thou lies,—thou'rt nought o' th' sort,—I can tell bi thi een! I'll ha' thee ta'en up at th' next station! Soory for it, eh? Thou met kill a body, an 'then say, "I'm soory for it;" but th' law shall have it's course, by —!'

"'My dear sir,' said Bateson, 'I assure you that it was quite an accident.'

"'Dear sir, eh?' replied the old man;

'dear sir, he says. I *will* be a "dear sir" to thee, afore I've done witho! Thou thought o' makin' some brass out o' my nose, didto? I'll mak thee fork out, when we getten to th' fur end,—see if I dunnot!'

"'I can put it all right for you.'

"'Thou can put it "all right," conto? What the —— didto put it wrang for? Tell me that? Keep off! Thou'll ha' to sit up for this job! Keep off me; an' go to tother side!'

"And so he went on, groaning, and swearing, and mopping his broken nose, to the end of the journey. Bateson's efforts at reconciliation were all useless; and he is now hourly expecting to be summoned before the magistrates for an assault."

"Poor old fellow! I hope he got his bowsprit handsomely repaired. That story reminds me of another. . . . You remember an accident that happened in a tunnel, during the Chester race week, a few years ago?"

"Ay, that was a shocking affair."

"It was a fearful business. . . . An old friend of mine was in the same unfortunate train. He was a fine, portly old man, more than six feet high, and as straight as a 'pickin'-rod.' I saw him the day after the accident; and he assured me that the carriage

he was in was smashed into splinters, and he was shot bodily out of one compartment into another,—and yet he escaped unhurt. It must have been a terrible scene. The dark tunnel was filled with steam, and crushed carriages, and screams and groans of the wounded passengers. My friend crept out of the ruins of his carriage in the dark; and stepping over the dead and the dying, he reached the side of the tunnel, and then he groped his way slowly by the wall towards the open air. He had not gone far before he was aware of a voice that was following him along the tunnel. It was some poor Lancashire chap who had been at the races; and he was crawling along the wall, on his hands and knees, through the horrible wreck, towards the mouth of the tunnel; and as he crept along, he muttered in terrified tones,—‘O Lord, —shall I ever get out o’ this hole alive! Eh, that’s another deed un! Eh, good God! yo’n never catch me at th’ races again! Oh, by th’ mon! “Our Father, which art in Heaven.” — Hello, that’s another kilt! Eh, I wish I wur a-whoam! “Give us this day our daily bread!” Eh, if ever I get out o’ this I’ll live a different life!’ And so he went on, creeping in the wake of my friend, till he came out at the end of the tunnel;

but, as soon as he reached the open air, he sprang to his feet, and, clapping his hands, he cried out, '*Thank God, I'm noan kilt!*' There happened to be a low stone wall near the mouth of the tunnel, and the revulsion of the poor fellow's feelings was so strong on finding himself safe that he cried out, '*Ston fur! Here goes!*' and then, as an expression of gratitude for his deliverance, he sprang right over the wall. Unfortunately there was a deep reservoir on the other side, and down he went overhead like a stone. Again and again he rose to the top, spluttering and splashing, and crying for help. Just in time, he was fished out by the crowd at the mouth of the tunnel; and then, with downcast head, he silently slunk away through the crowd, in his wet clothes, '*and was no more seen.*' "





A BERRIN' POSY.



OPHELIA : There's rosemary—that's for remembrance ; pray you love, remember ; and there is pansies—that's for thoughts.

LAERTES : A document in madness ; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPHELIA : There's fennel for you, and columbines ; there's rue for you ; and here's some for me : we may call it herb o' grace o' Sundays :—you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy ; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end. (*Sings.*)

“For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.”

—HAMLET.

[*Winter afternoon ; snow falling. Two countrywomen on the road.*]

T'S a good mon's case, Betty, when o's said an' done,—it's a good mon's case.”

“I doubt it is, Matty ; for o' 'at there's so mich feaw talk gooin'.”

"It's nought else, Betty. I tak no notice o' sich creepin' saints as yon. They known nought what folk han to go through,—an' they care'n less; an' that's what makes 'em so ready i'th' tung."

"Talk's chep sometimes, Matty, for sure, wi' folk 'at's noather sense nor feelin'."

"A lot o' camplin', concayted wickstarts, 'at hannot had time to reckon their limbs up gradely. Th' less they known an' th' moore they talken; an' they're never within a lie or two. Sich like are noan fit to be trusted with a tung. . . . An' then, what can yo expect fro' folk 'at never had a finger-ache or a fret,—folk 'at han bin shaded fro' th' sun, an' happed fro' th' cowl o' their days,—folk 'at han bin fatten't, an' filled, an' coozle't, an' foozle't, an' pamper't o' ends up, till they dunnot know who's legs they're walkin' wi',—folk 'at never did a hond's-turn for theirsels sin they wur born into th' world,—folk 'at never missed a meal, an' never knew what it wur to addle one,—mon, they'n no moore notion o' life nor a midge 'at's born into th' morning sunshine, an' dees afore it sets."

"They dunnot know 'at they're wick, Matty,—they dunnot, for sure. They mun be harrish't, an' parish't (perished), an' hamper't, an' pincer't, an' powler't about th' cowl world fro' window to wole a while,—an' they

mun be druvven to their wits'-end, now an' then, for a bit of a thin livin', to keep soul an' body together,—an' they mun lie hour after hour, an' neet after neet, tossin' an' frettin' i'th' dark, an' longin' for mornin', yet freeten't o' th' comin' day,—they mun do this, an' then they'n larn summat 'at'll last their time."

"Ay, ay, Betty, lass; an' they wouldn't be as flayed o' deein' as they are; I know it bi mysel'. . . . Well, an' what mak o' stuff han yo bin takin', say'n yo, Betty?"

"Well, yo known, I've bin havin' baum-tay, sweeten't wi' traycle, for a while; but Nanny o' Grout-yed's sent me some dried sage tother day, an' I'm tryin' that now."

"Ay; an' it's as fine a yarb as ever grew upo' God's ground! . . . Here, Betty, let's tee this hankitcher round yor yed. Yo munnot get cowed into that face. . . . Let's look at that lump again."

"Ay; just look at it, win yo? . . . Oh,—mind, Matty! It's as sore as a boil! . . . If yo'n believe me, I didn't get a wink o' sleep last neet."

"Sleep! Bless us an' save us, lass, how ever hasto bidden this? Sleep; nay, marry; thou'll sleep noan while that's agate! Thou mun have a poultice on,—an' keep thisel' warm. Thou're noan fit to be areawt (out-

side) sich a day as this. Lap thisel' up, lass; pritho, lap thisel' up! How does it feel now?"

"Feel! Why, it steawnges an' latches to that degree that I sometimes wish my yed would fly straight off,—an' saddle it that road!"

"I'm sure it's bad to bide, lass. How are yo off for blankets?"

"Well, we're olez pinch't for coverin', thou knows, when winter comes on; an' th' warst on't is that, ever since our John dee'd (died), I've had th' young'st lass sleepin' wi' mo, an' th' little thing potes clooas off i'th' neet-time; an' theer I am i'th' cowl, thou knows, as bare as a robin."

"Eh, that'll do noan, lass. . . . Here; let's look at that thing again. . . . I'll tell tho what, Betty, I think it'll gether!"

"Our Sally says so."

"Ay; an' it'll be a good deool easier when it comes to a yed."

"I wish it'd come to a yed, then, for I've a feaw life on't as it is."

"I'm sure thou has, lass. There's olez a summat i' this world. If we hannot one great ailment we'n a lot o' little uns; an' it isn't to tell how a bit of a thing like th' tooth-warche can potter a body. It reminds me o' Tummy Glen an' his lad. Th' lad had

bin wrang in his inside a while, an' one day he says to his faither, 'Eh, faither, I do like the bally-warche!' 'Thou likes it? Why, what for?' 'Becose *it's so nice when it gi's o'er!*'"

"Eh, Matty, dunnot make me laugh, pritho. My heart's good enough, thou knows, but my face is terribly out o' gear."

"It'll do tho no harm, lass, for thou doesn't get mich to laugh at."

"Eh dear, nawe. . . . An' now then, Matty, I mun part wi' yo. I'se be like to turn off up this lone. Yon childer'll be wonderin' what's become'n on me."

"Well, thou'll be like to go, lass—God help tho! . . . Here,—put that i' thi pocket."

"Raylee o' me, Matty, I dunnot like takkin' it,—I dunnot, for sure. I could do wi' it weel enough, yo known,—but"—

"Put it i' thi pocket, I tell tho,—an' dunnot be a foo! Bless mi life; wi' a lot o' little childer yammerin' round tho, an' nobry to feight an' fend for 'em nobbut thisel'; I wonder how thou poos through,—that I do!"

"Well, thou knows, our James sends me a bit o' firin', an' sich like, now an' then."

"He's as poor as a crow his-sel'."

"Well, he's nought mich to stir on, for sure; but he helps me as weel as he con. An' as for a bit o' meight, if thou'll believe

me, Matty, *I thank God, sometimes, that He's takken mi appetite away; for it levs raither moore for th' childer.*"

"God help tho, lass!"

"Well, now then, Matty; I'll bid yo good day; an' thank yo!"

"Good day, Betty; an' God bless tho! Now, rap thisel' weel up!"

(BETTY goes away slowly up the lane, through the falling snow. MATTY stands for a minute or two, watching her, with tears in her eyes; then she turns away with a sigh, and taps at a cottage window by the roadside.)

"Now then, Sarah, are yo ready?"

(The door opens, and SARAH comes forth, with her bonnet and shawl on.)

"I wur just waitin' for yo, Matty. Eh, what a wild day it is! Sha'n we be i' time, thinken yo?"

"We's be about reet,—an' nought to spare. I promised th' owd woman that I'd be theer at four o'clock; an' hoo'll be lookin' out for me; for though her wits are gwon, as a body may say, yet, yo known, Sarah, hoo's very nice, poor soul, an' hoo's very particular."

"Poor owd craiter! . . . But, yo said yo'd tell me about her, Matty."

"So I did, Sarah. . . . Well, yo see'n —owd Mary'll be turn't threescore; an' I think her husban' would be raither of oather th' owder o' th' two; an' a honsomer, sweeter-lookin', better-dispose't owd couple never stept shoe-leather. They'd no childer o' their own; but o' th' childer i'th' country met (might) ha' belonged to 'em, for every-thing 'at they let on seemed to tak to 'em, as if they were'n ever so sib (akin). Owd John wur a kind-hearted owd chap; he wur like a grey-yure't chylt, in his ways. He wur a mak of a yed-beetler amung th' porters, up at th' railway-station; an' he'd bin theer a lung while; an' he wur a great favourite amung th' men. He used to goo away in a mornin' an' tak his dinner with him; an' then th' owd woman used to send him his baggin' bi a lad, about four i'th' afternoon. At last he wur takken ill; an' he lee i' bed about three months; an' then he deed. He went out as quiet as th' snuft o' a candle. Owd Mary took it very ill th' first day; but hoo change't o' at once; an' hoo began o' gooin' up an' down th' house just as if nought had happen't. Hoo watched 'em carry him away to his grave; an' hoo looked after th' coffin, an' hoo said, 'He'll not be long;'

an' th' very same afternoon hoo cut his bread an' butter, an' geet his baggin' ready, an' sent it off,—just as if he'd bin alive. An' then we knew that th' poor craiter's wits were gone. Owd John wur in a berrin' club when he deed; an' when they brought her th' club money, hoo thought it wur his wages; an' hoo went out an' bought him two pairs o' woollen stockin's. At last hoo began a-gooiin' so helplessly about her bits o' house affairs that we had to give her house up, an' sell her bits o' furnitur', an' tak two rooms for her, in a house where there were folk that would be kind to her. An', if yo'n believe me, Sarah, th' poor craiter never notice't th' change; but just leet us do what we'd a mind wi' her, like a child. An' we never tried to undeceive her; for hoo wur quite comfortable; an' it seemed like a merciful thing. Th' house where hoo lodge't wur next to ours, an' I use't to goo in nearly every day, an' chat with her; an' whatever I said, all her talk ended i' John. I tried, sometimes, to draw her away to other things; but before we'd said many words hoo wur sure to come back to John again; an' hoo olez spoke on him as if hoo expected him comin' in a few minutes. An' if hoo yerd a foot passin' th' house, hoo geet up, an' looked through th' window; an'

then hoo'd goo to th' door, an' look at th' weather; an' hoo'd say, 'Eh, dear; it's beginnin' to rain, an' he's noather umbrell nor overcoat wi' him.' Sometimes hoo'd bring his shirts out, an' turn 'em o'er, one after another, to see if th' buttons were reet; an' hoo'd hang one o'er a cheer i'th' front o' th' fire; an' then sit down to her knittin', rockin', an' waitin', till four o'clock drew near; an' then hoo'd get up an' cut his bread an' butter, an' get his tay ready,—th' same as ever. An' then, when neet coom, an' hoo geet tire't, hoo'd goo quietly off to bed bi hersel', and say, 'I think he'll not be long, now;' an' th' next mornin', hoo'd come down th' stairs, smilin', as comfortable as could be, an' hoo'd say, 'John was here last night; he was tellin' me this, an' that, an' tother.' An' thus, day after day has gone by wi' her for this two year back. An', eh, Sarah! mony a time as I've sat theer, watchin' her sweet owd face, as hoo cut his bread an' butter, an' talked about him comin' in, I could hardly help for cryin', when I thought on him lyin' o' th' while in his quiet grave, safe kept away fro' wind and weather, an' th' aches an' pains o' life; an' I've prayed mony a time that hoo met (might) never come to hersel' again, but just keep airin' his

clooas, an' gettin' his baggin' ready, till th' day comes that hoo has to be laid down quietly beside him."

"This is th' house, isn't it, Matty?"

"Yigh. We're just i' time. Let's see!"

(MATTY *peeps in at the window.*)

"Hoo's cuttin' his bread an' butter! Come in,—quietly."





BITTER-SWEET.



“Howd, Sam; yo’r Margit’s up i’th’ town;
I yerd her ax for thee at th’ Crown;
An’ just meet now I’ve scamper’t down,—
It’s true as ought i’th’ Bible!
I know yo’r Margit weel of owd;
Her tung,—it makes me fair go cowl,
Sin’ th’ day hoo broke mi nose i’th’ fowd,
Wi’ th’ end o’ th’ porritch-thible.”
—MARGIT’S COMIN’.

[*Scene: Kitchen of the Brid an’ Bantling. BILL O’
SNICKET’S an’ OWD TRINEL seated in a dark
nook by the fire-side.*]



RE we to sit dry-mouth, Bill, or
how?”

“Nawe. Here, Betty, bring us a
quart an’ a quiftin’-pot.”

“Ay; be sharp, Betty, I’m as dry as soot.”
(BETTY brings the drink.)

“Chalk it up, Betty; I haven’t a hawp’ny
about mi rags. . . . Trinell; buttle, an’ let’s
sup.”

"I will, my lad! . . . An', I say, Betty, put that dur to, an' let's ha' th' hole to ersels. Theer! Now then, Bill, wipe thi face, and tak howd! We're as reet as a ribbin."

(Enter BILL'S wife.)

(To the Landlady.)—"Has our Bill bin here?"

"Go forrud. Yo'n find him i'th' nook, yon."

(BILL to OWD TRINEL.)—"By th' hectum, Trinel; hoo's ta'en us! Sit tho still; an' plog thi ears up!"

"Oh, thou'rt theer, I see, arto?"

"Ay; I'm here, thou sees."

"Ay; an' thou may weel cruttle into a nook. I'd keep out o' th' seet if I're thee!"

"Well; I am keepin' out o' th' seet."

"Thou darn't show thi face i'th' dayleet. I'd stop theer if I're thee,—for thou'rt likker a corn-boggart than a Christian. I wish thou could see thisel'!"

"Well; fot (fetch) a seemin'-glass, an' let's have a look!"

"Let's have a look! Thou'rt feaw enough to breighk ony seemin'-glass i'th' world! I wonder how thou can for shame o' thi face sit keawerin' theer, hutch't of a lump, like a garden-twod! Ay; thou may weel snigger

and laugh! I see nought to laugh at, mysel'.
Arto for comin' whoam or what?"

"I think I'll bide here a bit,—till th' wynt
sattles."

"'Bide here a bit,'—thou hawmplin' cauve!
I'd bide here o'together, if I wur thee. They'n
find tho some mak of a bed i'th' brew-house,
I dar say. I'd stop till dark, as how 'tis,—
for thou'rt noan fit to turn out i'th' dayleet.
A bonny pattern for yon bits o' childer, thou
art! Thou greight slaverin' hag-a-knowe!
If I wur thee, I'd ha' mi pickter takken, just
now,—it'd do for a ale-house sign,—for
thou'rt as like a wild Indian as ought I can
think on."

"Well,—tak mi pickter, then; and sell it.
Let's make a bit a brass, while there's a chance."

"Make a bit o' brass! If thou wur in a
show thou'd fot summat! Thou'rt too idle
to make ony brass for thisel',—thou loungin'
rack-an'-hook,—an' if onybody else con make
ony, thou'll make it away for 'em. I wish
I'd never clapt een on tho!"

"Well; tak thi een away, then. What
doesto ston starin' theer for!"

"Starin' theer! Thou'd make a lapstone
stare! A drunken slotch, as thou art,—
keawerin' i'th' chimbley barkle't wi' slutch!"

"Wipe thi mouth, owd lass,—an' start
again."

"Wipe mi mouth! Thou's gotten thy mouth wipe't this time, to some tune. It never wur a pratty un—but it gwos feawer. A bonny hal thou's bin makin' o' thisel' again, I yer."

"Howd te din."

"Howd mi din! Thou may weel say 'howd mi din!' Thou'rt a town's talk, mon! Th' childer putten their tungs out at tho, as thou gwos through th' fowd!"

"Well; let 'em put 'em out. I'm moore bothert wi' thine than theirs."

"Thou greight, starin', sunbrunt foo! To goo an' come straight out o' thi looms, an' walk three mile, i'th' leet-lookin' day, to feight a battle! Sich seely wark! an' to feight wi' Jone o' Woggy's, too, of o' th' folk i'th' world! A mon owd enough to be thi faither,—a poor tatter-clout, 'at's nought noather in him nor on him,—a clemmed craiter 'at doesn't get a gradely bully-full o' meight in a week's time. Thou met as weel ha' foughten wi' an owd seck. A poor hobblin', cratchinly felly, wi' one fuut i'th' grave. I wonder how thou can, for shame o' thi face; thou greight, o'er-groon, idle, lollopin' hount! Never thee brag o' thi feightin' no moore. I could ha' lickt him mysel'—wi' one hond teed beheend me! Thee, an' thi feightin'! Thou may weel win, feightin' owd folk an' childer! But, as poor

a thing as he is, he's laft a twothre bits o' notches upo' that pratty face o' thine. Thee feight! Thou can feight noan, wheer a mon comes! If I did feight, I'd have a bit o' credit o' mi feightin', if I wur thee. It'll cost thrippence or fourpence for Solomon's Seal to get thi een reet!"

"Give o'er; thou makes mi yed warche."

"Thi yed may weel warche. Two foos,—stonnin' up, an' penkin' at one another's faces, like a couple o' nailmakers. A bonny trade thou's gotten' bi th' hond! A feighter! Sore bwons, an' ragged clooas! Thou'll be havin' another arran' to th' Whit'oth Doctor's,—I lippen o' nought else."

"Thou's no 'casion to talk about feighten': it's noan so lung sin' thou hit Mall o' Slutler's o' th' yed wi' thi' clog patten."

"Ay; an' I'll hit her again, if hoo'll say hauve as much to me again! If hoo'll just boke her finger at me once't, I'll have a penk at her piggin', if I have to pay for th' garthin' on't."

"Thou'rt too rough, lass."

"Rough or smooth, I'll drive her to th' floor, if ever hoo meddle o' me again,—a camplin' snicket as hoo is! . . . Who's that feaw-lookin' twod, at th' side on tho theer, i'th' corner?"

"It's owd Trinel."

"Owd Trinell! That's another racketty slotch! A bigger waistrel never bote o' a cake! If I had ony company I'd pike somebry 'at wur some bit like daycent; I wouldn't tak up wi' every drunken berm-yed 'at I could rake out o' a gutter! But yo're brids of a fither! Yo're too fat an' too full! Yo wanten takkin' down a peg or two!"

"Well, tak mo down, then."

"Tak tho down! Thou'll need noan in a bit. Thou'rt gooin' th' reet gate to tak down both thisel' and everybody 'at belongs tho. Eh, dear o' me; whatever mun I do? Eh, I wish to the Lord thou would have a bit o' sense, Bill,—an' think what's to become on us o'!"

"Here; wipe thi een, lass; I'll go witho."





WAKKEN BEGGAR.



"What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?"

—SHAKESPEARE.

[ROBIN O' PANTER'S *and* BILLY COCKTOE *coming
from the market.*]

"**A** GRIMONY'S a good yarb, Bill."
"I believe it is. But there's
nought 'at groos 'at isn't good for
some'at or another."

"I guess not,—if they can nobbut find out
wheer it fits. . . . How's th' market? Hasto
bought aught?"

"I've both bought an' sowd,—but nought
o' no weight."

"Hasto gotten rid o' th' two-year-owd
cowt, yet?"

"Nawe. I'll part noan, till I can leet on
better nor aught 'at's turn't up, yet."

"It's worth brass, is that cowt."

"It's as prime a bit o' stuff, Robin, as ever went upo' legs; an' thoose 'at gets it 'll ha' to pay for't, though it looks a bit rough wi' lyin' out thoose raggy neets."

"It's as pratty a limber-legged craiter as ever I clapt een on, Bill. Thou hasn't had it down at th' market, then?"

"Nawe; it needs no hawkin'. Thoose 'at wanten it mun come to't. . . . I geet a fair-ish price for two cauves; an' I bought two new shuttles, an' a couple o' pickin'-sticks; an' I geet a good oak lung-sattle, an' a prial o' looms chep, at Owd Kempy sale; an' I bought a twothre oddments at we wanten a-whoam. Thou knows our Betty's at th' down-lyin', or else hoo'd ha' bin here hersel'. Th' looms an' things are comin' up i' Jone o' Kitter's cart. . . . Oh, an' I bought a bit o' fustian for a suit o' clooas for th' young'st lad."

"That's yo'r Antony, isn't it?"

"Yigh; it's Antony."

"He's a little scopperil!"

"He's nobbut just turn't nine; but he's th' roughest cowl 'at ever we had at our house. We'n fourteen on 'em round th' table, when they're o' theer; an' he'll side as mich beef at an odd sittin' as ony lusty felly upo' Wardle moorside."

"He'll be a greight, stark, strung-backed,

wutherin' Englishman, o' th' owd breed, if he's luck!"

"He's offerin' very weel,—so far."

"He taks of his uncle Joe."

"He does; an' his uncle Joe never wur quiet but when he're feightin'."

"Ay; he're a regular kempie. . . . What hasto gotten i'th' basket, theer?"

"A keaw-yed."

"Ay; an' a fine un, too. . . . Hello; there's summat i'th' inside on't here!"

"Ay; it's a pound o' stokin'-yorn, for th' knitters."

"By Guy, Bill; thou mun mind they dunnot boil th' yed an' th' yorn together."

"Well, an' if they did they'd never find it out till it wur o' etten."

"I dar say. . . . An' is yo'r Antony nobbut nine, saysto?"

'He're nine th' last thar-cake time."

"What trade arto beawn to make him?"

"He says, mich an' moor, 'at he'll oather be a sailor or a bobby-cocker."

"Let him go for a sailor! By th' mon! Owd Englan' for ever! Mi uncle Joe wur a sailor! He kilt mony a score o' folk i'th' owd war! Let him go for a sailor!"

"Well; I've nought much again it, 'at I know on. He'll do summat, as what he is. Beside, folk cannot expect to live for ever.

An' he's th' best hond at swarmin' a pow 'at ever I clapt een on !”

“He gwos to schoo' yet, doesn't he ?”

“Yigh.”

“Who to ?”

“Bill o' Mi Lady's.”

“What, Owd Flutterslutch ?”

“Ay ; but he's gettin' rather too mony for his maister. I think this last do they'n had has about played th' upstroke.”

“How's that ?”

“Well ; it's nobbut about a week sin' his mother set him off to schoo' one mornin', at nine o'clock, wi' a butter-cake in his hond as big as a churn-lid,—an' off he went. Well,—what does he do, but he gwos down to th' bruck-side yon, an' sits down, up to th' een amung posies, finishin' his butter-cake. An' then,—schoo' or no schoo', an' sich like, he didn't care a hep for nought i'th' wide world,—so he doffed his shoon and stockin's, an' down he went into th' wayter ; an' theer he flasket about i'th' bruck after jack-sharps. An' o' th' time, th' day ran by, thou knows, but th' lad kept powlerin' about amung th' wayter, as if o' th' world wur his own, an' that wur favourite bit on't. Schoo', an' everything else, had slipt his mind, an',—lad-like,—he're as free as a new-fither't linnet, flutterin' an' twitterin' amung th' summer's green.

"Eh, by the mass, Bill, I wish I're a lad gain!"

"Ay; but, thou'rt too far gone, now, mon. Never mind; we's happen have another do some day. . . . Well,—as I wur tellin' tho. . . . About th' middle o' th' forenoon, his mother had to go down th' fowd, after some'at or other, an' when hoo coom to th' bruck, th' first thing hoo clapt e'en on wur Antony, up to th' middle i'th' wayter, as thrung as Throp wife. 'Hello!' cried hoo; 'how leets thou artn't at schoo'? What arto doin' theer?' 'I'm catchin' jack-sharps.' 'Ay; an' thou'll catch some'at else,' said his mother, 'if thou doesn't be off to schoo'?' 'I darn't go now,' said Antony. 'What for?' 'Be-cose he'll hit me!' 'Will he? Just thee tell mo,—an' if he lays a finger on tho, I'll kom his yure for him!' 'Well,—but I darn't go bi mysel',' said Antony. 'Here; I'll go witho',' said hoo; an' thee go reet in, an' I'll stop o' th' outside; an' if he does aught at tho, thee skrike out,—an' I'll come.'"

"I think hoo mars him a bit, Bill."

"Mars him! By th' mon, there's no goin' between 'em,—they're so thick! Well, but,—as I wur tellin' tho,—his mother took him up to th' schoo'-dur, an' in he went,—an' hoo waited o' th' outside, wi a greight burn-can in her hond. 'Now, Antony,' hoo said,

as he went in, 'thee skrike,—if aught happens!' Well,—in he went,—an' shut th' dur beheend him,—an' hoo stood under th' window, prickin' her ears. 'Hello,' said th' maister, as soon as he clapt his een upo' th' lad; 'Hello, wheer has thou bin till now?' 'I bin catchin' jack-sharps,' said Antony,—as peeort as a pynot. 'Oh, ay!' said th' maister, 'well, then, 'come up here,—an' be rubbed!' So Antony went up,—for he's noan fleyed o' nought i' this world. 'So thou's bin catchin' jack-sharps, hasto?' said th' maister; an' he leet fly at Antony, wi' a greight strap 'at he had, an' he said,—'Hasto catched that?' 'Come, give o'er!' said Antony, 'give o'er; yo're too lungous! Now, yo'd better give o'er, Flutterslutch,' said Antony, 'or else yo'n drop in for't,—so I've tow'd yo!' 'Doesto co' me Flutter-slutch, thou ill-made whelp!' said th' maister; an' at him he went, an' started o' givin' him a gradely good towellin'. Then Antony geet to wark, an' he set his clogs upo' th' swing, an' o' th' time he kept skrikin' out, 'Mother, mother, murder! Mother, murder!' Well, th' minute hoo yerd that, bang coom th' burn-can slap through th' window, full o' some mak of an ill-savour't mixin'. I know nought what it wur, but it alter't that hole to some tune,

—an' every livin' craiter geet a swatch on't. I believe some on 'em's never bin sweet sin'. Well,—hoo're noan content wi' that, but hoo sent th' dur in wi' her fuut an' hoo flounc't reet in among 'em. Well,—thou knows what a greight strung Jezabil hoo is,—an' hoo coom pounce again th' schoo'maister, like a broody hen,—an' hoo geet her claws weel set among his yure; an' hoo rove him about fro' window to wole, till he skrike't like a twitchel't cat; an' while th' cammed daffock, an' this kestril of a schoo'maister wur agate o' feightin', th' childer cruttle't o' of a rook, for they thought there wur beawn to be murder i'th' hole. An' they co'de one another,—too ill to brun. He co'de her a mismanner't daggle-tail,—an' a mawkin'—an' a daffockin', sloppety sliven, an' an ill-contrive't snicketty fussock,—an' sich like. An' hoo laft him nought short, I'll uphowsd to; for hoo're i' full wark, o't time, hommer an' tungs,—an' hoo awter't th' colour of his face afore hoo'd done wi' him."

"It's bin a bonny bit of a flirt, owd lad."

"It wur nought else; but th' end on't wur that hoo brought our Antony away,—an' th' better haue o' th' schoo'maister's hair at th' same time."



BAUM-TAY AN' PONCAKES.

"Like an old tale still ; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open."—SHAKESPEARE.

[ADAM O' RAPPER'S *an'* RONDLE O' BONNY MOUTH'S, *coming home in the dark.*]

"**I**'LL tell tho what, Adam,—Owd Bill wur gettin' rather too warm under saddle, weren't he ? "

"Ay ; he comes of a fast-gaited breed ; an' he's a good deeol o' slack about his jaw."

"To my thinkin', Adam, 'at he's o' fluzzins an' beggar-berm."

"Time 'll tell. We's see what it winds to in a bit."

"I'll tell tho what, Adam,—some folk would sarve hell wi' brimstone, if they could make ony brass by it."

"There is o' that mak, for sure, Rondle."

"Ay, is there ; an' if it were to brun their faither wi', they'd do it."

"I think ten per cent. would fot (fetch) 'em. An', as for talk,—it'd weary a grooin' tree to yer a chap like yon talk."

"Talk's chep, Adam ! I could larn moore wi' watchin' two kitlin's marlock upo' th' hearthstone nor any mak o' talk 'at ever wur slatter't off th' edge o' a mortal lip !"

"Thou'rt about hauve reet, Rondle. Th' big'st part o' th' talk' at's gooin's fit for nought nobbut shooiin' hens wi'."

"Ay ; an' there's some hens 'at would give o'er layin' if they yerd owd Bill talk."

"Well,—they'd oather drop it, or lay away."

"I know *I* would, if *I* wur a hen. . . . An' then, as for fine houses, an' sich like, Adam,—there isn't hauve as mich in it as folk thinken. . . . Talk about houses ! By th' mass, there isn't a house i' this world 'at's as grand as Lobden Moorside, about th' back-end o' th' year ! An' as for ceilin's,—wheer is there a ceilin' like th' sky ? But if thou'll notice, Adam, folk getten so use't to't, while (until) they clen forgetten 'at it's o'er th' top on 'em ! By th' hectum,—it's full o' flyin' pickters, an' o' maks o' grand glitterment ! Ceilin's !—There isn't a ceilin' between here an' Jerusalem at's fit to howd th' candle to

th' oppen sky !—An' then, doesn't thou see, —if a chap wur a king, an' he own't a hundred an' fifty houses, o' different maks, he could nobbut be i' one on 'em at once."

"I guess not."

"Not he! An' he could nobbut be i' one nook at once. An' then, if he'd five hundred suits o' clooas, made o' silk, an' satin, an' three-pile velvet,—an' o' covert wi' horse-gowd, an' haliday ribbins, an' sich like,—he could nobbut wear one suit at once."

"Yigh,—he could if he'd a mind."

"Well,—ay,—but he'd look like a foo if he did."

"Agreed on; but there's some on 'em thinken nought o' that."

"Well,—as thou says, Adam, about that. Beside,—look here! If a chap wur th' owner of o' th' heightin'-stuff (eating-stuff) i' this world he could nobbut do wi' one meal at a time, could he?"

"Howd, Rondle, howd! I know a chap 'at can put as mich out o' seet at one sittin as would fit thee an' me for hauce a dozen meals!"

"Well, then, he's a gradely pile-driver, Adam, as who he is,—for thou's a twist like Robin Hood, thisel'! . . . But, let that leet as it will! There isn't a mon i' this wide world 'at's moore fun nor I have! A king

can nobbut be i' one spot at once,—an' he
can nobbut wear one suit o' clooas at once,
—an' he can nobbut height one dinner at
once,—an' if he's a better stomach nor me,
it's a crumper, that's o',—an' I've as big a
farm i'th' sky as ony londlort 'at's under it,—
an',—I'll wroastle th' best king i' this country-
side for a quart, just this minute. . . . Hello;
what han we here?"

(FIDDLER BILL, *coming down the hill, in the
dark, singing.*)

"Then to't they fell, an' fought full well,
I con both sing an' say;
An' they laid on mony a lusty bang,
In good owd English play."

"Rondle; that's oather Fiddler Bill, or
the dule!"

(*Sings again.*)

"'Yung Chirrup, thou'rt a gallant lad;
I'll feight till set o' sun;
But, at every throw, yung Chirrup's foe
Wur th' topmost mon—but one."

"Fiddler Bill for a thousan' pound, Adam!
Husht! He's startin' again."

"'Sneck up, sneck up; I'm done; sneck up!
Yung Chirrup wins!' cried he;
'Thou art the starkest, swipper'st lad
That ever I did see;
I'd liefer than a hundred pound
I'd never let o' thee!'"

"It's Fiddler Bill, again I say! Gi' mouth,
Rondle!"

"Hello! Who's theer?"

"Who's here? An Ancient Briton; wi' kest-iron shins; an' yure like pin-wire! Who art thou? Oppen thi chops; or I'se be a-top on tho!"

"Mi name's Fiddler Bill,"——

"Thou'rt oather lyin', or I'm swapped. But, get forrud witho, an' let's yer! What trade arto?"

"I'm a foo bi trade, an' my faither wur a foo afore mo."

(BILL, *aside*).—"Bi lakin, it's somebry 'at knows summat about me. Come a bit nar, an' let's have a penk at thi nob. . . . Eh, is it thee, Rondle?"

"It's nought else."

"By th' mass, lads, I'm fain to leet on yo!"

"Th' same here, owd brid!"

"Oh, give o'er, Rondle! Dunnot shake me! I'm noan so weel!"

"What's to do?"

"I've bin havin' berm-bo' an' traycle to mi dinner; an' I feel as swelled as a new-blown bleddher."

"Come on wi' thi berm-bo! Thou'rt olez amung berm, i' some shap or another! Come on; I'll see thee safe loded, afore we parten!"



BLENDSPICE.

—o—

“Said our guidman to our guidwife,
‘Get up, and bar the door, oh.’”

—OLD SCOTCH SONG.

[BILLY POTYARB *an'* CALEB O' CAUV-LICKED
ABRAM'S *on the road.*]

“**B**ILL, owd towel; what mak o' pouse-
ment hasto bin rootin' amung?
Thou's a smudgy mak of a look;
an' thou'rt out o' gear, fro' top to toe.”

“Well; if thou'll believe me, I're i' sich a
feight to get out o' th' house this mornin'
that I hadn't time to wesh mysel' gradely;
so I just ga' my face a lick an' a promise, an'
donned mysel' at the readi'st; an' then I
crope off as nicely as I could—for our Nan
wur agate; full bat.”

“Thou'rt a weary pictur', as how 'tis.
Thou's deeted thi face primely with some'at;
an' thi clooas looken as if they'd bin thrut on
wi' a pikefork. Here; tak howd o' this horn,
an' ready thi yure a bit,—for thou'rt moore

likker a corn-boggart nor aught belungin' this world. Arto for gooin' off it o'together, or how?"

"Thou'd ha' bin off it lung sin' i' thou'd gone through as much as me. Eh, I have sich a hoast! My throttle's as reawsty as a bone-house-dur lock,—an' I'm as stiff as a rubbin'-stoop, fro' yed to foot."

"What hasto bin agate on?"

"Well; I'd a pummer of a day on't, yesterday, wi' one thing an' another. Th' first go to I geet caught i' that thunner-shower, i'th' forenoon,—an' I had it o' to mysel'."

"Nay, thou hadn't it o', owd craiter; for I geet a saup on't, mysel'. I're comin' o'er 'The Thistley Feelt' when it started; an' I took to my heels, like 'Owd Stump' wi' th' 'Pie Lad' beheend him; but afore I could get into 'Th' Brid an' Bantlin'' dur-hole, I hadn't a dry threed on me. Eh, how it did come down! Drops as big as marbles!"

"Drops! Nay, bi th' heart; I thought th' welkin' had gan way! It coom again my face i' quart lumps; an', in about two minutes, I're as weel soaked as if I'd bin steepin' three week in a well-trough; an', at after that, I went whistlin' through it, an' leet it do as it liked,—for I're gotten wayter-proof."

"How leeto thou didn't hole?"

"Hole! wheer mut I hole, at th' top o' Rooly Moor, where o's as bare as a bak-stone for five mile round? There isn't a slifter, nor a ginnel, nor a gorse-bush 'at 'ud house aught bigger than a modiwarp."

"Why, thou'd be witchod (wet-shod) afore tho geet whoam."

"Witchod! Ay,—I're witchod ole o'er. Talk about walkin' through th' Red Say! I'd wade fro' here to Jerusalem for a bowl o' stew!"

"Thou'd catch it upo' that moor-top."

"Catch it! I geet it o', I tell tho,—full measur'. . . . An' it wur a grand seet, too! Thou knows I'm noan yezzy fleyed; but it made my yure stir a bit, now an' then,—for it sounded as if they were'n agate o' crashin' worlds together,—an' every time it leeten't it let up Brown Wardle Hill like a greight flash o' melted silver! . . . But I walked through it, like a wayter-dog, for about three mile; an' then I poppt into th' Green-booth ale-house, an' dropt asleep in a nook, sipein' weet. Afore lung my clooas began o' reechin' like a lime kil'; an' when they rooze't me up I're as mazy as a goose wi' a brass nail in it yed; an' they had to dad me whoam: for I couldn't see a hole through a ladther; an' I maunder't an talked o' maks o' bull-scutter."

"Thou's bin ill, owd lad."

"Ill! I sha'n't be reet again as month."

"Doesto tak nought for it?"

"Nawe; but I will do, as soon as I come to a pictur'-shop."

"Well, cheer up, owd brid,—thou'rt noan bi thisel'. I dropt in for't, hon'somely, last neet,—wi' one thing an' another. Smell at mi jacket!"

"Ay,—is it tar? I've bin wonderin' what that wur, a good while. I thought there an ill savvour about, somewheer. If my nose is aught to go by, Bill,—thou's bin amung some'at 'at's not so nice!"

"Thou's guessed to a hay-seed."

"Well,—go fur off,—thou'rt war nor a pow-cat!"

"Here; feel at my yed, first. Well; hasto fund aught?"

"A twothree lumps."

"Ay; seventeen on 'em. Thoose wur o' done last neet."

"Thou's bin i'th' wars, Caleb?"

"Raither."

"What were there agate?"

"Bide, till I leet mi pipe; an' I'll tell tho. . . . Well, thou knows, it wur 'Mischief Neet' last neet; an' th' lads i'th' fowd an' me agreed to turn out at th' edge o' dark, an' have a bit of a marlock amung th'

Blendspice.

Well,—when o' wur sattlin'
an' th' most o' folk had
to bed, Twitchel Tummy whis-
ur back-dur, 'Now then, Caleb,
So I nipt up, an' off we set ;
as we'd turn't th' house-end,
pper's said, 'Now then, Caleb,
it for thee to carry th' pow,'—
howd of a greight stang, about
lung, 'at they had hud (hidden)
So I said, 'What mun I do wi'
, said Dan, 'we're beawn to
lks durs, wheer they're gone
when they looken out at th'
dow, thou mun fot 'em a crack
'thi pow, and then run,—that's
as to do,—we'n manage tother
So I said, 'O' reet !' an' away
i' we'd some rare gam for a
played my pow primely ; an'
'at they looked out aboon, I
i' 'em a notch or two, an' we
in' their yeds i'th' inside. Well,
an said, 'Now then, lads ; afore
gam, let's give owd Fullocker a
h,—for a finisher.' Well,—that
ne up ; so I ga' mi pow a bit of
I said, 'Go it, lads ! He bor-
nce o' me th' last Winter Fair-
ne'er gan't me back, so I'll just

raise a couple o' nobbs upon his yed,—an' tak it out that road.' Agreed on; an' off we set; an' they thunged at owd Fullocker's dur. In a bit, up went th' window,—an' I leet fly wi' mi' pow; but, afore I could tak aim again, there wur some'at coom fluskin' down fro' th' window, an' in haue a second I wur fair smoor't wi' an ill mixtur' 'at I think i' my heart they'd bin savin' up for me. Well, I'd hardly getten my breath afore owd Fullocker an' his two lads popt off at th' house-end; an' they took my stang on me, an' they raddle't my bwons to some tune, I can tell tho'; an' that's how I geet these lumps upo' my yed."

"I guess thou'd be fain to drop it, at after that?"

"Howd, stop; I haven't done yet. . . . Well,—we o' took to o'r heels, thou knows; an' when we coom to a quiet nook, I rested mysel' again a wole a bit, an' groped at my lumps. Dan an' tother lads did nought nobbut laugh; an' they wouldn't come within three yards on me,—for I stank like a foomart. So Dan said, 'Goo an' wesh thisel' i'th' bruck a bit,—an' let's go whoam.' So I went in, up to th' middle; an' did as weel as I could; but o' th' wayter i'th' world wouldn't sweeten me now. At last I coom out,—sipein' weet, an' as down as a hommer,—for I wur fleyed

o' gooin' whoam. Well,—as I crope off, down th' fowd, after these tother chaps,—for they wouldn't walk beheend me,—a woman thrut a chamber-window up, an' started o' ooin' out, 'Help, help! Somebry's plogged th' dur-lock-hole up; an' I want to go to mi weshin'!' 'By th' mass,' said Dan, 'it's Mall o' Bedflock's! Run for a ladther!' So they went an' geet a ladther, an' Dan said, 'Up witho, Caleb; an' let her out!' So, without givin' it a thought, thou knows, I bowted up; but, I'd no sooner gotten into th' chamber than they nipt the ladther away; an' theer I wur, fast i'th' house with owd Mall; an' I did what I could to oppen th' dur, but it wur no use. . . . Well,—owd Bedflock happen't to be drinkin', with a rook o' th' same mak, at th' 'Bull's Yed'; an' somebry ran an' tow'd him to be sharp, for there wur a chap i'th' house wi' his wife. Well,—Bedflock coom off, tickle-but, wi' a cleaver in his hond; an' th' whole fowd wur up i' no time; an' th' women cried out, 'Crash th' dur in, Bedflock, an' give him a good towellin';' but, just as th' dur began to gi' way, I lope slap through a window at the back, an' I let solsh up to the middle i' some slutch; an' theer I stuck, till Dan an' these tother coom an' poo'd me out wi' a rope. . . . Well, thou knows, I're war nor ever; but I did no moore weshin'. I

crope off whoam, just as I wur,—for I wur about three-quarters deead. . . . Hello; what comes here ?”

(AMOS O' COCKTOE'S, *comin' up the road, with a door on his back, singing.*)

“ We're neighbours, an' very weel met ;
We're o' merry lads, o' good mettle ;
Here's Kester,—wur never licked yet ;
An' Nathan's i' rattlin' fettle ;
Wi' a pipe, an' a tot, an' a crack,
An' a crony, I'm just i' my glory ;
I'll tippie the world fro' my back,
An' brast off wi' a bit of a story.
Fal-lal-der-dal, layrol-i-day !
“ Tother day, when I're rovin' areawt,
I let of owd——

Hello; who's theer ?”

“ What, Amos ! owd lad ; is that thee ?
What arto for wi' th' dur ?”

“ Eh, lad ; I'm fain to see yo ! Howd a minute till I put this dur down ; an' I'll tell yo o' about it. . . . When I coom out o' th' house to-neet, my wife says, ‘ Wheerto for ?’ an' I said, ‘ I'm gooin' to have a gill.’ An' hoo says, ‘ Well ; if thou stops out after ten o'clock thou'll ha' to stop out o' neet, for I'll lock th' dur on tho.’ So I says, ‘ Here, owd lass ; I'll save thee th' trouble o' lockin' th' dur on me,—I'll tak it wi' me ; an' then I hove it off th' hinges, an' brought it wi' me.’”

“ Why ; thou'rt keepin' oppen house, then ?”

“ Ay ; an' it shall be oppen house for me ; as lung as I ha' one.”



THE WIND STORM.



“Cease, rude Boreas, blust’ring railer!”

[*Scene, the kitchen of the “Brid an’ Bantlin’”—
Time, a windy evening, in December. Persons,
FLOP, SLOTCH, TWITTER, LOBSCOUSE, ana
“OWD SAM,” the landlord, gathered about the
hearthstone.*]

“**B**ETTY, lass, put that dur to, or thou’ll
have us blown away! There’s
some’at flown up th’ chimbley, just
now. What wur it, lads?”

“It wur th’ cat,” said Twitter; “I just geet
a wap o’ its tail as it wur gooin’ out o’ seet.”

“Nay,” said the landlord; “th’ cat’s theer,
i’t’h inside o’ th’ fender.”

“Well, then,” replied Twitter, “it wur
oather a pair o’ sithors (scissors), or a brid-
cage. I’ll swear it wur some’at—for I see’d
it!”

“By th’ mon,” cried the landlord, glancing

round, "it's mi Sunday singlet! Put that dur to, Betty; or thou'll ha' th' hole emptied in a minute! Lads; if yo'n ony loce (loose) teeth, keep yo'r mouths shut! It's as much as I can do to howd mi yure (hair) on! Put that dur to!"

"Stop a minute, there's a woman comin'!"

(Enter MALL O' PUMMER'S, rolling and puffing like a porpoise.)

"Oh, I'm done up!"

"Eh, Mally, is it yo? How ever dar yo ventur' out i' sich a storm as this?"

"Eh, what a breeze! My bonnet's gone!"

"It's a wonder yo aren't blown away o'together."

"Well—I'm sich a size, yo see'n, or else. Eh, I've had sich wark to keep my feet! Put that dur to! Here; I'll help yo! . . . Now then! Stop till I get my breath! I'm so fat, yo see'n."

"Sit yo down, Mally. Win yo have a saup o' some'at?"

"Wait a bit. . . . *(In a whisper.)* Is our Judd here?"

"Nawe."

"Has he bin here to-day?"

"Nawe."

"When wur he here?"

"About a fortnit sin' (since)."

"Wur he here o' Thursday neet?"

"Nawe; I think he's taen th' sulk about some'at."

"Oh, then; he's noan here?"

"Nawe."

"Oh! . . . Betty; I think I'll try a saup o' gin. I've sich a pain, just here, wi' comin' up yon broo."

"I dar say. See yo, Mally; come into this room; an' yo'n be quiet."

"Hello, Sam," said Lobscause, "I've knocked my ale o'er!"

"That's reet, my lad," said Sam; "one good sheeder's (spiller) worth two fuddlers, ony day! . . . Never mind, owd brid; our Betty 'll wipe it up, an' bring tho another directly."

"O' reet! Eh, Sam; yo should ha' bin i'th' town to-day! Slate-stones an' chimbley-pots were flying about like brids; an' th' factory chimbleys wur wavin' an' wobblin' about like willow trees. We's yer o' some lumber when this gale's o'er."

"Ah, but," said Billy Twitter, "it's noan o'er yet. By th' mon, when I wur i'th' town, I couldn't ha' walked up th' street if I hadn't borrowed two fifty-sixes of owd Jem, th' cheesemonger, to carry i' my honds. . . . Husht! There's somebry at th' dur!"

"Ay, there is," said the landlord. "I dar say Betty's fasten't it. Go thi ways, an' let 'em in, as who they are."

The minute Twitter opened the door, in shot a short, thick-set fellow, with a great round face, and a hard, bullet head.

"By th' mon," cried he, "I'm fain to get into this cote!"

"Ay," said Twitter, as he thrust the door to, "it's a blowy day, isn't it?"

"Blowy! It's a gradely sneezer, is this! I've had to walk o' mi honds an' knees part o' th' gate; an' then I've had to howd on bi th' woles (walls); an', just as I wur comin' up th' broo, there wur some'at about th' size of a tombstone coom wuzzin' past, upo' th' wynt, within about three-quarters of an inch o' my left ear. . . . Hutch up, lads!"

"Ay; sit tho down. . . . How fur hasto come'd?"

"Fro' Rachda'."

"I like as I should know thee, owd brid. Wheer doesto belong to?"

"Rachda'."

"An' what arto code (called)?"

"I'm th' best known bi 'Blackwayter Ben.'"

"An' where's th' 'Blackwayter'?"

"Rachda'."

"Hasto ony relations?"

"Lots."

"What are they?"

"Rachda' folk."

"Is thi faither alive?"

"Ay."

"What is he?"

"He's a Rachda' chap."

"What trade art?"

"Flannel."

"What mak?"

"Rachda' flannel."

"An' wheer arto gooin' to?"

"Rachda'."

"By th' mon, thou'rt Rachda' fro' top to toe, owd brid! . . . Well, an' how's this bit o' th' breeze yo'r gate on?"

"Breeze! I're in a ale-house, at top o' Wardle' o' th' Broo, this mornin', an' it blew th' window out; but, in a minute or two after, it blew another in, that just fitted."

"Thou'll do, owd brid! . . . Poo together, lads; an' keep yon dur shut!"





THE LOST DONKEY.

—o—

[*Scene, kitchen of the old inn.—Time, winter evening. Persons, FLOP, SLOTCH, TWITTER, OWD SAM, and the RACHDA' CHAP.*]

“**W**ELL, an' how arto, owd dog?” said the landlord to “Rachda' Ben.”

“I'm nobbut thus an' so.”

“How's that?”

“Well. I've sprain't my anclif (ankle), an' my elbow warches, an' I've a singin' i' my lift (left) ear, an' some'at ails my neck, an' I've an' ill cowl, an' my ribs are sore,—an' I'm noan reet i' my inside, an' I've had a twothre (two or three) fresh knobs set on at th' top here”——

“Thou'rt rarely out o' flunters, owd mon.”

“Ay, rayther. . . . An' I've had two teeth knocked out, an' I've had my shins punce't, an' my yure wants powin' (cutting), an' I'm hungry, an' I'm dry, an' my yed feels like

a mug-ful o' slutch,—an' I'm beginnin' o' skennin',—an' I'm wrang o' gates (all ways)."

"Ay; an' thou's two black e'en. . . . Thou's bin i'th' wars, owd brid."

"Well,—ay. I had a bit of a dust wi' Ab o' Pinders,—but we saddle't it."

"Come, that's better. How did yo saddle it?"

"He saddle't it his-sel'."

"How so?"

"He tanned my hide for me."

"Nay, sure?"

"Yigh; an' it's third time, too."

"Well, come; that's done wi'."

"Ay,—till we leeten o' one another again."

"Thou'rt for havin' another twell (twirl), then?"

"Ay; I'll make up th' hauve dozen afore I give in."

"Well,—among yo be it. . . . Trade's bad yo'r gate on, isn't it?"

"Yigh, it is. I've bin out o' wark nine week."

"Never mind, owd craiter. It's a lung lone 'at's never a turn. Fear not, but trust i' Providence, owd brid."

"I ha' done that. But they're badly off 'at's nought nobbut Providence to look to."

"Nay, nay; do not say so."

"Oh, I've tried it. But it's my opinion 'at

Providence intends every mon to fend for his-sel'."

"An' nought nobbut reet, noather. But, there's moore in it than that."

"I guess there is. . . . I could manage weel enough, but it makes th' wife so nattle."

"That maks ill war (worse)."

"I tell her so; but hoo'll have her own road."

"They're o' alike for that."

"Ay, they are. . . . But our Nan's war than the dule."

"Nay, nay; noan so, sure."

"Yigh, hoo is,—an' I can prove it out o' th' Bible."

"How so?"

"Well; doesn't it say, 'Resist the devil and he'll flee from thee?'"

"It does, I believe."

"Well; if I resist our Nan hoo flies *at* me."

"An' then"——

"Well, an' then I have to give in,—that's what it comes to i'th' end."

"I dar say. . . . Well, an' I guess thou'rt lookin' out for a job, now?"

"Nay; to-day I've been powlerin' about th' country-side, seechin' a jackass 'at belongs a relation o' mine,—I dar say yo know him,—'Lobden Ben,'—he sells besoms."

"Know him! Sure I know him! 'Besom Ben,'—as daycent a lad as ever stept shoe-leather. Ay, ay,—an' has he lost his jack-ass, then?"

"Ay, its bin lost a week, now; an' he's some put about o'er it, too. I'm quite soory for th' lad. He cannot slep at neet; an' he does nought but maunder up an' down axin' folk if they'n sin Dimple,—an' he runs at every jackass 'at comes into th' seet; an' when he finds it's wrang un, he brasts out a-cryin'. I'm fleyed th' lad'll goo off it o'together."

"It's a pity for him."

"He'll never look o'er it if it doesn't turn up."

"Then thou's had no tidin's on't, hasto?"

"Nawe; I can noather yer top nor tail on't."

"Sam," said Lobscouse, "thou remembers that great flood 'at coom down th' cloof about four year sin'?"

"What, when Owd Neckhole Mill wur weshed down?"

"Th' same dooment, owd lad—little Flitter wur nearly drownt in't—but he caught howd o' th' bough of a tree."

"I remember."

"Well, when th' flood wur at th' height I stoode i'th' middle o' th' fowd, watchin' th'

wayter go roarin' by, when, o' at once owd Mall o' Flazer's coom runnin' up, an' hoo cried, 'Eh, lads, do help us! Our jackass is gooin' down th' wayter!' Well, off we set, tickle-butt, an' down th' cloof we went, about hauve-a-dozen on us, wi' owd Mall an' th' lads after us as hard as they could pelt, till we coom to th' 'Fairy Nook,' where there's a bit of a bend i'th' bruck—an' theer we catch't th' jackass. But it wur as deeod as a nit. . . . Well, they began o' cryin' an skrikin', as if it had bin a gradely Christian istid of a down-craiter; an' nought would sarve owd Mall but th' jackass mut (must) be carried into th' house. 'Bring it whoam!' hoo kept sayin', 'bring it to its own whoam!' Well, I felt soory for th' owd lass; so we geet howd, an' we carried it up into th' house; an' then—I never seed sich a seet sin' I're born—they cried o'er this jackass, an' they stroked it, an' they talked to it, an' they cried again, till, by th' mass, I could hardly help for cryin' mysel'. Well, in a bit, th' owd chap geet up, i'th' nook, an' he said, 'Well, thou's bin a good jackass to me, Jenny, an' I hope we's meet again in another world!' An' th' next day they had it buried i'th' garden,—an' they flang bits o' rosemary, an' sich like, into th' grave."

.

(*Enter JUDD O' SIMON'S.*)

"Capital races, lads!" cried Judd.

"What's up?"

"Th' hunt's up!' Our Mally's after me!
I've just slipt her!"

"Thou hasn't slipt her so mich," said the
landlord; "hoo's i' tother reawm, yon, wi' my
wife, so sing low!"

"Then I'm off again!"

"Here, here; thou doesn't need to goo!
Hoo'll be off directly! Hoo doesn't know
thou'rt here! Hud (hide) thisel' i'th' buttery,
theer, till hoo's gone!"

"O' reet!" said Judd, creeping into the
buttery.

"An', doesto yer?" whispered the land-
lord, as he closed the buttery-door, "keep
still, an' help thisel' to what there is while
thou art theer! I'll bring tho a gill!"

"O' reet!"





THE IRISH FISHWIFE.



[*A quiet street in the city. MRS. SULLIVAN, looking out of her doorway at the rain. — BIDDY MACGUIRE coming down the street, crying fish.*]

“**H**ERRIN’; fresh herrin’; herrin’ alive! Fine mackerel! Any mackerel to-day, ma’am? Buy a few herrin’, ma’am,—seven for sixpence. They’re fresh in this mornin’. Look at them. Sure, they’re beautiful.”

“Not to-day.”

“Look at thim mackrel, ma’am. Sure it’s not six hours since they were spoortin’ in the say. See the salt-water drippin’ from their jaws. Oh, ma’am, take six-pen’oth of herrin’ from me this mornin’! I’ll let ye have aight for sixpence. Arrah, they cost me well-nigh that in the market,—an’ I bringin’ ’em down to your own door. Och, take six-pen’oth from me, ma’am! Sure, they’re chaiper than

butcher's mait, anyhow. Buy a few for picklin', ma'am! They're just in saison, now."

"Ten for sixpence if yo'n a mind."

"Ah, don't be too hard on me, ma'am, an' I tryin' to scrape a thin livin' for the childer?"

"I'se gi' no moore!"

"Ah, well then, indeed, indeed, it's no use. (*Takes up her basket.*) Oh, musha, musha, but the women is far harder than the min! . . . Herrin'; fresh herrin'; herrin' alive!"

(MRS. SULLIVAN, *at her door.*)

"Well, Biddy, woman; sure this is the quare day for ye. An' what have ye got for us at all at all, this murtherin' wet mornin'? Take down the basket, till I see it! Arrah, what ails the craiter? Is it a cowld ye've got, Biddy?"

"Oh, Mistress Sullivan, darlin',—for the love o' God,—av ye never buy another fish from me as long as ye live, buy somethin' from me this mornin', that I may go home to the childer! Oh, ma'am, dear, the heart's brakin' in me as I go about the town this day! Oh, *weirasthrue, weirasthrue*, why am I stricken down like this?—Glory be to God! Ah, ma'am, dear, all the while I'm trailin' about the streets, cryin', 'Fresh herrin'!' an' collougin' wi' the customers, my poor heart's

bleedin', for I'm thinkin', 'Jemmy, Jemmy, my darlin', are ye livin' yet, or are ye dead an' gone from me for evermore?' Oh, maybe some cold hand is closin' the eyes of my child this blessed minute, an' I away from his bed! Oh, Mistress Sullivan, my poor boy is destroyed!"

"Holy Vargin; what's this ye're sayin', Biddy? Gi' me the basket, woman, an' come in out o' the rain! In the name o' the Lord, Biddy, dear, what's the matter?"

"Oh, wirra, wirra, God help me, what'll I do this blessed day that's in it! An' him the oldest of six, an' the flower o' the flock! Oh, Jemmy, Jemmy, darlin', what'll I do, what'll I do!"

"Oh, Biddy, dear; is it the little curly-headed gorsoon that used to help ye to carry the fish?"

"Indeed, indeed, it is just that same. . . . Oh, my own brave an' beautiful boy! Oh, the light of heaven's own loveliness was about my little sootherin' darlin'! He was just turned eleven years old, ma'am. . . . Oh, the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me this sorrowful hour! What'll I do, what'll I do!"

"Arrah, Biddy, dear, don't take on so! Sure ye're not quite alone in the world; an' the great God is in the heavens above us all,

yet! An' what is it has happened, Biddy, dear?"

"Ah, well; it's many's the time ye've seen him trottin', barefoot, through the streets by my side, smilin' an' prattlin' all the way, as we wandered together through the heavy rain. Oh, may the sweet heavens be your bed, my own beautiful darlin'! . . . An', indeed, ma'am, it's yerself knows the sore trouble I had when poor Barney died, an' left me my lone, wi' the six o' them,—the craitters. An' I had no one in the world, barrin' my own little Jemmy,—the bright-eyed darlin' that was no more nor a child himself,—I had no one in the world but him to look after the childer for me whilst I was away on the streets sellin' my fish. An', indeed, indeed, it's well he did it, too, an' willin' he was to lessen the burden for me,—my own kind-hearted little gorsoon, that was the dear light o' my eyes! Sure he always met me in the door-way with a smile. Ah, many's the time he wiped the tears away, when I sat down, lonesome an' heart-sore, an' wet to the skin, after wandering about in the rain for hours together! . . . Well, it was yesterday mornin', I wint out at five o'clock, lavin' the childer in bed, in the care o' Jemmy—for if ye don't go airy to the market for your fish it's no use goin' out at all. An' sure it's myself that

can't afford to lose a day's sale, for it's all I have to depend on in the wide world. Well, d'ye see, ma'am, about aight o'clock in the mornin', Jemmy got up in his shirt, an' made the fire, an' began to get the breakfast ready for the childer; an', oh, ma'am, my poor boy's clothes tuk fire, an' he ran scramin' out o' the door, an' into a neighbour woman's house, cryin' for help."

"Oh, *Veeha Vaugha* (Virgin Mother), the poor child!"

"An', oh, ma'am, dear,—the woman ran my poor boy back into the street, an' closed the door behind him,—an' he all in flames."

"Oh, the hard-hearted blackguard! May the ——"

"Arrah, ye may well say that, Mistress Sullivan! But, see this, now! Bi the mortal,—av she'll say 'pais' to me, I'll take the eyes out of her,—the durty sthrap!"

"Och, och, but my heart is sore for the dear child!"

"Ah, ma'am, my poor boy would be burned to death on the street but for Barney Hanlon that rushed out, an' folded his coat round him."

"May the kind hand of Almighty God be about him for that same!"

"An' they tuk him away to the Infirmary,—an' there he lies now, at death's door,—for he's not expected to live from hour to hour.

. . . An', oh, ma'am, dear,—they'll not let me see my own poor boy ! ”

“ Oh, the flinty villains ! ”

“ Ah, Mistress Sullivan, dear,—it was the heavy stroke was waitin' for me when I got home wid my basket that day ! Arrah, wasn't it the mercy o' God that I didn't lose my sinses entirely ! Oh, to think o' me away on the streets, shoutin', ‘ Fresh Herrin', ’ an' jokin' an' collougin' wi' the customers, from house to house, while my poor child was burnin' to death on the street. Oh, *weiras-thrue*, but my heart's broke within me, this heavy day ! . . . But, I must be goin' on wi' the fish, for I want to get home.”

“ Arrah, Biddy, woman, what 'ud ye 'do goin' about wid fish this day ? Sure, don't we want all the fish, an' more,—an' we havin' company ? . . . See, now,—take that, an' take the basket,—an' hie away home to the childer ; an' I'll be after ye, Biddy, dear, before an hour is over.”

“ Ah, Mistress Sullivan,—may the good God of heaven reward ye, both here an' hereafter, for all your kindness to me an' mine ! Glory be to God for the goodness He scatters upon the sorrowful path ! Ah, ma'am, may the kind heavens smile upon all ye take in hand ; an' that ye may never know an' unhappy hour to your dyin' day ! ”



THE WORM DOCTOR.

—o—

“ We have been rambling all the night,
And nearly all the day ;
And now we’ve rambled back again,
With a bloomy branch of May.”—OLD SONG.

[*Haytime.*—JONE O’ RUMBLE’S, *leading the mowers, in a nine-acre meadow.*—DAN O’ ROUGH CAP’S, *with a tuft of wild roses in his hat, comes down the lane, singing—*

“ Oh, the merry month of June,
It’s the jewel of the year ;
And down in yonder meadows
There runs a river clear ;
And in its pleasant waters
The little fish do play,
While the lads and bonny lasses
Are tumbling in the hay.”

He stops, and leans upon the gate, looking into the meadow].

“ **W**ELL, Jone, owd lad ; thou’rt switch-
in’ it down, I see.”

“ Hello, Dan ; is that thee ?
Ay ; we’re fot’in’ (fetching) it down. It’s a
swelter of a job, too.”

"I'll tell tho what, Jone; it doesn't look amiss."

"Oh, nawe; it's a grand yarb this time! I could fair lie me down an' height (eat) it!"

"He'll have a rare crop, too—if it's weel-getten."

"Never better. But we're raither leet-honded. I guess thou couldn't lend us a mon or two, couldto?"

"Nawe, by Guy! We're up to th' een in it, ersel's. I've just bin seechin' help, but I can leet o' noan."

"I dar say. They're snapt up of o' sides. We geet ours in last week, or else I shouldn't ha' bin here, mysel'. . . . Here; wait a minute; what's o' thi hurry?"

(JONE, *to the mowers.*)

"Stop, an' rosin, lads; while I have a word wi' Dan."

(*Mowers.*)

"Ay; let's whet! . . . Where's that lad? . . . Here, Billy; buttlet out; an' let Dan sup."

"That's reet. Here, Dan; thou'll do wi' an odd tot."

"Oh, ay. Well, come; here's lucks a-piece."

"Th' same to thee, owd brid!"

.

"Well, Jone ; an' how's th' owd lad gettin' on wi' this slobbery bit o' lond of his ?"

"Oh, primely ! Well, th' corn 'll be raither leet this time, I doubt ; but, tak' it o'together, he's done very weel. Mon, he knows what he's about. He's noan like Jerry o' th' Knowe, 'at muck't wi' sond, an' drain't wi' cinders. Oh, there's worse lond than this upo' th' moor-ends. Beside, it lies weel ; an' th' owd lad knows how to hondle it ; an' he behaves weel to't, an' keeps it i' good heart."

"I'll tell tho what, Jone ; I wish I'd about forty acre o' th' same mak."

"Why, yon o' thine's as good, every bit. . . . But some folk are never content ; if they'd o' th' world gan to 'em, they'd yammer for th' lower shop, to put their rubbish in. . . . What, thou's bin down to th' 'Rush-bearin',' I yer."

"Ay ; I've had a bit of a flirt amung 'em."

"Well ; an' how didto get on ?"

"Well ; to tell tho truth, Jone, I hardly know, for I haven't quite gotten o'er it yet."

"Th' owder an' th' madder !"

"Thou may weel say that. . . . I know one thing, Jone ; I laft whoam upo' th' owd mare, an' I coom back, th' neet after, in a cauve-cart, wi' th' tone lap riven off, an' seven or eight fresh notches upo' mi shins."

"Yo'n had lively doin's, then?"

"Well,—raither."

"Didto leet o' Bull Robin, or somebry?"

"Oh, nawe, it were a fresh do o'together. But, I'll tell tho. . . . I hadn't bin i'th' town haue-an-hour afore th' Marlan' Rushcart an' th' Smo'bridge Rushcart met, down i'th' 'Butts,' an' they geet agate o' feightin'. Th' first go to, th' Smo'bridge lads poo'd their stangs out o' th' ropes, an' th' Marlan' lads did th' same, an' to't they went, hommer an' tungs; an', o' somehow, I geet mixed up amung th' rook, an' I wur force't to do a bit for mysel'. Thou'd ha' done th' same if thou'd bin theer. Well,—at th' end of o', th' Smo'bridge lad's wanted (upset) th' Marlan' cart into th' river, an' then they set to an' clear't th' felt wi' their pows; an' when things geet saddle't down a bit, I piked off, out o' th' dust, an' went up to 'Th' Hare an' Hounds,' to weet my whistle. Well; I geet croppen into th' kitchen, amung a rook o' chaps fro' th' moor-ends, an' theer I sit. Well; when it geet near th' edge o' dark, an' we'rn o' gettin' th' mettlesome side out, there coom in a rough-lookin' chap, wi' a hairy cap on, an' he began o' camplin' about warts, an' doctor's stuff, an' sich like. I hearken't his talk a good while; but I could make noather top nor tail on him. He said he

wur born a bit aboon 'Keb Coit,' but he laft theer when he wur a lad ; an' I can believe it, too, for they'n never let yon mon stop lung together i' one spot. He looked to me a sort of a hauve-breed between a gipsy an' a rantin' parson,—mixed with a bit o' bull-an'-tarrier. I axed him what trade he wur ; an' he said his faither wur a yarb-doctor, an' did a bit at butchers' skewer makin' ; his mother rule't planets, an' tow'd fortin', an' sich as that ; an' he'd bin brought up to pills, his-sel', but he're agate o' worms at present. It seems he'd had a stall i'th' market, but he'd sowd up o' his powders an' stuff, nobbut some oddments 'at he had in his pockets, an' he'd let us have 'em chep, as he'd a good way to go. Th' best stuff 'at ever wur, for aught i'th' inside,—particular worms. There never wur a worm i' this world 'at could ston it. Well ; we'd some rare gam wi' him, for he wur about as quare a cowl as ever I set een on ; an' he goster't up an' down th' hole, an' talked sich keaw-slaver 'at I could hardly howd for flingin' a pot at him. But th' owd lad began o' takkin' his drink raither too fast, till, at th' end of o', he dropt sound asleep in a cheer i'th' nook, an' began o' snorin', like a reawsty coffee-mill i' full wark. But what capt everybody i'th' hole wur that though he're sound asleep, wi' one e'e shut,

as close as pasted papper, tother e'e wur laft wide oppen, starin' straight at a ham 'at hung upo' th' ceilin'. At first I thought he're winkin', but I soon fund out 'at it weren't a gradely wink; an' it made a cowl crill run through me, fro' yed to fuut, for, by th' mon, he did look flaysome! Th' folk i'th' kitchin wur th' same; one o' two supt up, an' crope out; an' tother began o' sattlin' down, an' whisperin' to one another. Some said he're nobbut makin' gam on us, an' othersome said 'at he'd forgotten to shut his left e'e when he fell asleep. At last one on 'em jumped up, an' he said, 'Ston fur; I'll saddle this job, o' somehow! An' then he went an' shaked him, an' said, 'Now then, owd lad! Doesto yer! Wakken a minute! If thou wants to have a bit of a snooze, do it gradely,—an' put o' thi shuts up! Doesto yer; thou's laft thi left e'e oppen!' Wi' that he wakken't up a bit, an' oppen't his tother e'e, an' he grunted out, 'O' reet!'—an' then he thrut (threw) his yed back, an' dropt asleep again, wi' his mouth wide oppen, an' th' odd e'e starin' straight up at th' ham, th' same as before. . . . Well; by th' mon, I began o' feelin' ill. Bill o' th' Husted Nook sit th' next to me, an' he whisper't i' my ear, 'Dan; I'm off! That chap's some'at to do wi' th' owd lad!' An' off he went. An' we o' sit

theer, starin' at this chap, and talkin' together in a low keigh. An' one said to th' lond-lort, 'If I wur thee, Joe, I'd shift that ham ;' an' another said, 'I'll tell yo what, lads, I don't know what to make o' this chap ; but it's my belief 'at he's one o' thoose 'at never dar shut both een at once.' At last, I could ston it no longer ; so I went quietly up to him, an' boked my finger at this oppen e'e,—but it noather winked nor stirred. Wi' that I touched it. It wur as hard as brazzil ! An' I shouted out, 'By Guy, lads, it's made o' glass !' An' as I wur givin' a bit of a caper, I happen't to come slap down upo' this chap's toe wi' my shoon. An' then,—by the hectum, Jone,—thou should ha' sin what a dust there wur kick't up i' that hole, in about have a minute ! I never see'd nobry better wakken't than that chap wur ! He sprang out o' th' cheer as if he'd bin fire't out of a gun ; an' he coom at me, tickle-butt, th' yed first, ram-bazz, again th' bottom end o' mi waistcoat, like a cannon bo'. It took mi breath a bit—but I coom to ; an' then we wur up an' down that hole, out o' one nook into another, o' mixed up together, pots, an' ale, an' cinders, an' folk,—thou never see'd sich a row sin' thou're born ! Well ; I'd some'at to do to bant him ; for he're as swipper as a kitlin',

an' as strung as a lion ; but, I leet him taste o' mi shoon, now an' then,—an' I began o' 'liverin' bits o' parcels, one after another, about th' end of his nose,—carriage paid ; —an', in a bit, I brought him round to my way o' thinkin',—an' he seem't to awter his mind about things o' at once,—for he started o' givin' o'er ; an' he looked at me wi' his odd e'e,—tother e'e had gan o'er lookin' for that day,—he looked at me, an' he said, ' Drop it ! ' Well, thou knows, Jone, some folk takken a deeol o' convartin' ; an' if yo cannot get at their consciences, there's nought for it but warmin' their shins. But I can tell tho. one thing,—that lad wur quite a change't character when I'd done with him."

" An' how did he goo on wi' his worm-powders ? "

" Nay ; I yerd no moore about that. I left him sit i'th' nook, as quiet as a mouse, feelin' up an' down his clooas for brass for another pint. . . . But, I think thou's had enough for one do. I'll tell tho moore when we meeten again. I mun be off to th' hay-feelt ; so I'll bid tho good day ! "

" Good day to tho, Dan ! "

(Away goes DAN, singing.)

" In come the jolly mowers,
To mow the meadows down ;

The Worm Doctor.

201

With budgets, and with bottles
Of ale, so stout an' brown ;
All hearty lads, of courage bold,
They come their strength to try ;
They sweat, an' blow, an' cut, an' mow,
For the grass is very dry.





THE GOBLIN LOVERS.



"And many another goblin tale
May, perhaps, be just as true."

—BLOOMFIELD.

IT was a weird-looking November night. The clock of Rochdale old church struck nine, and the chimes began to play "Sandy o'er the lea"—wheezing a little here, and stammering a little there—like an old man struggling with a song. Straggled masses of white cloud were scudding wildly across the sky, into the south-east, between which the moon threw chequered fits of pensive light upon the old church, and the worn gravestones around. There was something unusually sombre about the night, which seemed to subdue all ordinary sounds of life. The wind came through the vicarage trees with mournful sough, and the fallen leaves whirled audibly about the

dwellings of the dead. In a shady nook of the churchyard, two lovers stood shivering by the side of an old tombstone.

"Eh, Jem," said Mary, tucking her shawl under her chin, "it's very cowl. I mun be gooin'. If my mother knowed I wur here hoo'd be as mad as a wasp. Beside, it's gettin' late, an' I've some things to iron afore I go to bed. Hoo said mich an' moore tother day that if ever hoo yerd o' thee an' me meetin' again hoo'd brun mi clooas."

"Well, let her brun 'em," said Jem; "let her brun 'em—if hoo's short o' firin'. I care nought for thi clooas. Onybody may ha' th' shell, Mary—if they'n lev me th' krindle (kernel). An' if hoo does brun thi clooas, come thi ways to me, an' I'll find tho summat to put on, thou'll see."

"Eh, Jem," said Mary, "don't talk sich stuff! Our folk are so quare wi' me that I cannot sleep at neet for thinkin' about it; and yo'r folk are just as ill. Tother day I met thi mother down i'th' fowd, and hoo shaked her fist at me, an' hoo said, 'Thou doesn't need to set thi cap at yon lad o' mine, thou little snicket! We'n bin hag-ridden lung enough wi' one an' another on yo'! Thou's never have him! We wanten nought to do wi' folk o' a boggart-breed!' An' then hoo towed me i'th' oppen street about

my great-gronmother bein' hanged for a witch."

"Never mind her, Mary," said Jem; "never mind her. Hoo *is* my mother, sure enough; but hoo deserv't throttlin' for sayin' sich a thing. But, never mind her. I'd ha' tho, sitho, Mary, ay, if 'Th' Owd Lad' wur thi' faithur! . . . But, yo'r folk are just th' same wi' me. I let o' yo'r Sam i'th' 'White Hart' dur-hole tother day, an' he said, 'Keep thi een off me! I want no truck wi' nought belungin' th' lower shop! Thi faither rule't planets, an' tow'd fortin'—an' thi mother's noan o' theer; an' yo're o' of a dark mixtur' together, seed, breed, and generation; so keep o' thi own side; and if ever I catch thee talkin' to our Mary again, it'll ha' to be thee an' me for it!' Well, thou knows, Mary, if he hadn't bin thi own brother I'd ha' had a bit of a do wi' him as soon as look at it; but, as it wur him, I kept my tung between my teeth, an' leet him have it to his-sel'. It wur hard wark, too, I can tell tho. If it had bin onybody else I'd ha' warm't his ear-hole."

"Eh, Jem, we're quarely fixed o' both sides. It looks very hard that folk should ha' to suffer for what's bin done bi thoose 'at went afore 'em. . . . I'm sure my life's quite miserable. . . . But, let's not talk about it. It makes me o' goose-flesh."

"Well," said Jem, "thou'll come to-morn at neet, then?"

"Ay," said Mary, tucking her shawl about her, "I'll be here at eight o'clock."

"Well, come on then," said Jem. "I'll go down th' church-steps; thou'd better go through th' gates,—an' then nobody'll know."

And away they sauntered across the grave-stones.

Before they were well out of sight, two heads popped up from behind the wall, near where they had been standing.

"Are they gone?" said one.

"Keep still a minute," said the other. "They're off. Now, we'n have a bit of a prank wi' yon two, if thou's a mind."

And the thoughtless mischief-makers laid their heads together, and chuckled with delight as they walked away, considering how they could most effectually defeat the intended meeting, and trouble the troubled hearts of the simple pair, whose love for each other was already painfully mingled with superstitious fears; which were constantly fed by the bitter prejudices and unfeeling ignorance of their friends on each side.

The two conspirators were well acquainted with the girl's brother, who was the deadly foe of her unhappy swain; and he entered into the plot they had laid with malicious

delight. With him they arranged that she should be carefully imprisoned in the house on the night of the promised meeting. Through him, also, they obtained a dress, and a shawl of hers, in which they disguised one of themselves, whose face they painted with blue rings round the eyes, and with such a generally hideous and ghastly effect that the rude artist suddenly flung down his brush, and said, "By th' mon, I'll do no moore at thee! I'm gettin' freeten't mysel'!"

On the following night, as the old church clock struck "the trysted hour," the disguised conspirator was at his post, leaning against a tombstone, in the shady corner of the churchyard, with his face muffled in Mary's shawl. Before the last stroke had boomed from the church tower, poor Jem made his appearance on the other side of the churchyard. With a mind full of unhappy forebodings, and naturally inclined to unearthly fancies, he trod the gravestones as if he was afraid to waken the dead. With fluttering heart he quickened his steps when he saw the figure leaning upon the tombstone in the corner; and, as he drew near, he whispered, "Mary, I'm just i' time!" "Just i' time!" replied the other, uncovering his hideous face to the pale moonlight, and advancing to meet the approaching swain.

In one wild flush, the latent superstitions and smouldering fears which had haunted him so long, overwhelmed the unhappy lover's mind ; and, with a fearful cry, he turned and fled—across the churchyard, and down the steps, and through the town, until he reached his mother's cottage. Rushing in, with his pale face bathed in cold sweat, he hastily barred the door behind him, and dropping into a chair, he cried, "Mother, it's o' true ! Thank God we are not wed !"

And they never were wed.

The poor fellow was seized with brain fever. After his recovery, he took ship for America, and was never again seen in his native land ; and Mary lived and died in forlorn loneliness, the unhappy victim of wanton mischief and ignorant superstition.





DEET NO PAPPER.



[*Autumn evening.*—JONE O' WOGGY'S and BILLY
MINTCAKE *coming down the moorside.*]

"**I**'LL tell tho what, Bill; there's some
foos laft i'th' world, yet."
"Well,—ay,—there's thee an'
me, for a start."

"Speighk for thisel', Bill."

"I have spokken for misel',—an' for thee
too. To th' best o' my thinkin', Jone,—
wherever yo finden folk yo'n find foos."

"Well; it's th' likeliest shop to seech for
'em in, as how 'tis."

"It is, owd lad; an' if yo leeten of ony-
body at o', yo cannot go wrang; for I
believe there isn't a wick soul i' this world 'at
hasn't a foo-side."

"I doubt it is so, Bill."

"Ay, marry is't. Thou'rt noan o'er-breet

thisel', Jone; or else thou'd ne'er ha' bin trodden on as thou has bin."

"Happen not."

"Thou'rt noan quite up to concert-pitch, my lad."

"I dar say."

"I tell tho, thou'rt a slate or two short, owd brid."

"I shouldn't wonder, Bill. But thou con happen lend me one or two o' thine."

"I've noan to spare, Jone; an' if I had thou wouldn't know what to do wi' 'em."

"Why, then, I'm just as weel without. But, I'll tell tho what,—I wish thou'd let mi slates alone. They bother'n thee moore nor they bother'n me."

"I know that. Thou'll keep hawmplin' an' slutterin' through it, onyhow,—till thou comes to the shuntin'-spot,—an' then we's yer no moore about tho."

"It matters nought if one's content, does it?"

"Happen not; but folk say'n they're content, sometimes, when they are not quite content."

"Well,—it goes again th' grain to be ta'en in, as thou says, for sure; but do what yo wi'n, mon, yo connot tent o' sides at once, in a world like this."

"Nawe, yo connot, Jone. It's like livin'

in a whisket-ful o' ferrets, sometimes. Tak it o'together it's noan sich a feaw world at o',—but, here an' theer, there's a quare bit of a nook in't,—an' folk that rooten amung varmin are sure to get bitten titter or later (sooner or later). . . . So thou didn't get saddle't wi' owd Fullocker, didto?"

"Not I, marry; nor no signs on't."

"I'll tell tho what, Jone; thou mun keep thi een upo' th' fogle-man while thou'rt agate wi' him, for he's as slippy as a snig, an' as keen as a clemmed foomart. He wouldn't make two bites of a chap like thee."

"Oh, I could ha' saddle't wi' him in a minute if I'd ha' letten him have his own road."

"Ay, marry: thou may saddle wi' the dule his-sel' upo' that fuutin'."

"Well; I're i' twenty minds to let him have his fling; for I make no 'count o' sich like shammockin' wark; an' I wanted to get rid on him, an' go mi' own gate."

"Well; an' it would ha' bin happen as well. But, my advice to thee is this,—deet no papper."

"Bi th' heart, Bill; I connot do that, except I fling th' ink-bottle at it,—for I con noather read nor write."

"Thou connot read! By the mon, that had clen slipt my mind. Thou'rt in a bonny

pickle, owd craiter. But I'd like to bin th' same misel'; for, when I're a lad, we'd no books; an' we'd nought to spare for schoo'-wage, for it wur hard-peighlin' for us o' to raise as mich as would keep body an' soul together. That wur i' 'barley times,' thou knows. Ay,—we'd noather books nor brass to spare; so, when we'd had an hour or two to spare, mi faither use't to tak me up an' down th' streets, and larn me to read off the alehouse signs. That's wheer I geet my larnin'. Thou met do th' same. I'll goo wi' 'tho onytime, an' gi' tho a bit of a lesson. I geet on very weel at first,—for I wur olez a good un at takkin' things in; but, at th' latter end there wur a lung spell of weet weather coom on; an' every time a shower o' rain started, mi faither gav o'er readin' th' sign, an' he popped inside to get a gill; an' that put an end to o' mi schooin', as fur as mi faither wur concarn't. But after that I took it up o' misel',—an' I powler't up an' down, readin' everything 'at I coom at,—an' what wi' th' signs, an' tomb-stones, an' bits o' readin' upo' th' carts, an' sich like, I geet quite a dab hond at last; an' now I've a two-thre books o' mi own—an' I root into 'em now an' then, for a bit of a leetenin.' . . . So, thou cannot read! Bi th' ounters, Jone, thou'rt as ill-shackle't as Dody o' Snicket's!

I pept in at his dur-hole tother day to ax if he'd had ony word o' their Jack; an' he said, 'Ay; we'n had a letter from him;' an' he code o' their Sam to bring him th' letter. So Sam brought him th' letter; an' Dody sprad it out, an' he said, 'Now then, Bill, I'll read it to tho'. Well, that capt me, thou knows, for I knew very weel that he didn't know th' difference between a B an' a bull's foot. But I soon fund him out. Thou sees, he'd had this letter up an' down th' fowd o' day, gettin' first one and then another to read it for him, till at last he'd gettin it off bi heart. Well; when Sam brought him th' letter, he sprad it out, an' began o' pretendin' to read it; but I pept o'er his shoolder, an', bi th' mass, he'd gotten it th' wrang side up. So I said to him, 'Howd, Dody, howd; thou's gotten it th' wrang side up, mon!' Well; he wapt it round in a minute, an' he said, 'It's noan o' my faut; I have it as our Sam gav' it mo; *thou sees he's lift-honded!* . . . But that's noather here nor theer. We wur talkin' about this bit o' th' scog 'at thou has agate wi' owd Fullocker; an' my advice to thee, again, Jone, is this: deet (mark, soil) no papper about nought at o'. Mi faither wur about as fause a chap as ever I let on; an' when I coom to be groon up to a lusty chap, he said to me, 'Bill; mind what I'm beawn to tell tho.

Whatever else thou does, deet thee no papper,
an' then thou'll be o' th' reet side for runnin'.
Let other folk deet as mich as they'n a mind;
but deet thee noan! ' That's what mi faither
towd me. Eh, mon; I've sin sich pranks
played wi' bits o' papper 'at a cowl shiver
comes o'er me every time 'at I look at a
sheet; so, once for o' I tell tho again, Jone,
—*deet thee no papper!* "

"Now then, here we are at th' 'Moor Cock,'
thou sees. Are we to co', or how?"

"I could do wi' an odd tot."

"Come in, then."





LOBSCOUSE.




"Which side are yo feightin' for, maister?" says I.
Says he, "I'm noan tickle at o'."

—WINDLE NICK.

"Keep thick wi' that 'ats naught, an' that 'ats aught 'll
never hurt yo."—NORTHERN PROVERB.

[BILLY BEBFLOCK and OWD BETONY *smoking, on a
bench, at a cottage door.*]

" TELL tho, Bill, it wur as bonny a
bit o' branglement as ever I clapt
een on,—while it lasted."

"It's bin meeterly lively, for sure, seeminly.
How did it get agate, saysto?"

"Well, thou sees, Buttercup an' Owd
Quarrel hannot bin gradely thick sin' thar-
cake time,—an' it's o' about that lass o' Posy
Matty's,—her 'at they co'n 'Pratty Strider.'
Well—th' last Cow Fair Day, Owd Quarrel
happen't to be stonnin' in his gronmother's
dur-hole, at th' side of a greight mug-ful o'

churn-milk, as Buttercup coom swingin' by wi' a curly-yure't dog under his arm; an' Quarrel couldn't find in his heart to let him go past quietly."

"Now then, Floppermouth," said Quarrel, "whose dog hasto stown this time?"

"Well,—thou knows—Buttercup's a greight wutherin', lung-legged chap, but he's nobbut a short temper, so he made no moore ado, but he whipt th' dog fro' under his arm, an' dipt it into th' churn-milk, an' then he slat Owd Quarrel bang i'th' face wi' th' weet dog; an' for a minute or two he never oppen't his lips, but kept agate, first stirrin' th' churn-milk up wi' th' dog, then floppin' it at Owd Quarrel's chops again—like a white-limer i' full wark."

"An' what wur Quarrel doin' o' this time?"

"Oh, he kept his shoon upo' th' swing like a mon, I'll uphowd to."

"I thought he'd be somewheer about, thou knows."

"Ay, ay, marry. He'll ax for nought better than a bit of a feight. . . . Well—as I wur tellin' tho. Th' dog yeawl't, an' th' churn-milk splash't reet an' left, an' they thunge't an' peel (pelted) at one another, full bat; but, as Buttercup swang th' dog round his yed—like a battle-axe—th' weet tail slipt through his fingers, an' th' dog flew slap

through 'Owd Tabernacle's' tay-shop window. Out coom Tabernacle an' th' wife, an' o' th' folk i'th' fowd; an' at it they went, hommer and tungs—every mon feightin' for his-sel'! . . . Now then, what comes here?"

(PARSLEY DICK, *coming down the fold, whistling, with a plucked chicken slung over his shoulder.*)

"Hello, Dick; what's that bit o' th' tanklin' thou's gotten thrut o'er thi shoolder?"

"It's a cock-chicken, owd lad?"

"What arto for wi't?"

"I'm beawn t' ha' this brid to mi tay—an' then I'll go for a sodiur."

"Here—dunnot make a gommeril o' thisel'—becose thou doesn't need. Come, keawer (cower) tho down—an' talk to some sense. Wheer dost reckon to be gooin' to?"

"Well—if thou wants to know both th' hare an' th' hare-gate—I'm gooin' wi' this bit o' th' brid, an' a pot o' black curran' preserves, an' a bottle o' elder-fleawer wine, an' hauve-a-suvverin', fro' our mistress down to Owd Ben's wife, at 'Th' Swine Rootin' Bar,' you—doesto yer that, now?"

"What's to do wi' her?"

"Why, hoo's laid up, is th' owd lass; an' hoo's gradely ill this time, too. It's mich if hoo's gets o'er it."

"Let's see; hoo use't to be a sarvant up at th' ho', didn't hoo?"

"Yigh, hoo did—but's it's aboon forty year sin'. It wur i'th' owd folks' time. Hoo nurse't this yunger end on 'em, fro' bein' chylt-little; an' now, thou knows, they looken after th' owd woman a bit."

"An' nought but reet, noather."

"Nawe, it isn't. Oh, they'n see 'at hoo's nought short."

"I tell tho what; there's a deeol o' folk ill, just now."

"Ay, there is, for sure."

"They're mostly owd folk, too."

"Ay, they are. I reckon that when they'n turn't threescore it's time for 'em to look out, for they'n very nee deawn't their cut."

"Ay, ay, marry. Neet brings th' crows whoam, thou knows; an' when th' back-end o' th' year comes, th' leeovs mun fo'."

"As thou says, Bill,—as thou says. . . . How's owd Doldrum's wife gooin' on?"

"Her yed's gan o'er warchin' at last."

"Oh, ay. What has hoo ta'en for't?"

"It's what they co'n 'quietness.'"

"Some mak of a yarb, I guess?"

"If it be a yarb, it mun be 'ground-ivy.'"

"Ground-ivy, eh? Is that yarb good for th' yed-warche?"

"Ay; an' for th' heart-warche an' o'. Hoo

nobbut took one dose, an' hoo's never complain't sin'."

"Ground-ivy! I's be like to try this 'ground-ivy.'"

"Thou'll ha' to try it some day, whether thou likes or not,—th' same as everybody else."

"How's that?"

"Hoo's deed, mon,—doesn'to see?—hoo's deed an' buried."

"Thou never says! By th' mass, that is 'ground-ivy' with a vengeance!"

"Yigh. Th' owd craiter's flitted,—an', I doubt, hoo'll pay no rent for th' house 'at hoo's ta'en this time."

"Ay, ay! Hoo's off th' rate-book at last, then, is hoo? Nawe; hoo'll pay no rent down theer, Bill."

"I doubt not. But, whether hoo does or not, they'n never send th' bailies into that hole."

"It's mich if they done, Bill. But then, thou sees, there's nought to sell up, or else."

"Well, nawe,—there's nought to speigk on. If it wur o' put up to th' hommer it wouldn't fot (fetch) mich, for sure."

"Nawe, it wouldn't. Poor owd Mall! Hoo's out o' th' gate o' th' carts, now."

"Ay; it's a very quiet nook, down theer, for sure. Hoo'll not be trouble't wi' mony folk co'in' a-seein' her, noather."

"Not if they can help it, Bill, not if they can help it."

"Poor owd craiter! Hoo's bin bedfast a good while."

"Ay; hoo'll have had about ten year on't, as far as I can judge."

"I guess hoo has. What, hoo'll be turn't fourscore?"

"Every minute, Bill, every minute. Owd Doldrum wur kilt just nineteen year sin', come Candlemas; I remember it as if it wur to-day."

"Poor owd Mall! Hoo'd a hard poo through after th' owd chap dee'd. I remember 'em tellin' me about a parson co'in' a-seein' her; an' it seems this chap bother't an' talked to her about one thing an' another till hoo geet quite daze't i'th' yed; an' at last he axed her if hoo kept the Commandments. 'Eh, maister,' said Mall, 'to tell yo God in heaven's truth, *it's as mich as ever I can do to keep mysel'!*' Well, wi' that, th' owd lad weren't content, but he at her again, about God, an' the devil, an' which on 'em hoo wur for,—an' sich like,—till owd Mall hardly knowed which wur which; an' hoo tow'd him that there were a time when hoo noather fear't God nor devil; but that now hoo wur thick wi' 'em both. Well,—that didn't suit, noather,—an' he tow'd her, mich an' moore

that hoo mutn't ha' nought to do wi' th' devil, o' no shap. 'But, eh, maister,' said owd Mall, *'I cannot help feelin' soory for him sometimes, for he's a feaw life on't, bi o' acceawnts.'* Well, this wur noan reet, noather; an' th' parson tow'd her that it sarve't him reet for what he'd done,—an' sich like,—an' come what would, hoo mut (must) drop o' connections wi' the devil, for he'd never do her no good. 'Well, maister,' said owd Mall, *'I thought I wur doin' reet, yo known; becose a body cannot tell which on 'em they may ha' to do wi' at th' end of o'.'*"

Poor owd Mall! . . . Well,—I think I'll be hutchin' a bit fur up."

"Arto for gooin', then?"

"Ay."

"What's o' thi hurry?"

"Well,—I'm o' th' wrang side o' mi' baggin'."

"O' reet; off witho!"

"At after I've 'liver't this stuff, an' gotten' mi' baggin', I'll come an' have a bit of a conk wi' yo'."

"That's reet, owd brid!"





A POOR SWAP.



[*Summer evening. SNAFFLE O' THATCHER'S and OLD SAM, the landlord, have just climbed the hill. BETTY, who has seen them coming up, in the distance, has spread out the "Baggin'" upon the table. SAM sits down at the table.*]

"**B**Y th' mass, Snaffle," said Sam, wiping his face, "it's bin a stiff poo up that broo."

"Thou'rt so fat, mon."

"Fat! I'm nobbut eighteen stone. Thou should ha' sin my faither; he wur two-an'-twenty,—an' as limber as a snig. Fat! Yo cannot ha' good meight (meat) beawt fat. Ax Owd Boswell, th' butcher, an' he'll tell tho. As for thee, thou'rt o' gristle, an' jumpin'-pows. If thou wur render't down, they wouldn't get as mich fat out on tho as would grace (grease) a wheel-barrow trindle. It'd be like stewin' a lot o' fire-irons. There isn't stuff enough for a tallow-candle i' whole

bugth (bigness, bulk) on tho, fro' yed to fuut. When thou dees we'n ha' tho hommer't out, an' made into coffin-plates."

"Ay; but yo'n happen need thoose afore I'm ready."

"We happen sha'n, lad."

(SAM looks at the table.)

"Hello; what han we here? Is this o' for me?"

"To be sure it is," replied Betty.

"What, an' art thou for havin' noan, then?"

"I've had mine."

"An' what wur tho i' sich a splutter for? Thou met (might) ha' waited a bit."

"Well, Sam, if I'd thought thou'd ha' bin back by now, I would ha' waited; but thou knows thou'rt noan to reckon on when thou gets into yon town. I never lippen't o' seein' tho again afore th' edge o' dark. If it had bin th' 'Rushbearin'' thou wouldn't ha' lounded afore to-morn."

"Nawe I shouldn't, owd lass; an' happen not then. But that's noather here nor theer. I hate gettin' my baggin' by mysel'. Is there nob'dy else i'th' house nobbut thee an' me, thinksto?"

"Nawe; there's nob'dy nobbut Snaffle, theer."

"Well; an' if thou'll tak a good look at that lad thou'll find that he's a nick under his nose,—an' not a little un, noather. Connot he have a bit wi' mo?"

"Sure he con,—if he wants."

"Wants; look at him! Didto ever see him when he didn't want? Bring another set o' tools? What, we're noan beawn to ha' th' lad clemmed in a Christian country, belike! . . . Theer; now thou shaps! Come, Snaffle, owd dog; poo up, an' fo' to. Thou sees what there is."

"Ay, reitch to," said Betty. "Th' brade's whoam-baked; an' that's a bit o' good cow-butter,—I made it mysel',—an' there's some fresh-poo'd sallet theer, an' some cowl beef, an' some cheese,—so reitch to, an' dunnot be ailo (shy),—for I'm nobbut a poor hond at laithin' (inviting)."

"Hasto no oon-cake?"

"Plenty! Come, I'll fotch it. . . . Theer, now; reitch to."

"So thou bargain't wi' Sniggle, i'th' end, didto?"

"Ay; but it wur a hard job, Sam; he's so keen-bitten, mon."

"He's as keen as a Greenlan' winter!"

"An' I'll tell tho what, Sam, I think they're noan so partial to him down yon."

"Nawe, by Guy, they aren't that! An' I don't wonder at it; for he's a chap 'at'll soon wear his welcome out,—go where he will. There moore laughin' at th' seet of his heels nor there is at th' seet of his toes."

"I doubt there's some'at wrang wi' his inside, Sam."

"By th' mass, he never wur reet in his inside, yet."

"Ay; but he looks to me as if he'd fo'n off terribly this year or two back."

"Well, ay; his clooas are out-thrivin' his carcase, very fast; an' let 'em thrive on, say I."

"There's folk at'll be war (worse) missed nor him, Sam."

"Ay, marry is there! as for me,—he may dee when he will,—I's cry noan! . . . Come, reitch to!"

"O' reet, Sam; I'm doin' very weel. That's a bit o' prime beef."

"Well, go at it, then; an' need no moore tellin'; an' get some'at onto thoose lantern-ribs o' thine!"

"O' reet. I'll have a bit moore o' this fat. . . . Eh, I'll tell tho what, Sam, I think mony a time about th' days when we were o' schoo'-lads together, down i'th' fowd."

"Ay; an' so do I. I remember thee an' me, we used to tak er (our) dinners wi' us

when we set off in a morning; an' I used to finish mine mony a time, long afore it geet noon. Little Billy Butt went to schoo' at th' same time; an' he'd very seldom ony dinner with him, poor lad; he wur badly clemmed. I've sin him pike peigh-swads out o' th' swillin'-tub mony a time. An' never a breeter nor a better lad drew breath than Billy. I remember one time, my mother had set me off to schoo' i'th' mornin', wi' a greight fayberry-cake (gooseberry) under my arm, for my dinner; an' when dinner-time coom, I wur sit i'th' schoo', heightin' (eating) this cake; an' Billy kept watchin' us o' agate of er dinners,—an' he kept maunderin' about, like a starve't ratton, wi' not a bite to put into his mouth, poor lad! till, at last, he could ston it no longer, an' he coom quietly up to me, an' he said, 'Sam; if thou'll let me bite o' thy fayberry-cake, I'll gi' tho two pot-marbles, an' a bell-button, an' *I'll let tho look at mi sore toe.*' Poor Billy; it wur o' that he had! . . . Thou'll remember Owd Nanny Shackleton's toffy-shop, I guess?"

"Me! Eh, ay; I should think I do. I like as if I can see Owd Nanny just now, sit i' th' nook, wi' a lung pipe in her mouth, an' a white cap on her yed, teed round wi' a piece o' black ribbin; an' a little table bi her side, wi' a Bible, an' some baum-tay on it; an' th'

cat asleep upo' th' hearth. Eh, mony a time, when I've gone in a-buyin' some'at,—traycle-toffy, happen, or a haw'p'ny tak-up,—hoo's gan me a hondful o' nuts to fotch her some 'bacco. Poor Owd Nanny! Eh, it wur a grand shop, too, wur that toffy-shop, i' thoose days. Th' ceilin' wur o' cover't wi' dried yarbs, an' cake-brade; an' close again th' dur-cheek, there wur a greight bottle o' smo'-drink, at a haw'p'ny a pint. There wur a wooden spiggit i'th' bottle, an' it stoode a-top of an empty butter-tub. Upo' th' little counter, there wur a tin full o' traycle-toffy; an' another full of Indy Rock; an' another wi' mint-cake in it; an' there wur a glass bottle full o' humbugs—two for a haw'p'ny; an' at th' end of o', there wur a pile o' thar-cake. An' as for th' window,—it's moore nor I can reckon up. I use't to think that there wur everything 'at wur needed i' this world i' that window. There were comfits, an' marrables, an' gingerbrade dogs, an' clewkin', an' volentines, an' Jack-jumpers, an' tak-ups, an' penny moufins, an' seed-beads, a haw'p'ny a thimbleful,—thoose wur for th' lasses,—an' there were crackers, an' dolls, an' kites, an' tin-whistles, an' rick-racks, an' kissin's,—an' the dule knows what. An' there wur red-yerrin', an' peighs, an' 'bacco-pipes,—an' as for th' haw'p'ny books,—by th' mass,"——

"Here, come; afore tho goes ony fur;
wiltu have ony moore o' this beef?"

"Not another toothful, Sam; I've done
weel!"

"Here, then, lass; thou may side these
things."





“HE’S COMIN’ TO!”

[*Time, summer evening.—Scene, the old kitchen.—*
Persons, SNAFFLE O’ THATCHER’S and SAM,
the landlord, smoking by the fire; BETTY, on
the opposite side, knitting.]

“**C**RAND groo-weather, Sam.”

“It’s nought else. We’n the finest yarb (herb, grass) i’ yon top meadow, this time, ’at ever I clapt een on!”

“Hast ony ’bacco?”

“Here; help thisel’. . . Hasto sin owd Tharcake lately?”

“Ay; I’re gooin’ by th’ dur tother neet, as he sit i’th’ shippin, milkin’, at th’ edge o’ dark, an’ he code out, ‘Now then, what’s o’ thi hurry? Han yo a labbor agate, or some’at? Come, keawer (cower) tho down a bit, an’ let’s have a conk!’ So I geet my ’bacco’ out, an’ poo’d up a milkin’-stoo’ an’

he ga' me a droight (draught) o' afterin's; an' theer we set, crackin' about owd times, till th' owl-leet had gone; an' then I nipt up, an' took my gate whoom, i'th' dark, o'er th' knowe, an' across th' 'Thisley Feelt,' an' just afore I coom to 'Th' Pedler's Nook, down i'th' 'Fir Grove,' as sure as I'm a livin mon, I oather see'd Clegg Ho' Boggart or the dule his-sel'!"

"It'd be th' latter chap, I dar say. He's bin a good deeol upo' yo'r side lately. But, I tell tho what, Snaffle; thou'rt terribly gan to boggarts. How is it?"

"Oh,—thou'd be so, too, if thou'd bin brought up amung 'em, th' same as I have. I guess thou never sees noan?"

"Well,—yigh—I catch't one, once; an' that's moore nor ever thou did, I think."

"Nawe; I never did. I matter havin' nought to do wi' 'em. If they'n keep off me, I'll keep off thame."

"Well, but I tell tho' I catch't this, one dark neet, bi th' scuft o' th' neck, an' I warm't it shins for it, an' then I took it bi th' slack o' th' breeches, an' chuck't it into th' poand an' I never see'd a boggart swim better than that swam i' o' my born days! An', mindto it took care to lond o' th' fur side fro' me; an' as soon as ever it coom to a bit o' dry lond, it just ga' one look back, an' then it

played for another township, as hard as it could pelt; and thou may make thisel' sure about one thing, owd lad—*that* boggart's never bin back into this quarter sin' then."

"Oh, never tell me! It's noan bin o' th' same breed as they are our gate on, or else, bi th' heart, it'd ha' ta'en *thee*,—an' it'd ha' come'd back for moore."

"Well, I don't know. But I can tell tho what breed this wur, to a yure. It're Bill o' Pobs 'at had bin playin' his marlocks, neet after neet, about th' shippon, yon, till I couldn't get one of our folk to goo out after dark. But, I laid *that* boggart, for one; an' th' next time I leet on't, I'll lay it again,—if my shoon stops on!"

"Bill o' Pobs! oh, go look! I could lay haue-a-dozen sich as him, mysel'! I'm noan fleyed of nought 'ats gradely wick; but it's th' tother mak at gets o'er me. Mon, we noather known where they come'n fro', nor what they wanten, nor what they're made on."

"Mostly moonshine, owd lad, I think."

"Well,—thou may think so; but, it's a mak' o' moonshine 'at doesn't agree wi' me."

"But *that* wur noan made o' moonshine that I catch't, tother neet."

"Nawe, it weren't. But that's noather here nor theer. Sitho, Sam; noather thee

nor me knows what there is, an' what there isn't, between this world an' th' next. It's my opinion"—

"Here; howd te din! Sitho, Snaffle; if thy opinion wur a bit o' papper, I'd leet my pipe wi't,—th' same as I'm doin' wi' this. Thou's bin born under a knocky-kneed planet o' some mak. Let's drop it. It's no use talkin'. . . . Well; what's good wi' owd Tharcake?"

"I guess thou's yerd that his faither's deead?"

"Oh, ay. But what he'd gotten to good age. What, he'd be close upo' ninety."

'Ay; o' out."

"Ay, well; deein's no trouble to a mon at that time o' life. . . . Ay, ay; they keepen droppin' off, an' comin' on,—droppin off, an' comin' on. It's once a-piece for us, o' round. It'll be our kale (turn) in a bit, Snaffle."

"I guess it will. I can reckon about hauve-a-dozen 'at's dee'd upo' th' moorside within three week. There's 'Splash,' an' 'Kempy,' an' 'Dick-in-a-minute,'—as likely a mon as ever stept shoe-leather,—an' there's Thrutcher,"—

"Howd, stop! Thou may chalk 'Thrutcher' off! He's wick an' hearty! It's nobbut three days sin I sowd him a pig!"

"Sam; thou'rt wrang this time, if thou

never wur i' thi life afore. I tell tho he dee'd three week sin'; an' I wur axed to th' berrin', but I couldn't goo."

"Well, an' I tell tho, *I* wur axed to th' berrin',—an' I *did* goo. But it's nobbut three days sin' I sowd him a pig, for o' that!"

Sam; thou'rt lyin', belike."

"Snaffle: I never spoke a truer word sin' I'd a tung i' my yed. Ax our Betty."

"Ay," said Betty; "it's true, for sure."

"Betty," said Snaffle, "I can believe yo,—as a general thing,—but yo'n ta'en me bi th' face this time,—both on yo! Here, Sam; there's some'at at th' back o' this! Come, let me into th' inseet on't, afore we gone ony fur,—for I begin o' feelin' quare i' my yed!"

"That's nought fresh," said Sam. "But, come, if thou'll howd together a twothre minutes I'll tell tho how it wur. It wur a strange dooment,—there's no doubt about that. . . . Well, thou knows, I'd yerd on him bein' laid up, but I're fair gloppen't when they coom round a-laithin' to his berrin'. But, I thought I couldn't do less than goo an' see th' end o' th' owd brid, as him an' me had bin schoo' lads together; so, when th' time coom, I donned th' black 'at I geet when my faither dee'd, an' off I set. When I geet theer, I fund th' house full o' relations, an' owd friends,—donned i' sad-colour't clooas, an' o'

sit round, as quiet as mice, wi' sprigs o' rosemary, an' sich like, i' their honds; an' they kept blowin' their noses, an' shakin' their yeds, an' whisperin' to one another,—th' same as folk dun at sich times. 'Bill o' th' Crag' met me at th' dur-hole, wi' th' berrin' drink, an' I had a poo out o' th' tankard, o' twine't round wi' lemon-pill; an' then I took a cheer among th' rest. Thrutcher's wife wur sit bi th' fire, cryin', an' rockin' hersel' fro' side to side, wi' two or three neighbour women about her. Th' table wur spread wi' cheese, an' brade, an' butter, an' sallet, an' spice-cake, an' sich like; an' there wur a plateful o' 'bacco for th' smookers. Well; it wanted aboon an hour to th' startin'-time, so I let up (lighted up), an' a lot moor did th' same; an', afore lung, we'd a bonny reech i'th' hole. Th' corpse wur laid out in a reawm off at th' side, up four or five steps. In a bit Thrutcher's wife brast off into a gradely wuther o' cryin', an' hoo said, 'I think I'll have another look at him, afore they screw'n him up!' An' off hoo went up th' steps, wi' her hankitcher to her een.' 'Poor Matty,' said Daunt o' Peggy's, 'I'm soory for her, hoo taks it so ill!' In a minute or two, we yerd a great clatter i'th' reawm where he wur laid; an' Bill o' th' Crag said to his wife, 'Run thee up, an' see after yon poor craiter; hoo's fo'n, or some'at.

So Bill's wife went up th' steps, an' hoo looked in at dur-hole, an' hoo said, 'Matty, lass; whatever's to do?' 'Do!' cried Matty; 'This is a bonny come off! He's sittin' up, here; an' he wants some warm ale wi' ginger in it!' Well; an' so it turn't out. Th' lung an short on't wur he coom to; an afore nine days wur o'er, he wur powlerin' about th' moorside, gettin' wimberry. But he nobbut took it just i' time, for if he'd put it off have an hour longer, he'd ha' fund his-sel' i'th' wrong box."

"Well," said Snaffle, "that's capt my trash!"

"Ah," said Sam, "an' it capt th' berrin'-folk, too, I can tell tho! But it awter't (altered) th' shape o' their faces in a snift; and it ended in a brokken day for th' whole lot. . . . Hello; who comes here?"

(Enter BILLY TWITTER, singing.)

"Lither folk wi' their stomachs so dainty,
They wanten their proven made fine;
If it nobbut be good and there's plenty,
I'm never so tickle wi' mine;
When I've ploughed till I'm keen as a hunter,
A jug o' good ale bring me then,
Two pound-o' cow'd beef, and a jannock,—
You never set een on't again!"

"Hello, Belltinker, wheer has thou sprung fro'?"

" ' I am Saint George, that noble knight,
That oft has fought for England's right.
England's might, and England's main ;
Rise up, Bold Slasher, and fight again ! ' "

" Thou's bin i'th' 'Sun,' owd brid."

" Nay, but I've bin i'th' 'Th' Hauve Moon'
a while ; an' I went fro' theer into 'Th' Seven
Stars,' an' rare doin's we had."

" What hasto i' that poke ? "

" Porritch-powder."

" Well, come, poo up ; an' let's yer what
yo'n had agate."





HEART-SMITTEN.



[Time, summer evening.—Scene, the winding road leading up the moorside to the old inn.—Persons, SNAFFLE O' THATCHER'S, and OLD SAM, the landlord, on their way up.]

"**I**LL tell tho what, Sam; 'Th' Putty Lad's' as feelin' a felly as there is i' yon town."

"A daycent chap, very. He comes of a tender-hearted breed. Raither too mich so for th' sort o' folk there is gooin' i'th world, just now."

"There's no mouse-neests about him, Sam."

"Nawe; he's very good to read."

"There's some folk, Sam, that'll do no reet, nor tak (take) no wrang; but 'The Putty Lad' 'll do no wrang to nob'dy, if he knows it."

"He wouldn't wrang a ratton."

"Nawe, not if it bote him, he wouldn't."

An' he's as oppen-temper't a chap as ever I let on."

"Ay; an' as oppen-honded. He'd give his teeth away if he yerd of onybody 'at wanted a set."

"Ay, he would; an' he'd pay for 'em bein' put in. Sitho, Sam; if 'Th' Putty Lad' had bin about a quarter as keen as some folk he met (might) ha' bin drivin' his carriage, just now. But he's bin ta'en in of o' sides."

"Ay, he has. But th' owd lad seems quite comfortable about it. He taks it like a thing 'at mut (must) be. An' he keeps powlerin' on, at th' same bat, an' lettin' 'em do as they'n a mind wi' him; an' yo never yer a wrang word come out of his yed about nob'dy."

"Ill tell tho what, Sam; I'm sorry for that lad of his. Eh, his mother is some put about o'er him!"

"Ay, an' weel hoo may; for he's as nice a lad as ever bote off th' edge of a moufin'. It's a thousan' pities! I doubt he's done for, —dee when he will."

"I never see'd nob'dy so lapt up in a lass sin' I're born, as he is, poor lad!"

"Well, hoo's a hon'some lass, there's no doubt. But, they're noan reet sorted, mon. He's too fine-natur't for hur. Hoo wants one of a rougher mak. But, it's no use talkin'; likin's like leetenin',—there's nob'dy can tell

where it's beawn (going) to strike, nor what mak o' lumber it's beawn to do."

"Hoo doesn't care a hep for him, Sam."

"Not hoo. But hoo happen met (might) if he didn't care so mich for her."

"He'll never look o'er it, Sam."

"I doubt not. An' if he doesn't it'll kill his mother; for he's o' th' lad they han; an' hoo's fair bund up in him. They'n ta'en him o' up an' down, to an' fro, to try to wean his mind to some'at new. But, goo where he would, it wur o' th' same; every sound that he yerd, an' every seet that he see'd, brought her to his mind. An' mornin', noon, an' neet, his een wander't wearily, as if he wur lookin' for some'at that he couldn't find. He never talks about it; but he pines,—an' pines,—an' he'll pine away."

"It's a feaw (painful) life, Sam."

"It is that. There's nought worse to cure, when it gets so deep as that."

"That lad of Owd Crapple's wur just the same. His gronmother wur as poor as a crow; but hoo'd ha' sowd up, dish an' spoon, if hoo could ha' brought him to his-sel' again; an' one day, when hoo'd promised him this, an' that, an' tother, to cheer him up a bit, he turn't round i' bed, an' he said, 'It's no use, gronmother; yo cannot cure a brokken heart wi' gooseberry-puddin' an' new clooas!'"

"Ay; he're a bit touched; but he coom to i'th' end."

"He did, Sam."

"Ay; but it's stricken twelve wi' this son o' 'Th' Putty Lad's.'"

"Now; I never wur so ill ta'en to as that, Sam."

"Nawe; nor me noather. But, then, folk arèn't o' alike, mon."

"I guess not. Some are raither of a finer reed nor othersome. . . . But, come, owd lad; let's wind a bit! I'm gettin' warm under th' saddle! It's a stiffish poo up this broo! There's a nice conkin'-pleck bi' th' side o' th' well, here. What saysto?"

"Thou may just plez thy bonny sel'! I'm as warm as thee! Keawer tho down; an' let's pipe up! It's nice an' cool at th' side o' this well. . . . Th' moorside looks weel, doesn't it?"

"It does that! There'll be rare lot o' brids this time!"

"Ay; an' there'll be some stock o' wimberry, too, when 'Rushbearin'' gets o'er."

"I wish we'd some'at to sup, Sam."

"Well, there's th' well, here; an' it's as fine wayter as ever rindle't fro' a broo-side! Fill thi belly!"

"I don't like drinkin' dry wayter."

"Nawe, thou'd raither pay some'at for worse stuff."

"Well, an' if thou sowd nought nobbut wayter, Sam, thou'd ha' to shut up."

"I doubt I should. . . . Well, how didto goo on wi' Owd Sniggle?"

"Oh, he's as hard as brazzil! But I banted him i'th' end. I'll tell tho what, Sam; I don't think it's a wise plan to push for th' last penny in a bārgain; there's danger in it."

"Thou's hit th' nail this time, owd brid!"

"Have I spokken, Sam?"

"Ay, marry, hasto. But Sniggle's to greedy to part wi' th' smooke o' his porritch; an' he wur so when he wur a lad. What, thou'll remember him when we went to schoo' together i'th' fowd?"

"Ay; I should think I do! I remember gooin' wi' him once into owd Nanny Shackleton's toffy-shop, a-buyin' a hawp'orth o' humbugs; an' as soon as he'd gotten th' humbugs, he popt one into his mouth, an' tother into his pocket, an' he went an' sit upo' th' durstep till he'd finished 'em; an' then he went straight into th' shop again, an' began o' cryin' for owd Nanny to give him his hawp'ny back."

"It's just like him. . . . But, come; let's be gooin'? We's just be i' nice time for th' baggin'."



ROUGH LODGINGS.

—o—
“ My lodging is on the cold ground,
And oh, very hard is my fare.”

—OLD SONG.

[*Time, winter forenoon.—Scene, the old kitchen.—*
Persons, OWD SAM, the landlord; JONE O’
WOBLER’S; and BETTY, the landlady.]

“ **W**HO is yon chap ? ”

“ I cannot bring him to mind.
He favours an ill-stuffed earwig,
—as who he is.”

“ Ay,—he’s come’d off poor stock, has yon.
An’ he’s bin badly clemmed, too, poor lad.
By th’ mon, I could see to read a ballet
through him, welly (well-nigh)! I think he
mun ha’ bin born in a milk-shop.”

“ What makes tho think that ? ”

“ Well,—he looks as if his pap had been
wayter’t.”

“ What had he to sup, Betty ? ”

"Pop."

"He may well look solid (serious)."

"Well, come; th' lad didn't make his-sel', I guess. But, I wouldn't be as sober as he is for a cow-price, this minute! . . . Hello; what's this?"

(*Enter, WOGGY O' SHOG's, singing*):

" ' Oh, it's rollin' in the dew
Makes the milkmaids fair ! ' "

"Well, Wog, owd brid; what thou's loded whoam again, it seems."

"Ay; an' it's as mich as th' bargain, too."

"How didto goo on?"

"Eh, it'd tak a week to tell."

"Who hadto witho?"

"Well,—when we started, there wur me, an' Harry o' Mon John's, an' Copper ob, an' Sol' o' th' Hout Broo, an' Jem o' th' owd Surs,—we o' set off together; but we hadn't bin i' Lunnon aboon two hours before we lost th' end o' one another, snap,—an' at after that every mon had to do for his-sel': an', by th' mass, some on 'em went through St. Peter's needle,—I know I did."

"Ay; thou looks as if thou'd bin i'th' wars, owd lad."

"Well, I haven't mich time; but I'll just tell tho one bit,—an' thou may guess at tother. . . . Well, thou knows, when we

londed i' Lunnon, o' that I had about mi rags wur mi railway ticket, an' three an' ninepence-halfp'ny, an' an owd knife, an' two ounces o' 'bacco, twisted in a bit o' papper; but I thought th' brass would howd out weel enough, as we had to come whoam again th' next mornin'. Well, we powler't up an' down Lunnon streets till I geet as dateless as a lapstone; an', o' at once, o' somehow, I lost these chaps, an' I never see'd noather top or tail on 'em again. I kept axin' folk if they'd sin aught on 'em,—but they did nought but laugh at me. Well, thou knows, I began o' thinkin' it wur up wi' th' owd foo; an' I geet quite down i'th' mouth. In a bit I spied a cook's-shop, in a nook; an' in I went an' geet a shillin's-'oth o' potato pie, an' nine-pen'oth o' lobscouse, an' a lump o' cheese an' brade, an' a quart o' ale to 't; an' then I thought to mysel'—'Come, I can howd out till mornin', now, as how th' cat jumps!' So, off I set to see this exhibition; an' I maunder't up an' down among th' rook till I geet as mazy as a tup. An' by th' mass, owd lad, I wur some fain to get out o' that hole! It wur war (worse) than being in a whisket full o' rattons! At last, neet coom on, an' it began o' rainin'; an' I thought to mysel', 'By th' mon, I mun hole somewheer till mornin' or

else I'se be ta'en up, or some lumber!' So I reckon't mi brass up, an' I fund that I'd just fourpence-hawp'ny left out o' th' stock. 'Come, I's do!' thinks I. An' wi' that I axed a policeman if he could tell me wheer I could leet o' chep lodgin's; an' I tow'd him what brass I had. An' then he took me up one street, an' down another, till we coom to th' end of a ginnel 'at looked as dark as a breast-hee coal-pit: an' he said, 'Sitho; knock at yon third dur, an' tell 'em 'at I've sent tho,—an' thou'll be o' reet.' So, when I geet to th' house, I fund (found) a yollo-lookin' sort of a chap rear't up again th' dur-cheek,—an he stare't at me,—an' I stare't at him; an' I don't know what he thought o' me, but I noather liked him nor th' hole 'at he live't in. But, thou knows, it wur rainin' like mad, an' I're gettin' weet, an' I didn't care wheer it wur, so as I geet under cover till dayleet; an' I said to him, 'Maister, dun yo keep lodgin's here?' An' he said, 'Ay!' An I said, 'What mak are they?' An' he said, 'Well,—thou can have a fither-bed for sixpence—or thou can have a flock-bed for fourpence—or thou can lie on a wood bench for twopence,—or thou may ston again a wole (wall) for a penny.' 'That's just about my size, owd brid,' said I,—'I'll have a pen'oth!' So he put out his hond for th' brass, an

he said, 'Come forrud!' An' then he took me into a long, dark reawm (room), wheer there wur a hawp'ny candle let (lighted). Eh, it wur a smart cote! By th' mon, a pigsty's an angel to 't, for a stink! An' there wur folk lyin' about i' o' nooks an' corners—an' bonny baigles (beagles, dogs) they wur,—as fur as th' leet went! As I glendurt round, I thought to mysel', 'By th' mass, this is bad to bide,—but I'll howd out till mornin'!' Well, he showed me th' wole that I had to rear mysel' up to; an' theer he left me. There wur a lot moore again th' same wole, but I kept mysel' to mysel' as weel as I could,—for I didn't like th' look o' their clooas. Well, thou knows, there wur a thick rope ran i'th' front o' this wole o' mine, fro' one end to tother, about breast-hee; an' when we geet tire't o' th' wole we could rest upo' th' rope. I tried th' wole a good while; but when it geet past midneet, I couldn't prop my een oppen no lunger, so I leant forrud upo' th' rope, an' fell fast asleep. Well, now, just tak notice o' th' upshot! It seems that when they wanten to teem th' hole (empty the room) in a mornin', they letten this rope goo, an' if there happens to be onybody upo' th' rope they gwon too. Well, when six o' clock i'th' mornin' coom, I wur sound asleep; an' when they leet th' end

o' th' rope goo, I shot reet forrud, th' yed (head) first amung a lot o' folk that wur lyin' asleep, i'th' dark, upo' th' floor; an' eh, by th' mon, thou should ha' sin what a dust there wur kicked up i' that hole in about a minute! I thought I'd fo'n down a coal-pit, at first; an' afore I could gether mysel' together, there wur a great hondful o' hard fingers coom bang amung my een! By th' mass, that wakken't me up,—an' I began o' lettin' fly, reet an' left, amung th' rook, first wi' my neighve (fist), an' then wi' my shoon,—an' I know it tow'd, now an' then, for first one an' then another set up a yeawl (howl), like a lad 'at's fund a lump o' toffy. Th' best on't wur that nobody knew who they wur hittin', it wur so dark. Well, at end of o', I wriggle't out at 'th' dur-hole; an' I left 'em feightin' amung theirsels; an' I darsay they thought they were hommerin' me when I'd gotten two or three streets off. . . . Well,—I wshed my face at a pump, an' I geet a pint of ale, an' went straight to the station; an' I loded awhoam th' same day, wi' nought i' my pocket, but two black een . . . An' that's th' end o' my Lunnon do! . . . Here, Betty, I'll have an odd gill!"



NIPPIN' TIMES.



"It looks very hard
To be brought into war'd,
To be clemmed, an' do th' best 'at one con.'
JONE O' GREENFIELD.

[*Time, winter evening.—Scene, kitchen of the old inn.—Persons, TWITTER, OWD SAM, AND JONE O' WOBBLER'S.—BEN O' KITTER'S looks in at the doorway.*]

"**D**UN yo want ony sond, Betty?"
"Ay; sitho; put two-pen'oth
into this can. . . . How's yo'r
Sally?"

"Oh, hoo's gettin' o'er it nicely. They're
doin' very weel."

"What is it?"

"As fine a lad as ever I set een on!"

"Thou'll have a bonny stock in a bit."

"Th' moore an' th' merrier, Betty! I
wouldn't care if I'd a hundred,—as lung as

I've plenty o' some'at for 'em! If yo'n believe me, we're better off now than when we'd noan at o'!"

"I dar say!"

"It's true, what I'm tellin' yo. . . . Will twopen'oth be enough?"

"Ay."

"Well,—good day!"

"Good day!"

"Jones," said Owd Sam, "where hasto bin rommin' (ramming, putting) thisel' this good while? I ha' not sin tho this mony a bakin'-day."

"I've bin upo' th' tramp, lookin' for wark. Billy Pullet an' me set off together. Mon, I couldn't bide no longer. I wur tire't o' doin' nought, an' seein' everybody clemmin' about me."

"Well; an' how didto goo on?"

"Well; at after I'd walk'd mi shoon off mi feet I geet a job amung some chaps 'at wur makin' a railroad. It's hard wark; but I've poo'd through, so far; an' I get whoam every week end,—wi a bit o' brass i' my hond."

"An' what becoom o' Billy?"

"Well; he met (might) ha' gotten on at th' same job; but he's too leet (light) for heavy wark. He'd ha' bin kilt in a snift!

He's noan short o' pluck, thou knows; an he would ha' ta'en howd; but I tow'd him to try th' town first; an' then he could come back to me, if he let o' nought. So, he went forrud; an' as it happen't, one o' th' street-sweepers had bin buried that day, an' Billy geet his shop."

"Eh, he'll not like that job!"

"Nawe; I know that. But then, there's no jobs to pike at, now; an' a chap 'at's clemmin' mun tak th' first thing 'at comes to his hond, till better times. 'Sitho, Jone,' he says to me, when we parted, 'Sitho Jone; I'll do ony mak o' wark i' this world afore I'll be behouden to folk!' An' he did as he said."

"Well,—it shows willin', ony how. Oh, he's a daicent lad, is Billy—but he hasn't mich in him. . . . Doesto think he'll manage this street-sweepin'?"

"Well; he'll be o' rect as far as a bit o' straight-forrud sweepin' goes, I darsay; but if he comes to sweep round a gas-lamp it'll bother him, I doubt. . . . But, I like Billy, let it leet as it will. He's a lad that'll do fair, as far as he con; an' if he is a bit short i'th' top-knot he didn't mak his-sel'. I'd raither have him than some folk 'at's larn't-up. Th' breetest folk are not olez th' best o' folk."

"Nawe, they aren't, Jone, owd craiter. . . . Why, that owd'st lad o' thine's gone to Manchester, hasn't he?"

"Yigh, he has. He geet quite weary o' livin' o' green-sauce cake, an' nettle-puddin', an' slotchin' up an' down wi' his honds in his pockets; so he jumped up, one mornin', an' he said, 'Mother; I'll ston this no lunger! Yo're ill enough stinted beawt me! I'll find a job o' some sort, or else I'll walk mi legs off.' Well,—his mother wur fleyed on him gooin' away fro' whoam, so hoo said, 'Bide where thou art, James, an' be patient a bit. Summat'll turn up afore long, thou'll see.' But he wouldn't yer tell on't; an' he said mich an' moore that he couldn't find in his heart to put a bite into his mouth, an' onybody i'th' house clemmin'; so he're determine't to try fresh ground,—an' he'd tak th' first wark he could leet on,—as what it wur—till he could turn his-sel' round. So, at last, hoo consented; an' off he set."

"Th' lad's quite reet," said Betty. "I howd his wit good! There nought war (worse) than slingin' about at a loce (loose) end! If they're yung an' strung, an' they'n th' use o' their limbs, they should be agate o' some mak o' wark! I declare I'd elder (rather) see 'em wortchin' for th' next to nought nor (than) see 'em doin' nought. It keeps 'em out o'

lumber—an' that's summat! An' han yo yerd (heard) nought on him, yet?"

"Yigh; we'd a bit of a letter this mornin'."

"Oh, ay; an' what says he?"

"It is here. . . . Sam; thee read it."

"Gi's howd."

(Reads.)

"'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'—what's this?—ay, it is! By th' mass that's a quare beginnin', as how!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! I've made fourpence, to-day, wi' gettin' a rook (a lot) o' coals in! That'll do for a start! I tow'd yo I wouldn't write till I'd gotten some'at to do. But, by th' mon, this is a quare shop! I londed here o' Thursday noon, wi' ninepence-hawp'ny, and some cheese an' loaf, at my Aunt Margit ga' me; an I'd just finished th' last o' mi cheese an' loaf when I geet this job. . . . By th' mass, this is th' reet mak of a country for takkin' th' white out o' yo'r shirts. There's bin nought nobbut reech (smoke) an' rain sin I coom. It's noan like Rooley Moor isn't this! I can hardly get my breath—we're o' so thrutch up together. There's no stirrin' for folk, an' carts, an' sich like. I keep jowin' first again one thing then again another, till folk thinken I'm crazy,—

I think they're the same. I'd like to bin run o'er three times to-day; an' as I stood i' th' street, lookin' up at th' church-clock, there wur a horse blowed its nose i' my neck-hole; an' I bounce't back like a scopperil, an' fell o'er a trotter-stall. Th' owd woman wur fur havin' me walked off; but I helped her to pike her stuff up; an' hoo coom to at last.

. . I've sin nobry that I like, here, yet. . . . I keep lookin' up an' down to see if I can leet of onybody fro' our side,—but I can find noan. I'm like as I wur born alive an' kin to nobry. Tother neet I went out at th' town-end till I geet at th' top of a bit of a knowe; an' I looked towards whoam; an' I began o' cryin' like a foo,—till a chap coom up, an' tow'd me to be off, or else he'd ha' me ta'en up. . . . I geet lodgin's up a ginneel. It isn't a nice place; but it'll do to goo on wi'. It's th' next to a milk-shop. Th' chap's code (called) 'Iron Jack,' an' his wife's a Bowtoner. They're hard-wortchin' folk. . . . I'm noan beawn (going) to give in; an' I's come noan whoam till I've addle't some'at. . . . I'll let yo know how I'm gotten on, about once a week; an' if I don't write yo may know 'at I'm oather out o' wark, or else I've gotten th' tooth-warch. I've gotten thick wi' a little lad 'at lives at th' next dur, an' he ga' me a lev (leaf) out of his copy-book

to write my letter on. Tell mi mother I'll send her some brass afore aught's lung."

"Well done, Jemmy!" said Sam, taking his spectacles off. "He'll get on, will that lad!"





A BIT O' COURTIN'.



"Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, oh,
An' warldly cares an' warldly men
May a' gae tapselteeie, oh."

—BURNS.

[Autumn night, two hours after sunset. An old farmhouse, in a moorland clough. NANNY, the servant lass, bustling about the kitchen by candle-light. TOM POSY, a lad from the neighbouring fold, lurking among the trees in the orchard. He gives a low whistle, and then taps quietly at the kitchen window. The door opens softly, and NANNY slips out.]

"**O**H, Tom, whatever arto thinkin' on to come an' knock at th' window like that? Th' mistress has nobbut just gone up stairs. It's a wonder hoo didn't yer tho!"

"I don't care whether hoo did or not."

"Nawe; I dar say not; but I care,—I'm force't to care."

"Thou'd better go back to her, then."

"Well,—an' I con soon do that, Tom. What's th' matter that thou'rt so rivven to-neet?"

"Matter? Matter enoof, I think! Look what a time thou's bin wi' comin',—after what thou said to me last neet."

"I couldn't get out a minute sooner."

"An' here I've bin maunderin' up an' down i'th' cloof by mysel', aboon two hours,—like a foo, as I am."

"I couldn't help it, Tom,—I couldn't for sure!"

"If thou thinks thou'rt gooin' to mak a hal o' me, Nanny, thou'rt mista'en!"

"I'm sure I don't want to mak a hal on tho, Tom,—if thou doesn't wish to mak one o' thisel."

"Thou met ha' slipt out an' tow'd me,—an' if tho couldn't come thyself thou met ha' sent word by somebry, istead o' keepin' me hangin' about under th' trees yon, like a thief lookin' out for a job."

"Well, I couldn't get out mysel', I tell tho,—for there's bin a lot o' folk fro' th' Birches o' th' afternoon,—they ha' not bin gone aboon hauve-an-hour,—an' I've had mi honds as full as a fitch every minute o' this day, till I didn't know which way to turn mysel',—for our lasses are off at th' town, an'

there hasn't bin a wick soul i' yon house to do a hond's turn but mysel',—not a soul there hasn't—nobbut th' owd mistress,—an' ho's so lame that hoo con noather lift fuut nor finger,—I have to feed her mornin', noon, and neet; an' hoo wants lookin' after at byetimes beside,—and hoo has to be hovven out o' bed an' into bed,—an', tak it o' together, th' owd woman's aboon one body's wark hersel'. There weren't a soul i'th' house belongin' our family but th' owd woman, an' thou surely doesn't think I could ha' sent her down into th' cloof to tell tho I couldn't get out, does-to?"

"This is noan o' th' time that thou promised to meet me, is't?"

"Well, nawe, Tom, what's th' use o' talkin' that road?"

"Ay; I know! Thou doesn't care! I begin a-thinkin' my talk's raither too chep wi' thee! But, I con tell tho one thing,—while I've bin powlerin' up an' down yon i'th' dark I've bin i' twenty minds to go whoam again, an' come no more to be made a foo on bi thee,—crack that nut!"

"Well, I'm sure! What a grand way we're in! It isn't too late for tho to goo whoam again, now, if thou wants—there's nobry howdin' tho! Eh, dear o' me! It's come'd to some'at, however. Hie tho whoam

again, do; there's as good fish left i'th' say as ony that ever wur catch't yet,—crack that nut!”

“Ay, that's just where it is. Thou's more fish upo' th' hooks than ever thou'll manage to fry gradely. An' I'll tell thee another thing, Nanny—if I'm one on 'em—I'm happen noan as ill catch't as thou thinks on. Crack that nut!”

“Well, Tom, I don't know what thou'rt talkin' about; but, as thou art so terribly th' wrang side out, I'd ha' tho to know that I think thou'rt no great catch, as who gets tho. Crack that nut, while thou art crackin'!”

“Well, Nanny, afore I goo I'll just tell tho another thing. There's one o' these fish o' thine that'll ha' my fist i' his gills if ever I see him maulin' an' sniggerin' about thee ony moore; an' thou may tell him I say so.”

“Well, an' who's that, then?”

“It's Joss o' Jerry's, fro' th' Syke Brco.”

“What! My own cousin?”

“Ay, thi own cousin—if he is thi own cousin. I dar say he's somewheer about th' house just now!”

“Eh, Tom, whatever's come'd o'er tho? What do I want wi' Joss o' Jerry's; or what does he want wi' me that he should be hangin' about this house after me? He thinks

no more o' me than he does o' one of his own sisters."

"Oh, doesn't he?"

"Nawe, he doesn't. . . . Eh, Tom, Tom, whatever have I done that thou should think so ill on me?"

"Oh, don't tell me. Cousin or no cousin—when it comes to huggin' an' kissin' in a nook, it's raither too much of a good thing."

"Well,—he has never done that to me!"

"Yigh, he has! I see'd him!"

"When?"

"Th' neet o' th' Churn Supper. I see'd him put his arms round thi waist an' gi' tho a kiss i'th' dur-hole, just afore he went whoam."

"Well, an' if he did, whatever is there so much amiss i' that? My own cousin! I'm sure I never thought ought about it. An' I'm sure he didn't! An' I'm sure I didn't ax him to gi' me a kiss! Eh, Tom, whatever arto thinkin' on?"

"I don't care, Nanny; I don't like it! An' if I catch him at it again, I'll spoil yon pratty mouth of his for him!"

"Eh, Tom, Tom, whatever's to be done? I didn't think thou'd bin o' sich a jealous turn as this! It'll be a weary life for onybody that has to live wi' thee."

"Well,—thou doesn't need to do it, then."

"Well,—e'en just let it be so, Tom,—but I cannot help but pity thoose 'at has to goo through it,—if ever thou gets onybody to do it."

"Oh, dunnot thee fret thisel' about that! There's moore folk i'th' world than thee, Nan!"

"Well, thou'd better goo an' help thisel' to some on 'em, then! . . . Dear o' me! If one's to walk up an' down th' world wi' their lips button't up,—an' if one cannot stir, nor look off at th' side, but thou mun fly into a ragin' passion, I think I should be a good deeol better off bi mysel',—so I'll be gooin' into th' house."

"Well, Nanny, an' if thou's set thi heart upo' yon chap at Syke Broo, I think we met as weel break it off at once, an' part for good; for I'm noan beawn to join jiblets wi' nobody!"

"Me set me heart upo' yon chap at th' Syke Broo? Eh, Tom, I wonder how tho con talk sich rubbish! I wonder whatever's made thee think so ill on me. I'm sure I've never gan thee occasion! If I'd liked onybody better, I'm sure I'd never ha' come'd out to meet *thee*,—so thou doesn't need to think it! Thou mun surely ha' bin use't to some mak o' folk 'at's noan so very particular, or else sich things would never enter

thi yed. An' look what I've had to meet wi'—o' through thee—fro' mi faither, an' mi mother, an' one an' another on 'em! (*She begins to cry.*) They tow'd me how it would be,—an' I con see it now! . . . But it's all done wi'! So I'll be gooin' in; an' thou'll not ha' th' chance o' snappin' an' snarlin' at me again, I con tell thee!"

"Come, Nan,—come here! Don't cry, lass; I can't ston it! I'll not say another wrang word to thee as lung as I live! Come, let's mak it up, an' ha' done wi' this mak o' bother! Here, dry thi een! Come here, my lass!"

"Nawe, give o'er! I'll not be mauled an' kissed bi nobody!"

"What! not bi thi cousin Jos?"

"Nawe, nor thee noather! If one's een wur made for nought but cryin', an' one's lips wur made for nought but poutin', I'd better be gettin' mi hond in."

"Don't say another word about it, Nanny! Here; I'se be like to taste again!"

"Tom, do give o'er! I'll not stop another minute, if tho doesn't behave thisel'! Oh! —do be quiet! Look how thou's tumble't my yure!"

"Don't co' me jealous again, Nanny, wilto? I nobbut did it to try tho, lass!"

"Well, I think it's very wrung on tho,

Tom. Thou doesn't need to try me,—an' thou knows that, too. . . . Husht! What's that?"

(A country chap, going down the lane, singing in the dark.)

"Oh, I know not, I care not,
I can't tell how to woo;
But we'll away to the merry greenwood,
An' we'll get nuts enoo!"

"Who's yon?"

"It's Billy Panzy, comin' whoam fro' th' town, as fu' as a fiddler. . . . Husht! he's strikin' up again!"

(He sings again.)

"The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The dogs all join in jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then a-hunting we will go!

"The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
You cannot hunt to-day.
Yet a-hunting we will go!"

"Ay, th' old lad's gotten about as much as he can carry; an' he'll sing every inch o' th' road,—till he gets within seet o' his own house; an' then he'll go as dumb as a mile-stone."

"Well, Tom, I've left that dur oppen, an' I mun be gooin' in now, for I expect our maister back 110' th' town every minute!"

"Well, couldn't I goo in till he comes?"

"Eh, nawe, I durstn't do sich a thing! If he happened to come"—

"Well—I could slip out at th' back."

"Eh, nawe, Tom; don't ax me sich a thing! I durstn't do it,—I durstn't for sure! . . . Beside, th' mistress is lyin' wakken upstairs, just this minute, an' hoo con yer every fuut 'at stirs! Hoo never gets a wink o' sleep till mornin'. . . . Husht! Husht! . . . What's that? . . . Yon's our maister comin', and somebry wi' him! I mun goo in this minute. Don't, Tom, don't. Do let me goo! Good neet!"

"Good neet, my lass! I'll come to-morn at neet!"

(NANNY runs into the kitchen, and begins to wash up the pots. Enter the old farmer, with his friend SAM O' ALICK'S, o' th' Wayter-side.)

"Well, Nanny, how's th' mistress?"

"Hoo's about th' same."

"Thou's gotten her to bed, I guess?"

"Yes; nearly an hour sin'."

"Well, conto give us some supper? There's Sam, here; he'll have a bit wi' me."

"I'll set it out in a minute. Win yo have cowl beef again, or what?"

"Ay,—bring us that beef out, to begin wi'."

"Nanny, thou mun mind an' fasten o' th durs, an' th' shutters, too—for there's bin a lot o' ill-lookin' tramps prowlin' about th' cloof this day or two back,—there wur some mak o' a gipsy ran through th' orchard as Sam and me coom up,—so, thou mun keep thi een about tho, an' mak' o' fast, or else we's be robbed again, th' same as we wur th' last back-end."

"There wur two or three poachers ta'en up our gate on, tother day."

"I dar say. . . . Th' maister up at th' ho, yon, wur walkin' through th' wood tother day, an' he let o' Black Dan o' Ben's, th' neet-hunter, an' he said, 'Dan, what are you doing here?' 'I'm walkin', said Dan. 'Well, do you know that you are walking on my ground?' 'Well,' said Dan, '*I'm like to walk o' somebry's ground,—I've noan o' mi own!*'"

"Well,—an' th' maister couldn't get o'er that very weel."

"Nawe, he had him theer, for sure. . . . Nanny, how's this clock?"

"I think it'll be reet; for it wur just haue-past one by it when th' postman went by."

"Come, that'll do, Nanny. . . . Thou'rt like Johnny Peighswad. When they axed him if his watch wur reet, he said, 'Ay, *I set it by th' milk-cart, this mornin' !*' . . . Here, Sam, poo' up, an' let's get a bit o' supper !"





THE PIG AND THE PURSE.



"Thou art gone from my gaze."

—SONG.

[*Time, autumn evening, after sunset. Scene, the kitchen of the old "Running Horses" public-house, on Kersal Moor. Three or four country fellows seated about the fire. Enter old JOHN BURNETT, and JEM ROYLE, two country farmers, on their way home from the cattle market.*]

THE evening air was touched with frost, and there was a bright fire in the kitchen of the "Running Horses."

As old John entered the place he spied two of his men from the farm amongst the company gathered round the hearth.

"Hello, lads," said the old man, "yo'n gotten into th' nook again, I see. Han yo 'livert (delivered) that stuff down i'th' town?"

"Ay; it's o' reet, maister."

"An' what han yo dun wi' th' horses?"

"Why, we'n ta'en 'em down whoam, an' done 'em up for th' neet; an' after that we thought we'd come up here an' have a quiet gill or two. . . . Wi'n yo have a gill wi' us, maister?"

"Nawe, nawe, lads; yo'n no brass to spare for no gills, noather on yo; but yo's ha' one wi' me if yo'n a mind; an' then I could like yo to get down i' fairish time; for yo'n ha' to set off wi' th' carts afore break o' day i'th mornin'."

"O reet, maister!"

"Matty, bring these lads a pint a-piece!"

The sweet-looking matronly old landlady came sailing into the kitchen with a smiling face, and as clean as a new pin from top to toe.

"Hello, John," cried she, "is that yo? Bless us an' save us—this is good for sore een! I'll tell yo what, yo'r lookin' as cant (canty) as a kitlin'! Hello; is this yo'r William that yo'n gotten wi' yo? I'll tell yo what, John, he gets a bonny lad! Ah' he shoots up apace—he does, for sure!"

And then, remembering that the little fellow had lost his mother, the tears rose into the eyes of the kind old dame as she stroked his head tenderly and said, "Ay, ay, poor lad! God bless him, an' guide him through

this rough world—for there's nobody so weel kept as thoose that He keeps! . . . Come hither wi' me, Billy, an' let's see what I have!"

"Ay, ay," said old John, smiling quietly, "tak him into th' tother room a bit; I'm not gooin' to stop mony minutes!"

"Now, then, Jem," said old John to his friend, "poo thi cheer into this nook, an' let's have a chat."

"Agreed on," replied Jem, "for I've bin on mi feet th' most o' this day. Han yo ony 'bacco, John?"

"Ay; thou'll find a bit o' good stuff i' that pouch, sitho! . . . An' reitch me a pipe, too, while thou'rt agate. I'll have a wift mysel'!"

Then the two old cronies charged their pipes, and settled themselves at a little round table in the corner for a quiet talk.

"I'll tell tho what, Jem," said old John, "I'm fast what to do wi' yon lad o' mine! He's terrible fond o' books, an' sich as that; an' he seems to tak very little delight i' ought else. A better-natur't lad never broke brade; an' I cannot find i' my heart to speighk sharp to him, for if I happen to say a cross word, it brings th' wayter to his een in a minute—an', between thee an' me, I cannot bide to see it,—for he's the very pictur of his mother. I railly don't know what I mun make on him.

I lie wakken mony an hour i'th' neet-time thinkin' about him. I doubt I's never be able to make a farmer on him,—nought o' th' sort. He likes dreamin' an' dozin' about th' fields, an' gatherin' posies, an' wanderin' off into th' woods by his-sel', but he seems to tak no interest i' ought that's gooin' on i'th farm-yard, except playin' wi' th' dogs, an' th' young cattle, an' sich like. He'll never make a farmer,—nought o' th' sort! He's too tender-hearted,—an' too simple, to feight wi' a rook o' rough, keen-witted cattle-chaps. Beside, I doubt he hasn't weft in him for that job,—for a little thing makes him ill. I don't know what to do with him, I'm sure. He's a puzzle to me. He's like nobody else; an' yet he's a favourite wi' everybody that knows him. Ah' he's so fond o' readin' that if he sees a bit o' printed papper lyin' upo' th' road he'll pick it up, an' look at it; an' if he can get howd of a book, away he'll goo into a corner, i'th' barn, or i'th' shippon, or onywhээр, if it's far enough out o' th' road; an' sometimes he gets so lapt up in it that we han actilly to root him out to get him to come to his meals; an' when he does come, he nobbut picks a bit here an' a bit theer,—like a brid among hay-seeds. Poor lad! I feel soory for him mony a time; for he is as he is,—an' he connot alter his-sel',—an' I wonder what'll

become on him after my yed's lapt,—for this is a rough world for a tender heart an' a tickle stomach to feight through."

"I'll tell tho what, John; he'd make a rare 'torney!"

"'Torney! Bless thi life, Jem, what arto talkin' about? He'd be as helpless as a kitlin' in a pig-sty! 'Torney! Nay, marry; he'd be no moore use at that job than a midge in a fire-hole! What's th' use o' sendin' a lad wi' two wood legs to a dancin'-schoo'?"

"Well; there's nobody can whistle 'bout top-lip, John; an'—as thou says—it's no use puttin' a lad to a job that he cares nought about, for sure."

"Not a bit, Jem,—not a bit! It's like tryin' to lade wayter wi' a sieve! . . . But, I'll tell tho what,—I wish I could get him into th' owd college, yon! He'd be like a cat in a tripe-shop amung thoose books! I believe if I could get him in theer he'd never look beheend him!"

"Well; I'll tell tho what do, John! Speighk to th' parson yon, about it! He's thick wi' o' th' quality o' th' country-side; an' if onybody can do it, he con!"

"By th' mass, thou'rt reet, Jem!"

"Nought venture't nought won, John! Do it at once!"

"Well, I think there's no harm i' axin', as how 'tis!"

"Not a bit, John! Think wi' one hond, an' act wi' tother, an' get it o'er!"

And now there was a thoughtful pause in the conversation, and the two old friends smoked on in silence for two or three minutes. At last Jem took his pipe from his mouth, and began:—

"I looked in at 'Hard Nan's' ale-house, yon, as I coom up the broo; an' I fund about as pratty a swarm o' cow-jobbers an' sichlike i'th' hole as ever I clapt een on; an' they made th' owd house fair ring again wi' their wild fun an' their racketty din. . . . One on' em wur tellin' about a chap fro' Bury that had bin down at th' market about a month sin' wi' some little pigs to sell. It seems that this chap geet rid of his pigs soon on i'th' day, an' then he geet upo' th' fuddle, an' he went gosterin' up an' down amung th' pig-folk wi' his brass in his hond. At last he fell in wi' two or three owd cronies, that wur getten 'market fresh,' like his-sel. 'Hello, Jack,' cried one on 'em, 'how hasto getten on, owd brid?' 'Getten on? Why, I've sowd lung sin'—and at a good price, too,—an' th' brass is here, sitho.' An' wi that he chuckt his greasy purse up into th' air, an' catched it again as it coom down.

'Bravo, owd lad; thou'll be as reet as a ribbon now.' 'Well; I's do as lung as this brass lasts.' An' wi' that he chuckt th' purse up again; but he missed his aim this time; an' istid o' catchin' it he drove it amung a lot o' pigs that stooede in a pen close by. Well, thou knows, pigs are nob-but pigs,—an' this owd purse wur as greasy as a lump o' suet,—so it had hardly time to get to th' floor afore one o' these pigs swallowed it, wi' seven sovereigns an' a hauve in it. Well; these chaps that wur lookin' on brast out a laughin'. 'Well done, Jack, owd lad. That bacon'll cost some brass, if it's boun to be fed up wi' sovereigns. Thou's fund a four-legged savin's-bank at last.' 'Wheer's mi purse?' said Jack, rootin' amung th' slutch i'th' pig-pen. 'Nay, thou doesn't need to root theer. One o' thoose pigs has swallowed it! I seed it!' 'Which on 'em wur it?' said Jack. 'I believe it wur that big un,—but I'm noan quiet sure,—they're so mich alike!' 'Well; that's a corker, as how 'tis!' said Jack, scrattin' his yed, an' lookin' first at one pig, then at another; 'that's a corker! But I's be like to stick to this lot till I get my brass back!' 'It wur that biggest pig that geet it!' said a chap that wur stonnin' by; 'I seed it swallow it!' 'What's th' price o'

this pig?' said Jack to th' owner. 'I'll tak eight pound for it?' 'Why, what weight doesto co' it?' 'It's twelve score, good!' 'Come, come, owd lad; that's a deeol moore than th' market price!' 'I don't care. I'll ax no more, an' I'll tak no less, sell it or never sell it! That's a valuable pig! I could sell th' inside for moore than that!' Th' poor fellow seed that it wur no use botherin',—th' pig had his purse, an' th' chap had th' pig; so he made no moore ado, but borrowed brass among his cronies to buy this pig wi'; an' as they drove it off, Jack looked at this pig an' said, 'Thou's some property o' mine i' the inside, owd lad! I don't know how it'll agree wi' tho; but I munnot let thee goo out o' mi seet till it turns up!' Well; about th' edge o' dark, when he'd gotten about three mile on th' road whoam wi' his pig, he stopt a mminute or two to tee his boot-lace, an' while he wur bendin' down th' pig ran into a deep wood that led off at the road-side. 'Hello,' said Jack, when he looked up, 'where's my banker gone?' In a minute he yerd it gruntin' down i'th' wood, an' off he set after it, like mad—for he wur freeten't o' some-'at happenin' to th' pig. He geet it whoam at th' ond, an' he looked after it very carefully for mony a day; but it wur no use,—

there wur no signs of ony brass. At last they had th' pig kilt; an' they looked very carefully among it, to see if they could find this lost purse; but they could find noather money nor purse. Th' fact on't wur that th' owd lad had bought th' wrong pig. It wur another pig that had swallowed th' purse; an' a sly cow-jobber that had bin watchin' th' whole thing bought th' reet pig, after he druvven tother away. But, to this day, he firmly believes that th' purse is lyin' somewhere i'th' wood that pig ran into as he wur drivin' it whoam; an' he spent mony a score o' hours theer, lookin' for it; an' he'll spend a lot moore, yet, afore he's satisfied."

"Well," said old John, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "o' that I can say is that th' owd lad paid very dear for his market-fuddle! . . . But I mun be gooin'! It's gettin' dark! Come, William, my lad; let's be gettin' down th' broo! I guess thou'rt for stoppin' a bit, Jem?"





FAUSE BENJAMIN.

—o—

"Though this be madness, yet there is method in it."
—HAMLET.

[*Time, winter evening.—Scene, the old kitchen.*
—*Persons, OWD SAM, the landlord; JONE O' WOBBLER'S; FLOP; TWITTER; and BETTY, the landlady.*]

"**T**WITTER," cried Betty, as she took up the poker to stir the fire, "if I wur thee I'd give o'er lyin', an' start o' thievin',—thou'd make moore by it."

"Ay, but, it's as true as deeoath," cried Twitter.

"I care nought whether it's true or not," said the landlord; "it's a good tale, an' it's weel tow'd!"

"Ay, ay," replied Betty, "thou'rt noan to a shavin' i' thi talk, no moore than he is."

"Well," said Sam, "some folk's o' for cowl truth, but I like mine mixed a bit!"

"Eh, Sammul," said Betty, "I wonder how thou can for shame o' thi face say sich a thing, for there isn't a mon alive 'at hates lyin worse than thou does!"

"Betty," said Sam, "I wish to the Lord thou'd give o'er preitchin', an' get forrud wi' thi bakin',—an' let us have a bit o' talk to ersels (ourselves), quietly!"

"Well, Sam," said Twitter, "I'll tell tho another thing about th' same chap,—an' this is true, too. . . . One neet when he'd stop't at th' 'Amen Corner' alehouse till he couldn't see a hole through a ladther, he set off to goo whoam, i'th' dark, an' istid (instead) o' takkin' straight down th' hee-road, he turn't into th' avenue o' trees, 'at leads up to th' squire's. Well, th' first thing he did, he ran again a tree; an' he doffed his hat an' said, 'I beg yo pardon, maister; I didn't see yo!' In a minute or two, he ran again another; an' he begged pardon again; an' then he did it a third time, a bit fur on. An' then he began o' thinkin' to his-sel' that as there wur so mony folk about he'd happen better try th' tother side o' th' road. So, he wamble't across, as weel as he could; but when he geet theer, he fund it as ill as ever; for he kept jowin' again tree after tree, till, at last, he dropt down on his hinder-end, bi th' wole-

side, an' he said, 'It's no use tryin' to goo ony fur! I'll stop where I am; *till this procession gets by!*'"

"Well if ever!" cried Betty; "that sheds o'! (excels all)."

"It's a crumper, for sure," said Flop; "an' it reminds me o' Ben o' th' Biggin's, an' th' gate-post."

"Howd a minute, Twitter," said Sam; "who is this chap 'at thou's bin tellin' on? 'Isn't he some'at akin to Rondle o' Dernshaw, 'at wur poo'd up for sellin' 'hush'?"

"Sure he is! They're own cousins. There's about forty on 'em i' that fowd that are o' sib an' sib, rib an' rib,—like Kitter's pigs."

"I thought so. Well, Flop,—what's this tale about Ben o' th' Biggin's?"

"Well,—as owd Ben wur waddlin' whoam fuddle't, one winter neet, he coom ram-bazz again th' gate-post, at th' end o' th' lone,—an' down he went. Well, Ben's a short-temper't chap, so he flew into a passion, an' as soon as he could crapple up to his feet again, he went at this gate-post, hommer an' tungs, wi' his fists. 'Thou did that o' purpose,' said Ben; 'but I'll set thee one on, devil!' Th' parson happen't to be comin by, an' he said, 'Here, Benjamin; what are you doing? You'll hurt yourself! Don't

you see what it is?' 'I care nought who he is!' cried Ben; 'I'll larn him for runnin' again me, o' that road!' an' he stroke out again. 'Stop, stop,' said th' parson; 'don't you see it's the post?' 'Post!' said Ben,—*'well; how leets he didn't blow his horn, then!'*"

"Good again!" said the landlord; "keep it up, lads; keep it up!"

"Well," said Flop, "one neet, about a week afore th' last 'Rushbearin',' I went into th' 'Gowden Bo'' a-gettin' a gill, an' theer I fund Ben, an' owd Bill Hollan', an' Boswell, th' butcher, an' Dan Neild, an' a rook moore. 'Ben!' says one on 'em, 'arto ready for th' Rushbearin'?' 'Oh, ay,' says Ben; 'I've bin howdin' back o' purpose.' 'I'll tell tho what,' said Boswell, 'I'll gi' tho have a crown i' tho'll keep sober this Rushbearin'! 'An' I'll be another,' said owd Bill Hollan'!' An' then another said he'd be a shillin'; an' so on, till they made it up into fifteen shillin' amung 'em. Well, this made Ben scrat his yed a bit; for he're noan use't to havin' fifteen shillin' at once in his pocket. So, he turn't it o'er in his mind a bit; but, at last, down coome his neighve (fist) upo' th' table, with a bang; an' he said, 'Nawe; it'll do noan! I'll not be lad (led) into temptation wi' yo! I've bin fuddle't every Rushbearin'

this last sixteen year,—an' *I'm noan beawn to be a backslider now!*'"

"Eh, this drink, this drink!" said Betty.

"Flop," said the landlord, "weren't owd Ben i'th' asylum once?"

"Yigh, he wur," answered Flop; "an' th' doctor sarve't him out nicely while he wur theer."

"How wur that?"

"Well, thou knows, Ben wur olez (always) to lither (lazy) to wortch, fro' bein' a lad; an' he wur of a fause, schamin' turn, bi' natur'. Some folk reckon't 'at he pretended to be wrang in his yed becose he thought that if he geet into th' asylum he should be out o' th' gate o' wark. Let that be as it may,—he hadn't bin lung i'th' asylum, afore he see'd 'at thoose 'at live't i'th' infirmary had daintier diet, an' less to do nor tother. So, he began o' gruntin', an' groanin', an' pretendin' to be ill. Th' keepers see'd through him weel enough, for they'd bin done bi th' same sort aforetime; an' when th' doctor coome, they said, 'Now, yo mun mind this chap. He's an owd file. He's shammin' Abraham; so that he may get into th' infirmary.' 'I see!' said th' doctor. 'Leave him to me!' So, when Ben coome, th' doctor said, 'Yo'r not well, I understan'. What's th' matter?' An' Ben said at he wur ill here,—an he wur

ill theer—an' he couldn't tell wheer he wur ill; it shifted up an' down so. Then th' doctor looked into his een,—an' he said, 'Ay!' Then he felt at his pulse,—an' he said, 'Ay!' again. Then he axed Ben to put his tung out. An' Ben put his tung out. 'Ay; I see,' said th' doctor,—'O'er-fed! I'll soon put you to rights! I'll alter yo'r diet! You may go!' Ben began o' thinkin' that he wur sowd. An' he wur, too; for th' doctor gav orders that he wur to have nought but skilly an' dry toast, twice a day, till further orders. Well,—at th' end o' th' fourth day, he looked at Ben again. 'Put yo'r tung out!' said th' doctor; an' Ben put his tung out. 'Ay, ay,' said the doctor; 'yo'r mendin'! I think I may change yo'r diet a little. Do you think you could eat an egg, now?' Ben poo'd his tung in, an'—glarin' at th' doctor, as savage as a tiger—he cried out, '*Could I—height—a* HEGG? *Ay; by th' mass,—an' th' hen an' o'.*'"

"Sally," said the landlady, "put some coal upo' this fire! If it had bin summer-time, thou'd ha' had it th' haue road up th' chimbley! An' stir tho, do! Thou trails thoose limbs o' thine up an' down, like a flea in a glue-pot!"



MOIDER'T MALLY.

—o—

“No livin’ soul a-top o’ th’ earth’s
Bin tried as I’ve bin tried :
There’s nob’dy but the Lord an’ me
That knows what I’ve to bide !”

—BEN PRESTRON.

T was a bright winter forenoon. The air was keen ; the ground was hard and slippery under foot ; and hoar frost glittered everywhere in the unclouded sunshine. Mally o’ Ben’s had been taking the washing to her customers in the town, and she was now sauntering homeward to the outskirts, with a basketful of odd things on her arm, and leading by the hand her little lad, Tommy, who was busy sucking a piece of sugar-toffy, as he dragged lazily along by her side. They had reached the town-end, where the houses began to blend pleasantly with the green country, and the last dwelling of all—standing apart from all

the rest, in front of a grove of trees—was now in sight. This was a neat thatched cottage, in a garden, by the roadside, belonging to a comfortable old widow called Jenny Lee. Jenny's nest was half-hidden by tall bushes of box-wood and holly; and upon the thick thorn-hedge that overhung the roadside "wreaths of fairy frost-work hung where grew last summer's leaves." She had known Mally o' Ben's from early childhood, for she had been a friend and companion of her mother's; and amongst Mally and her children the kind old widow always went by the name of "Aunt Jane."

As Mally and her little lad came trailing along, in the clear, cold sunshine, the old woman chanced to be sweeping the flagged footpath which led through the garden up to her cottage door. Knocking the dust from her brush upon the front step, she looked up the road before closing the gate.

"Well, I declare," said she, "if this isn't Mally that's comin'!"

As Mally came across the road towards the garden gate, she whispered to her little lad, "Sitho, Tommy, who's yon?"

"It's my Aunt Jane!" said Tommy.

"Why, it's never thee, Mally, is it?" said the old woman.

"It's me, for sure."

"Well, well! Come thi ways into th' house, an' get thi things off. . . . An' thou's gotten Tommy wi' tho, too. . . . Come thither, thou little rollin', rompin', twinklin' squirrel! Let's have howd on tho! Come; give us a kiss—an' be sharp! . . . Hello; where hasto bin? Wherever hasto had this lad, Mally? He's as sticky as a glue-pot! What's he daubed his face with?"

"It's toffy!" said Tommy.

"Toffy!" cried the old woman, laughing, "I'll toffy tho,—thou little kempie! . . . Here; let's have another! . . . Good gracious, lad,—thou'rt varnished fro' yed to fuut! It's like kissin' a traycle-tub! (*Shouts to the servant-girl.*) Here, Martha, tak him an' wesh him; an' turn his bishop (pinafore), and let's sarve him up tidy. . . . (*To MALLY.*) Now, Mally; tak thi things off, lass. Yo mun stop an' have a bit o' dinner."

"Eh, Aunt Jane; I munnot stop long. Yo known I've two o' th' childer down."

"Ay, ay; I know. Who hasto left with 'em?"

"Our John's wife's tentin' 'em till I get back."

"That's reet. . . . Now,—while I think on it,—brimstone an' gin's an excellent thing for th' chicken-pox, Mally. It cured our Joseph's

childer. I'll gi' tho a saup o' gin to tak wi' tho. Hasto ony brimstone?"

"Plenty, thank yo."

"An' which on 'em is it that's gotten th' ring-worm?"

"It's our Nelly."

"Poor little thing! Well, keep her warm, Mally; an' give her some gentle oppenin' physic; and wesh her head weel, now and then, wi' 'bacco-wayter."

"I believe it's a good thing."

"There's nothing better, Mally. Here, gi me thi basket, an' I'll put some 'bacco in for tho."

"Well, yo're very good, Aunt Jane; an' I con nobbut thank yo."

"Eh, howd thi din, lass. It's some'at an' nought. What's th' use o' folk livin' if they connot do a good turn now an' then? An' then, I'm sure thou'll have hard wark to make ends meet with o' yon childer about tho."

"I have that, Aunt Jane. I've ten on 'em, yonder, o' under my feet at once, as a body may say,—for th' owdest wi'not be eleven till Ladymass."

"Thou's had 'em very fast, Mary!"

"Eh,—bless yo! . . . It's nobbut a poor look-out for me, I doubt! . . . But what can a body do, Aunt Jane?"

"Thou mun do as well as thou con, lass. Folk cannot have it all their own road, thou knows. But, bless my life, thou'rt quite yung, yet."

"Well; I'm turn't nine-an'-twenty."

"Ay, ay, marry! What yo'n want a bigger house, if things don't alter."

"Yon's too little, as it is, Aunt Jane."

"Never mind, lass; what thou'rt hardly i'th' prime o' life, yet."

"Eh, never name it! I feel a very poor craiter, sometimes, I can tell yo. An' I may weel; for I get so hamper't an' so bother't an' poo'd wi' these childer, an' one thing an' another, that mony a time it drives me to my wit's end,—it does, for sure."

"I can believe it, Mary. A lot o' childer like yon bide'n a deal o' doin' for."

"Doin' for! Eh, Aunt Jane? Lord bless us, an' save us! The mendin', an' the fendin',—an' the rootin', an' the tootin', an' the tentin' that I have to go through is beyond tellin'! Eh; yo should see 'em when they're o' yammerin' round th' table, at dinner-time! An' if yo'n believe me, Aunt Jane, I hardly know, sometimes, how to scrape an' scrat a bit o' stuff together to stop their din with,—I don't, for sure. An' ten little hungry mouths like yon takken a deal o' fillin', Aunt Jane!"

"I'm sure they do, Mary."

"It's true what I'm tellin' yo, Aunt Jane. . . An' as for yon guttlin' slotch of a husband o' mine, he thinks of nobody but his-sel',—an' he's not satisfied with a little, I can tell yo! Catch him missin' a meal,—or stintin' his appetite, as who else goes short! Nawe, nawe; he wouldn't deny his-sel' of aught that he took a fancy to,—nawe, not if o' th' world were clemmin' round him! . . . Tother day I set th' last poor cake o' brade that we had i'th' house afore him, an' he flung it down as if it had bin dirt, an' he cried out, 'Here; what's this? Bring me some loaf! I want noan o' thi baked moonshine!' 'Ay, my lad,' thinks I, 'thou'll be fain of a bit o' haver-brade yet afore thou dees! Thou'rt too fat an' too full; but thou'll come to thi cake an' milk in a bit!' An' he will too, Aunt Jane. I wonder wherever he thinks I can get stuff fro',—that I do. . . Eh, bless yo, wi' one thing an' another, I'm mony a time fit to fling everything down an' run mi country,—I am, for sure! But what can a body do, Aunt Jane? Th' childer are there, yo known. If it weren't for them, Aunt Jane, I raily believe I should give this job up o' together. Sometimes I get so moider't, an' so weary, and so mazy, that I have to sit down a bit to gether my wits together. But

I haven't long to sit, yo may depend, before I'm force't to get up an' buckle to again. An' there's nought else for it that I can see."

"There's nought else for it, Mary."

"Eh, Aunt Jane! The life that I have to go through,—it would weary a grooin' tree—it would for sure! . . . What with him, an' what wi' th' childer, an' what with one thing, an' what with another—I'm tugged an' poo'd, an' hamper't an' harrassed to that degree that I'm fit to rive th' yure off my yed, mony a time—I am, for sure! Fro' mornin' to neet, fro' day to day, fro' week end to week end, an' hour after hour, its 'mother' here, and 'mother' there; an' 'mother' this an' 'mother' that;—an' feightin' here, an' strikin' there; an' there's never a minute's quietness for me' th' day through, till I get my yed laid down at neet; an' then it's a hundred to one if they'n let me lie still, to get a bit o' rest. An' then' as soon as dayleet comes,—ay', an' sometimes before,—I have to jump up, ill or weel, an' grind the same grind o'er again. Eh, dear o' me! Some folk don't know that they're alive, bless yo! What wi' weshin', an' what wi' ironin', an' mendin' stockin's, an' stitchin', an' contrivin', an' petchin' clooas, an' doctorin', and cookin'—when there's nought to cook—an' swillin' an'

scourin', an tryin' to keep things reet an' straight, an' some bit like as they should be—it's enough to drive a milestone crazy—it is, for sure! One's brokken his nose; another's paintin' th' chairs with a blackin'-brush; another's cracked a window; another's swallowed a pin; another's gotten th' bally-ache, with eatin' sour gooseberries an' churn-milk; another comes skrikin' into the house with a bloody nose; another's tumblin' down th' cellar steps; another's steighlin' mi bit o' sugar; another's teemin' traycle into the child's cradle; an' another wants a butter-cake,—an' that sets 'em o' agate o' yammer-in' for their dinners; an' I have to scrat, an' scrat, like an owd hen tryin' to scrat some'at for her chickens out of a bare rock. Eh dear, eh dear! An' then, to mend o', he comes in,—rollin' drunk,—i'th' leet-lookin' day,—an' he co's me for everything that he can lay his tung to, becose th' house is upset. Eh, Aunt Jane; what I have to go through is very bad to bide, I can tell yo!"

"Ay, ay, lass; thou's quite enough to do, no doubt; an' thou'rt not by thisel', as far as that goes. As for th' childer,—well,—they're a deal o' trouble, i' one sense,—but there's worse things than childer i' this world, Mary. Bless thi life, I know folk that would give th' yure off their yeds to have one! An'

thee, now,—thou wouldn't like to part wi' one o' thine, as mony as thou has."

"Eh, nawe, bless yo, nawe! But, see yo, Aunt Jane,—if yon chap o' mine wur worth his ears"—

"Come, come; howd thi din! Thou's said quite enough! There's no interferin' between th' bark an' th' tree! There's worse sorts o' folk i' this world than yo'r Ben! But, if he wur as ill as the dule, thou would have him,—as what onybody said. An' if folk are determin't to make their own beds, Mary, they should e'en try to be content to lie on 'em! Ben's a bit of a temper of his own, that's true enough,—but thou'rt noan without temper thisel', Mary,—mind that! An', as for trouble,—thou'rt not by thisel', theer,—for everybody has trouble o' some sort,—an' thoose that han noan are never content till they'n made some. . . An' there's another thing, Mary, there's nobody ever made their troubles less by gooin' up an' down th' world talkin' about 'em, an' oppenin' everyfoo's mouth that they meeten with. So, whatever thou has to go through, Mary, keep it to thisel'; an' don't go gabblin' up an' down, tryin' to make little o' yo'r Ben, for if thou does, thou'rt makin' still less o' thisel'! . . . Now, poo up to th' table, an' let's have a bit o' dinner! . . . Come, Tommy, my lad!"



THE WRONG CHIMNEY.

—o—
“ When chill November’s surly blast
Lays fields and forests bare.”

—BURNS.

“ The cottage hind
Hangs o’er th’ enlivening blaze, and, taleful, there
Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.”

—THOMSON.

DULL November was closing, sullen
and sad, with wan, uncertain skies
and dwindling days, whose sombre
light—oft obscured by clouds of driving sleet
—was hastening to its shortest span. The
pallid sun shone fitfully, with faint, cold ray,
upon delightless fields, where a few starved
cattle were cropping the sodden aftermath
with listless dislike ; and an air of desolation
pervaded all the withered scene. In the
open country, the year’s gay foliage lay
mouldering slushily in the ditches and on the

lonely walks ; and a damp odour of decaying verdure sicklied the air of the little vale which, a few weeks ago, smiled so sweetly in the floral beauty of summer. Oft, now, across the bleak moor, sighed "the sad genius of the coming storm." Keen winds that skirmish in the van of approaching winter were beginning to wail and whistle wildly through "bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang;" and in lonely woods, gaunt, leafless boughs creaked gloomily in the blast, where no other sound was heard. Everything from earth to sky told that before long the white shroud of the year would hide the faded scene. The voice of the streamlet, as it hurried cheerlessly down the hollow of the clough, between flowerless banks, rose now with pensive tone upon the silent air ; for the fields were desolate, and the song-birds of summer were all gone—all but the twittering red robin, creeping nearer, day by day, to the haunts of man with his cheerful little trill, as the weather grew colder, and the dying year deepened into days of "darkness and of gloominess, of clouds and of thick darkness, even very dark, and no brightness in it, for the land is darkened." And yet, it is not all unrelieved gloom ; for, now and then, there comes a keen, bright night, followed by a sharp, clear morning, when the air is bracing and pure ;

and hoar frost lies glittering upon the fields like a robe of pearls; and the hard footpath rings under the traveller's foot like a metal plate; and little ice-clad pools, here and there, shine in the morning sun like burnished silver. But the year is dying; and the white seal of winter will soon be set upon the land. . . . Now houseless stragglers peer wistfully in at the doors of cosy cottages, as the cheerless day declines, and sighing, think of the home of their childhood, as they wander on into the shelterless gloom; and the footsore tramp, in search of work, with his bundle under his arm, bends down in the fading light to read the milestone, that he may see how far he has yet to travel before he can get relief and housing from the winter night. . . . Now, as evening sinks down, with a "hard, dull, bitterness of cold," the cottage housewife mends her fire, and bars her door upon the darkening scene; and old folks light their pipes, and draw closer to the glowing grate, and sit listening to the mournful cadences of the wind, whilst they dreamily eye the crackling fire, the clean-swept hearth, and the cosy-looking kettle upon the hob, "singing a quiet tune," with steaming lips.

It was at the close of a cheerless wintry day that Robin o' Romper's, the boots at the "Moorcock Inn," took a besom from one of

the outhouses, and began to sweep the stable-yard, singing as he swept—

“ It’s true my love is listed,
And he wears a white cockade ;
He is a handsome young man,
Likewise a roving blade ;
He is a handsome young man,
That’s gone to serve the king,
And my very heart is breaking
All for the loss of him.”

He had got thus far with his song when the kitchen door opened, and a stout, red-haired servant lass cried out in a shrill voice, “ Robin ! thou’rt wanted ! ”

“ Comin’ ! ” cried Robin ; and flinging his besom back into the outhouse, he went towards the kitchen, stamping the snow from his shoes as he went. When he entered the house, he said in a sharp tone, as he looked round the kitchen, “ Well, what is it ? ”

“ Look theer ! ” said the servant lass, pointing to a stiff-built, bullet-headed little fellow, with a leather apron on, who was sitting by the fire warming his hands.

It was Clinker Bill, the village cobbler, who had brought Robin’s new boots home, and was waiting for the money.

“ Hello, Bill,” said Robin, “ is that thee ? Where’s my boots ? ”

“ Here they are,” said the cobbler, holding them up.

"Ay," said Robin, examining them quietly, "they looken reet enough. How much are they, Bill?"

"Ten shillin'."

"Well, wait here a minute or two till I goo an' get th' brass. . . . Matty, bring Bill a pint of ale!"

And away he went to the landlady to borrow the money for his boots. Meanwhile the cobbler took a pull at the foaming pot, then lit his pipe, and sat warming his hands at the fire, till he heard the sound of Robin's feet returning with the money.

"Here we are," said Robin. "Howd thi hond! . . . There's two hauce-crowns to begin wi',—an' one, two, three, four, five shillin'! Will that do for tho?"

"It's o' reet, Robin," replied the cobbler, "it's o' reet, my lad, an' thank tho!"

"Then that job's done wi'," said Robin. "An', now then," continued he, "I think I'll have a gill mysel', for it's gotten nearly dark, an' I've nought much to do. . . . Matty, bring me a pint!"

Then drawing a chair up he took his seat by the side of the cobbler, and slapping him on the knee, he said, "Well, owd Wax-brat, an' how are they gettin' on down i'th fowd, yon?"

"Oh,—th' same as ever: it's a quiet

place, to be sure—but we can manage to keep one another alive, o' somehow—for there's olez a bit o' some'at stirrin'—an' a little thing tickles folks' fancy in a country nook that would never be thought on in a busy town."

"I dar say. . . . How's little Dumpy gettin' on? I haven't sin him sin' Michaelmas."

"Ay, well, now—there's Dumpy—he's as daicent a chap as ever darken't a dur-hole,—an' he's as poor as a crow; but th' owd lad's gotten his hond-ful this time, for his wife had twins last week. . . . Poor little Dumpy! He did a bit of a trick about a fortnet sin' that set th' whole fowd agate o' laughin' for mony a day after."

"Oh, ay! what wur that?"

"Well, thou knows, Dumpy lives i'th' middle house o' that row of eight or nine that goes by th' name o' 'Tum's Biggins,' becose they wur built by owd Tum o' Leather-caps, that owned that delph upo' th' moorside, yon. . . . Well, one windy day, as Dumpy an' the wife wur sittin' by th' fire, a greight smudge o' soot coom down th' chimbly, flush into their faces—an' it made 'em sit back a bit. . . . Well, as soon as they'd gotten their breath, an' put things to reets again, th' wife said to Dumpy, 'John,

this chimbly mun be looked to, or else there'll be no livin' i'th' house! It wants sweepin', badly!' 'It does, lass,' said Dumpy, wipin' th' soot out of his een again, 'it does; an' I'll have it done at once,—for, though I've yerd folk say that soot wur a good thing for the ballyache, I'd as soon dee o' th' ballyache as be smoor't wi' soo't! . . . An' it's no use sendin' for a chimbly sweep, for I think I can manage this job mysel'!' 'How so?' said th' wife. 'Well,—when we live't up at the owd house, aboon th' Syke, yon,—if th' chimbly wanted sweepin' my faither use't to tee a stone an' a wisp o' strae to th' end of a long rope, an' then he geet a ladder, an' went upo' th' riggin' o' th' house, an' he dropt th' stone an' th' wisp into th' chimbly, an' he poo'd it up an' down till th' chimbly wur as clean as a new-swept hearthstone. An' surely I can do th' same. It's simple enough. There's no harm i' tryin' it, as how 'tis. . . . But, mind,' said he, 'thou mun fasten an owd seck or some'at o'er th' fire-place, here, while I'm agate, or else we's ha' th' house full o' soot. . . . An' I may as weel do it now, while I'm thinkin' on it,—so thee cover that fire-hole up, an' I'll go an' get ready!' . . . An' wi' that off he set, an' borrowed a rope, an' fettle't up his sweepin'-gear; an' then away he went onto th' riggin'

o' th' house, an' started o' sweepin' like mad. Well, Dumpy's wife stoo'd bi th' fire-hole, howdin' th' seck up, to keep th' soot in, an' hearkenin' for th' sound o' this wisp an' stone i'th' chimbly, but o' wur still; so hoo went outside, an' hoo shouted up to Dumpy, 'John, how soon arto gooin' to begin? Get done, an' come down, or else thou'll be gettin' cowl!' 'Begin!' said Dumpy, 'I've bin agate o' sweepin' a quarter of an hour! Keep yon seck to,—there'll be a cart-load o' soot at th' bottom when I've finished!'... Well, i'th' next house to Dumpy's, owd Ben o' Tumbler's an' his wife live't by theirsels; an' it happened that, just as Dumpy geet onto th' riggin' an' started a-sweepin', they wur sittin' down to their dinner; but afore they'd gotten two mouthfuls, a greight cloud of soot coom flusk into their faces, an' cover't th' dinner, an' th' floor, an' everything i'th' house. An' again an' again it coom—as thick as leetnin'—till owd Ben an' th' wife wur as black as two colliers, an' they couldn't see one another for th' smudge. As soon as owd Ben could get his breath, he gasped out, 'Oppen that dur! I'm smoorin'!' An' then he ran outside, an' looked up to th' riggin' where Dumpy wur as thrung as Throp's wife, wortchin' his rope up an' down, like a chap

pumpin' wayter. 'What the devil arto doin', Dumpy?' cried Ben; 'our house is full o' soot!' 'By th' mass,' said Dumpy, as he leet go th' rope, an' roll't off th' slate into a midden at th' back o' th' house, '*I've bin sweepin' th' wrong chimbly.*'

"Now then," said the landlady, as she came into the kitchen with a pair of shoes in her hands, "what are yo two laughin' about at such a rate?"

"It's a bit of a tale that Bill's bin tellin' about little Dumpy sweepin' a chimbly."

"What's he doin' sweepin' chimblys? He'd better stick to his looms, I think!"

"I don't think he'll sweep yon chimbly again, mistress, as how 'tis."

"Robin, has thou done yon horses up?"

"Ay, an hour sin'."

"Then go thi ways an' lock th' yard-gate; an' see that th' back doors are all fast; an' then make these fires up. It's goin' to be a wild night."

(Exit ROBIN.)

"Here, William, look at these shoes. Are they worth mendin', think yo?"

"Oh, ay! They'n want solein', an' heelin', an' weltin',—an' then they'n be as good as new!"

"Tak 'em wi' yo, then,—an' let's have 'em

back as soon as yo can—an' I'll see if I cannot find yo some more odd jobs. . . . How's Mary?"

"Well, hoo's a very hard time on it, mistress; an' I don't know how it'll turn with her, for hoo's a great deal o' trouble to get her breath; an' hoo doesn't seem to mend much."

"Poor body! Don't goo till I see yo! I'll put some bits o' things up in a basket for her!"

"Thank yo, mistress."

"Matty, bring William a drop more ale!"

"Thank yo, mistress."





COBBLER BILL.



"Now all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
A rural, solitary, sheltered scene;
Where ruddy fire and gleaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom."

—THOMSON.

THE short cold day had died out in the west, and the shades of night had closed upon the winter scene. A death-like hush lay on all the snow-clad landscape, save when the wind swept across the solitude with hollow moan. . . . The "Moorcock Inn" stood near the highway upon the northern slope of Blackstone Edge, about four miles distant from the nearest market town. As the darkness deepened, a cheerful gleam of rosy light shone across the snowy road from the kitchen of the inn, where Clinker Bill, the village cobbler, sat by the

fire, waiting the return of the landlady, who had gone to "put up" a few nourishments for his wife, who lay ill of a fever in the hamlet at the foot of the hill.

The cobbler had just finished his bread and cheese, and was shaking the crumbs from his leather apron, when the landlady returned, carrying a little basket, covered with a white cloth.

"Now then, William," said she, handing the basket to the cobbler, "there's some black currans, an' a few bits o' things, for your Mary; and tell her that I'll come down to see her to-morn. Yo mun carry the basket nicely now, for there's a bottle in it. . . . But don't go away just yet; I think I can find two or three more cobblin' jobs for yo. There's always some'at wantin' in a house like this; an' our lads are terrible for runnin' their shoon off their feet. But, whatever you do, you must let me have those shoes of George's back bi Thursday, for he hasn't a daicent pair to put on his feet, and this is bad weather to go ill shod. . . . Wait there a bit."

She was turnin' to go when the sound of broken glass came from the next room.

"Martha," said she to the servant in the next room, "is that another window?"

"Yes," replied the girl in a timid voice.

"Well, an' in the name o' goodness, now, how didto manage that?"

"I wur puttin' th' shuts (shutters) to," replied the girl; "I wur puttin' th' shuts to—wi th' long brush i' my hand—an' th' brush hit th' window."

"I never yerd sich a tale i' my life!" cried the landlady. "Whatever wur tho doin' puttin' th' shuts to wi' th' long brush i' thi hond? Good gracious! Thou says th' brush hit th' window. A bonny tale that is! Weren't it th' window that hit th' brush, thinksto? But it doesn't matter—for whether it's th' window that hits th' brush, or th' brush that hits th' window—it's th' window that suffers; an' it's me that has to pay. . . . I wish to the Lord thou'd mind what thou'rt doin'! Bless my life, lass, thou costs more for breakage, o' one sort an' another, than thi wage comes to! I wouldn't be so careless an' so clumsy, if I wur thee! Thou'rt like as if thou'd a malice again aught that's brittle! First it's a pot, then it's a glass, then it's a window or two—an' then it's another glass, then it's another pot, and then it's another window or two! If I wur thee I'd empty th' pot-shelf into th' middle o' th' floor, an' jump onto 'em, at once! It wur nobbut yesterday thou tried to break th' iron kettle, but it wur

rather too hard for tho! . . . Come, don't ston there hangin' thi knockles—it's done now! Get on wi' thi wark; an' do try to keep out o' lumber as weel as thou con! . . . Warm a pint of ale for William here—an' mend this fire—an' then goo an' sweep th' snow away fro' yon front dur! . . . Come, stir tho! . . . An' keep that back dur shut—do! It's cowl enough to fleece an otter!"

(Away goes the girl, with tears in her eyes.)

"William, sit where you are till I come back."

The girl brought the cobbler his drink. He took a pull at the pitcher, and set it down to cool. Then, filling his pipe, he drew nearer to the hob, and sat smoking and listening to the roaring of the wind in the chimney.

In a few minutes the back door opened, and Robin, the hostler, came in, rubbing his hands and stamping the snow from his feet.

"By th' mass, Bill," said Robin, as he drew a chair up beside the cobbler, "this is gooin' to be a nipper of a neet! . . . Where's our mistress?"

"Hoo's gone a-lookin' up some cobblin' for me."

"That's reet! Hoo'll find tho a job or two, if there is aught! . . . Well, I think I've

about done for this day, as how 'tis. I had to help owd Ben with his brewin' this forenoon! . . . Martha, bring me a pint,—an' a pen'oth o' 'bacco! . . . Ben, reitch me a pipe out o' that nook at thi elbow! . . . (*Fills his pipe.*) Now then! . . . Well, Bill, my lad; when didto see owd Throddy?"

"I seed him last Thursday, gooin' wobblin' through th' fowd as fuddle't as a fiddler, wi' a lot o' childer after him!"

"He's as numb an' as racketty as ever, I yer."

"He's about th' same, Robin; an' he'll never mend, now,—he's gettin' too owd."

"Is he doin' aught?"

"Well,—ay. He should be wortchin' i'th' stone-delph; but it's off an' on with him; for he's never to be depended on mony days together. . . . Tother mornin' he went creepin' to his wark about an hour after th' time; an' he met th' maister just as he wur gooin' into th' delph. 'It's a wild mornin', maister,' said Throddy. 'Ay, it's a wild mornin', said th' maister; 'an' thou's a wild look, too, Throddy. Where wur tho last neet?' 'I wur at a churn-supper up at th' Doldrum,' said Throddy. 'I thought thou'd bin agate o' some'at o'th sort,' said th' maister. 'Thou doesn't look like wark this mornin', my lad!' 'Well, if I mun tell yo truth,

maister,' said Throddy, 'I don't care whether I do any wark or not to-day. Con yo let me off?' 'I could like,' said th' maister, 'for I doubt thou'll never addle thi wage if thou starts.' 'Then yo con let me off to-day?' said Throddy. 'Ay, ay,' said th' maister, 'I con let thee off any time, my lad! How much brass hasto?' 'Well, I've about fourpence-hawp'ny.' 'Is that o'?' said th' maister. 'I doubt thou'll hardly have enough to tak th' weather up wi', my lad.' 'Well, if I'd another shillin', said Throddy, 'I think I could manage.' 'Well, here it is, then!' said th' maister. 'Off witho; an' fuddle thisel' sober. I'd better gi' tho a shillin' to drink, than pay tho a day's wage for doin' nought!'"

"I wonder at 'em keepin' him."

"Well, they wouldn't have him at o', but they're leet-honded. He's not so much use at th' best; but he's willin',—when he's th' reet side out,—an' he does for an' odd lad, thou knows. . . . Did I ever tell tho what a trick he played down i'th' town last week?"

"Nawe; what wur that?"

"Well, it wur that day when th' greight snowstorm coom on Throddy went down to th' town for some'at or another, an' while he wur there he went maunderin' about th' streets i'th' snow, with a thick

woollen tee round his neck, till he coom to some sort of a quack-doctor's shop, where there wur a ticket 'ith window,—*'The Poor treated free, between Twelve and Two.'*—'Hello,' said Throddy, as soon as he'd made th' ticket out, 'this is the shop for me! an' I'm i' good time, too; it's just stricken one bi th' owd church!' An' wi that he knocked at th' dur, an' a lass coom an' showed him into a room, where there wur a lot o' folk waitin' for th' doctor. Well, Throddy waited an' waited, an' first one wur beckon't out, an' then another wur beckon't out, an' Throddy thought to his-sel, 'Come, it'll be my turn afore long!' In a bit th' doctor his-sel' looked in; an' Throddy shouted to him, 'Heigh, maister; I want to be goin'!' 'You must wait your turn!' said th' doctor, an' out he went again. But Throddy followed him to th' dur, an' shouted after him, 'Heigh, couldn't yo gi' me a saup o' some'at, now? It'll not tak yo a minute; an' I want to be gooin'!' 'No,' said the doctor; 'you must wait your turn, I tell you!' an' he shut th' dur beheend him with a bang. 'Stupid foo'!' said Throddy, as he went back an' sat down again, 'he might ha' sarv't me in a snift; an' then I should ha' bin off, out of his road!' But he thought he'd better wait; so he took his chair, an' he

waited, an' waited, till he wur th' last mon left i'th' hole ; an' then th' lass coom an' towed him that he wur wanted. ' Now for it ! ' said Throddy, an' off he went into th' next room. As soon as he geet in th' doctor beckon't him to a chair, and said, ' Sit down, an' let's look at you ! . . . Now, then, what's the matter ? . . . Oh, I see,—it's your neck ! ' ' Ay,' said Throddy, ' mi neck's noan reet,—an' I don't feel weel i' mi inside ! I thought yo could happen gi' me a saup o' some'at warm, that would do me good,—as it's sich a cowl mornin' ! ' ' Well, we'll see,' said th' doctor. ' Put your tongue out ! . . . That'll do ! . . . Now, let's feel your pulse ! . . . Yes, I see ! I'll soon get you right ! I think a good dose of julap is all you require ! ' . . . ' Jollup ! ' cried Throddy ; ' by Guy, I'll sup no jollup ! ' ' Why ? ' said th' doctor. ' Why ? ' said Throddy ; ' well,—I thought yo wur givin' drink away ! ' ' What do you mean ? ' said th' doctor. ' Well,' said Throddy, ' as I wur gooin' by,—with a throttle as dry as soot,—I seed a ticket i'th' window here that said, '*The poor trated free !*' so I thought to mysel'—this is the very shop for me ; for I'm poor enough,—I haven't a hawp'ny about my rags ! ' . . . Well, th' doctor stare't at him for a minute, an' then he said, ' Here, come this way ! ' an' he took Throddy into th'

lobby ; an' he oppen't th' front dur ; an' he sent him yed first into th' street,—an' he gav him a bit of a lifter beheend with his fuut,—to help him on,—an' then he banged th' dur to. . . . Well, when Throddy had piked (picked) his-sel' up out o' th' slutch, he looked up at th' doctor's window, an' he said, 'Well, by th' heart,—that's a corker ! If this be yo're way o' *tratin'* poor folk, I'll come no more to this shop, as how 'tis !'

"Well done, Throddy !" cried Robin, with a great laugh. . . . "That reminds me of a bit of a do that Jem Leech had a year or two back. . . . One summer's day, about noon, Jem wur trampin' down th' moorside into Owdham, when he coom to a comfortable-lookin' cottage that stoode bi th' roadside, where there wur a ticket i'th' window that said, '*LEECHES kept here !*' Jem stopt an' read this ticket ; an' he looked at th' house. Well, th' dur o' th' cottage stoode wide open, an' there wur a rare smell coom fro' th' inside, for th' family wur just sittin' down to a potito pie, about a stone weight. Jem sniffed a bit,—an' then he read th' ticket again. '*Leeches kept here !*' said Jem. 'O' reet ! This is the shop for me !' An' he made no more ado, but in he went, an' poo'd a chair up to th' table.

Well, they looked at him for a minute or so, but th' owd woman set a plate afore him, an' hoo said, 'Now then, help yo'rsel', maister—for yo're as welcome as th' flowers i' May!' So Jem pegged away at this pie, till he'd tightened his waistcoat to his heart's content. At last th' owd woman said, 'Now, yo munnot be vex't at me—I remember yo'r face very weel—but I cannot co' yo'r name to mind! what is it, if I may be so bowd?' 'Well,' said Jem, 'my name's JEM LEECH, an' as I coom by I seed that ticket i'th' window that said, "*LEECHES kept here,*"—so I thought I'd dropt o' mi' feet for once.' Well, they o' set up a greight laugh. 'Eh, I never yerd sich a tale i' my life!' cried th' owd woman. 'I railly thought that it wur one of our Jonathan lads out o' Yorkshire,—I did for sure! Well, come; we're noan to a mouthful o' pie; not we, marry! Co' whenever yo'n a mind, maister! yo'n olez be welcome,—particular if it happens to be dinner-time!'"

And now the landlady returned to the kitchen, with two pairs of shoes in her hands.

"Here, William," said she, giving the shoes to the cobbler, "look at those; an' do anything that they need doin' at. An' tell yo'r Mary that I'll be sure to come an' see her to-morn i'th' afternoon. An' don't stop here

long, now ; for hoo'll 'be wantin' yo' back,
poor body !"

"Thank yo, mistress," said the cobbler ;
"I'll be off as soon as I've emptied this
pot."





MARKET NEET.

“ When chapman billies leave the street,
And droughty neibors neibors meet,
As market days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit boozing at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy.”

—BURNS.

TH E chill November evening was darkening down on Kersall Moor ; the rooks of Agecroft Hall were settled in their nests for the night ; the stars were beginning to crowd the sky with solemn splendour ; and there was not a sound to be heard upon the fading scene but the wild moan of the wind and the distant bark of a dog at Jem Royle's farm down by the river side. Jem's old friend, “Jone o' Plunger's,” had taken his way homeward, down the hill ; and now Jem drew his chair nearer to the hearth, where three or four neighbour folk, — and amongst the rest,

Reuben o' Nell's and his little lad, Johnny,—
were gathered,

“Fast by the ingle, bleezing finely.”

They had called at the old ale-house on their way home from the market, for a genial hour together, as usual, at the close of the day. The scene outside had faded from view; and as old Matty, the landlady, closed the window-shutters, she said to the servant lass, “Jenny, fling some coals upo' this fire; an' bring another chair or two out o' that back room; we's ha' more company in afore th' neet's o'er, as it's bin market day.” Jem charged his pipe again, and called for another pot; and then, like the rest of the company, he sat silent for a minute or two, looking into the fire, and listening to the sough of the wind outside. Reuben's little lad, who stood between his father's knees, basking his sunny round face in the firelight, was the first to break the silence.

“Faither,” said he, looking suddenly up, with a smile, “I do so like th' ballyache!”

“Whatever for, my lad?”

“Becose it's so nice when it gi's o'er!”

This set the whole company into a roar of laughter.

“Bravo, Johnny, my lad!” cried Jem Royle;
“that's th' best thing I've yerd this day!”

"Ay; it's noan amiss, for sure," said Reuben, stroking his little lad's bullet-head with his great brown hand; "it's noan amiss! But it's just like him! . . . Johnny, my lad, go thi ways into tother reawm, an' play wi' little Sam a bit! I'll shout on tho when I'm ready!"

Away went Johnny into the next room, to play with the landlady's little grandson.

"I'll tell tho what, Reuben," said Jem Royle, "yon lad o' thine should make a fine mon, if he's luck."

"Ay; th' lad'll be o' reet,—if he's luck, as thou says. He's as sharp as a needle; an' he's as strong as a little galloway. But he may weel be strong, for he can put as much churn-milk an' porritch out o' seet as ony groon-up mon. An' he makes some o' the quarest speeches that ever coom out of a mortal mouth. But we'n a deeol o' bother wi' him, too, sometimes; for th' lad's a will of his own; an' if onybody strokes his yure th' wrong road on, he'll dee afore he'll give in."

"He taks o' his faither, I see," said Reuben.

"Ay; an' o' his mother, too, for that matter," continued Reuben. "But that's noather here nor there. Th' lad's a fine lad, though I say it that shouldn't say it. An' he's as tender-

hearted a little thing as ever stept shoe-leather, —an' yo wouldn't think it to look at him. . . . I never seed sich a lad as he is for dogs i' my life! If he meets wi' a dog that's lost, he's sure to bring it whoam. I've seen him beg an' pray, wi' tears in his een, like a cripple at a gate, for his mother to let a dog stop o' neet that he's fund upo' th' street as he coom fro' schoo'. An' th' feawer an' poorer it wur, th' moore he seemed to tak to it. Sometimes he'd cart it off quietly into th' stable, or into a nook i'th' barn, an' theer he'd feed it, an' nurse it, an' keep it till he'd fund it a shop somewheer. . . . Ay; he's a quare lad. . . . Tother day, when he wur wanderin' i'th' felt down by th' river-side, yon, he fund a bit of a mangy mongrel whelp that somebody had been tryin' to drown; but it had just managed to crapple through th' wayter an' out at tother side; and there it lay upo' th' bank, drippin' an' shiverin', an' strugglin' at th' last gasp, with a stone teed to its neck. Well, that wur quite a godsend for our Johnny; an' he cut th' bant off th' dog's neck, an' away he brought it whoam in his arms, wi' tears in his een. When he took it into th' stable first; an' then he had it in a nook o' th' barn; an' then he smuggle't up into th' little reawm where he sleeps; an' he nurse't it, an'

fed it, an weshed it, an' gav it warm milk an' stuff, till he brought it quite round again, —except that it wur as mangy as thump, an' he didn't know how to cure that. At last his mother fund out that he'd gotten this dog, an' hoo said mich an' moore that hoo wouldn't have it i'th' house a minute longer, —fillin' everything wi' fleas. 'Send it away,' hoo said; 'send it away this minute!' 'But it has nowheer to goo to,' said Johnny, cryin' as if his heart would break. 'I don't care,' said his mother, 'I'll not have it here! Turn it out, an' let it goo wheer it coom fro!' An' hoo co'de th' poor craiter o' sorts o' ugly names,—it wur feaw, an' it wur mangy, an' it wur noather use nor ornament,—an' sich like. Then Johnny begged an' prayed again, an' he said that if it wur feaw, an' mangy, it wur noan o' th' dog's faut,—an' he wur sure he could cure it. An' he even offer't to tak it to a doctor, an' pay for it his-sel', wi' some money that he had save't up in a little wood box. But his mother wouldn't yer on it. 'I'm sure it'll go mad,' hoo said,—'I'm sure it'll go mad,—bi th' look on't. An' if it goes mad, an' bites tho,—then what wilto do?' But Johnny's monkey wur gettin' up, an' he said, 'I don't care whether it bites me or not! an' I don't care whether I go mad or not!' 'But I'll mak tho care, thou little

kempie!' said his mother. 'It shall go out o' this house,—an' it shall go just now!' 'When, then, I'll go too!' said Johnny, as bowd as Hector. Well, when it coom to this I had to step in between, an' saddle it mysel', an' wi' mich ado I geet his mother to consent to let one o'th' men tak this dog whoam wi' him, an' try to cure it o' th' mange; an' day after day Johnny went down to look after it, like a regular doctor. Th' dog's theer yet, an' our Johnny an' it are as thick as two inkle-weighvers. . . An' between thee an' me, Jem, I raither like th' lad's feelin' about sich things. It grieves me mony a time to see how down craiterers are abused. Beside, there's no mon can tell what's gooin' on in a poor craiter's yed that connot speighk for itsel'."

*(Enter LATHER DICK, a labouring man
sometimes.)*

"Hello, Dick," said Jem Royle, "is that thee? What hasto agate?"

"Nought much. I'm out o' wark."

"Then thou'll be comfortable, I guess?"

"Nay; not very; it's thin pikein' when there's no wark agate."

"Well, but thou'd raither clem than wortch, wouldn'to?"

"I don't know. I'm noan so fond o' clem-min'."

"Well, an' thou'rt noan so fond o' wark,—I know that."

"I'm gettin' weary o' livin' o' saut-wayter bullocks, and sawdust puddin'—an' not so much o' that noather."

"What doesto meeon by saut-wayter bullocks?"

"Red herring."

"Well, it's thi own faut, my lad; it's thi own faut. Thou'rt yung an' strung; an' if thou'll not wortch thou desarnes to clem. . . .

Doesto ever wesh thisel?"

"Now an' then."

"How oft?"

"Two or three times a week."

"Well, thou'rt a weary pictur'. If onybody sees thee i'th' dayleet I'm sure they'n never want to run away wi' tho i'th' dark. Go thi ways, an' get a good swill,—for thou'll tak a deal o' sweetenin' afore thou'rt fit to goo amung daicent folk,—an' get that reawsty yure o' thine pow'd a bit,—an' borrow a clen shirt somewheer, if thou con,—an' then thou may goo an' rob a hen-cote safely, for nobody'll ever know that it's thee!"

"I think I'll be gooin'!"

"Well, I've nought again tho gooin'. Off wi' tho,—an' rear thisel' up again a wole

(wall) somewheer,—an' scrat thisel',—till somebody brings tho a pint of ale an' a butter-cake."

"I owe yo nought, Jem, do I?"

"Nawe; nor thou never shall do,—not wi' my consent, my lad!"

"Well, good neet!"

"Good neet to tho, my lad,—an' a good shuttance!"

(Exit LITHER DICK.)

"By th' mass, Jem, yo'n tickle't yon mon up!"

"Sarve him reet, for he's a sunbrunt wastrel,—if ever there wur one. Greight skulkin' slotch,—they may well co' him 'Lither Dick,' for he's too idle to trail his legs one after tother!"

"I believe it would take him a long while to do very little wark, Jem, by o' accounts."

"Ay, marry; he's one o' those that can ston a good deal o' rest, is yon!"

"He's a chap that likes bein' quiet, I guess?"

"Just so; an' if thou's notic't, Reuben, folk o' that sort generally wear'n th' back o' their breeches out very soon."

"What trade is he?"

"Trade? Nay, marry, now thou fastens me. . . . Well, he's swill-shifter—when he can

get ony to shift. An' he's a good sitter, I think he met (might) make a trifle now and then bi sittin' duck-eggs; but I cannot think of aught else."

"I knew his faither very well. He wur a comical sort of a cowlt wur th' owd chap,—and he wur nobbut about haue rocked.—They played sad pranks wi' him, among 'em, up i'th' fowd, yon. I's never forget a marlock that he played i'th' church when the sarvice were agate one Sunday."

"Oh, ay! What wur that?"

"Well, one Setterday neet, when he wur fuddlin' at 'Th' Church Inn,' among th' lads i'th' fowd, they towd him that th' parson had been complainin' about so mony folk fo'in' asleep while th' sarmon wur agate; an' that he'd said if he could get onybody to keep 'em wakken, bi hook or bi crook, he should be thankful; an' he'd reward 'em handsomely; an' as th' parish clerk wur among th' company he thought it wur o' reet. So they persuaded him to tak a peigh-shooter an' a lot o' peighs with him to church th' next day, an' let fly at onybody that he see'd asleep while th' sarmon wur agate. Well, th' owd vicar started of his sarmon,—an' he hadn't bin agate mony minutes afore first one dropt off, an' then another dropt off; an' Bill whipt his peigh-shooter out, an'

he leet fly into their ear-holes. An', by th' mass,—didn't it wakken 'em! Well; they jumped, an' stare't round, one after another, as if they'd bin shot. An' I believe one or two on 'em stooode straight up, an' mutter't a rough word or two at him! Th' parson had bin watchin' him a bit, too; an' at last he stopt in his sarmon, an' he said, 'Before I go any further, my friends, I must request William Robishaw, in the second pew there, to leave off pea-shooting!' 'Get for'ad wi' yo'r sarmon!' said Bill, 'an' I'll keep 'em wakken till it's o'er!' . . . Hello; what's that?"

The old clock in the next room struck nine, in slow and solemn tone.

"Nine o'clock," said Reuben, rising from his chair, and drinking up his ale. "I mun be off! Come, Johnny, my lad! Good neet, Jem!"

"Good neet, Reuben!"





A SNIP IN A TRAP.



“Wha is that at my bower door?
Oh, wha is it but Findlay?
Then gae ye’re gate, ye’s’e na be here!—
Indeed maun I, quo’ Findlay.”

—BURNS.

THE gorgeous hues of sunset had faded from the sky, and a rich after-glow filled the soft, clear summer twilight with dreamy beauty. In a clean, quiet street of the suburban village, where thick-leaved garden trees gushed over the footpath here and there, a buxom widow kept a little shop, the one window of which was well-filled with “smallwares,” neatly arranged. Jenny was still a handsome woman, and in the prime of life. Amongst all the village dames she was especially remarkable for cleanliness and thrift; and it was quietly whispered through the neighbourhood that she had “a snug stockin’-ful

o' sovereigns laid by, somewheer." This rare combination of charms brought Jenny a host of wooers, and, amongst them, some who were considerably younger than herself. But the chief favourite of all the devoted crowd was a merry stiff-built tailor, known by the name of "Jack o' Squirrel's"—a little hearty, round-faced, rollickin' blade, full of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," and as brisk as bottled ale. Little Jack's humour and comical pranks were the theme of many a fireside story; and he himself was always hailed with delight among the thoughtless and the gay; but many a sage matron of the village wondered "whatever Jenny could see i' sich a rackety foo" as that; and here and there a greybeard of the hamlet smiled a quiet smile, and shook his head as he muttered "th' owder an' th' madder—th' owder an' th' madder!" It was true that Jenny had seen forty years of human life, but long experience and sage advice were utterly unavailing in this case, for she was fairly carried off her feet by the lively little snip.

It had been market day in the neighbouring town; and the tailor had promised to call at the widow's on his way home. But the "trysted hour" had long gone by; and, as the shades of night stole on, and stillness sank upon the village, Jenny sat wait-

ing, and listening for the footsteps of her careless lover, with all the fidgety impatience of a disappointed heart. Again and again, on one pretence or another, she went to the door, and gazed wistfully along the quiet street, in the deepening dusk, but still no footstep came.

"Martha," said the widow to her daughter, "I think thou'd better go to bed. I'll stop up a bit, an' iron these clooas. Here; tak this pair o' stockin's up stairs for yon lad; he'll want 'em i'th mornin'. Now, off witho, this minute; an' get some sleep; for thou can hardly keep thi een oppen."

The daughter crept up stairs; and Jenny remained below working, and waiting, and listening; but still the merry little tailor came not. At last, tired out, she, too, crept off to bed; and all the house was still.

In the meantime the last tinge of day has died out from the west. The full moon is aloft in the midsummer sky; and the tailor is toddling homeward from the market-town, with tossing head, and careless heart, unconsciously delighted with the radiant beauty of the night, and crooning as he goes:—

"My new shoon, they are so good,
I could doance morrice, if I would;
And, when hat and sark are drest,
I con doance morrice wi' the best."

Then he varied the amusement of his solitary walk with a hunting-cry, which startled the silent woods around:—

“Heigh, Bugle!—Blossom!—Bouncer!—Bangle, little lass! Come back, good dog! By, dogs, by! Hark away!”

Here, lapsing once more into a lyrical pause, he sang in a clear tenor,—

“Then swap your hats round, lads, to keep your yeds warm,
An’ a saup o’ good ale, it’ll do us no harm!”

The little top-heavy tailor was a notable sword-dancer, and he finished this snatch of song with a wild gyration, which brought him down in the middle of the road.

“Wo-oh, Tinker!” cried he, “woigh! . . . Rise up, bold Slasher, an’ fight again!”

The lively little fellow was on his feet again in an instant, and away he went liting in at the end of the village as merry as a cricket, singing in the moonlight,—

“John and Jane,
Jane and John,
John loves Jane,
And Jane loves John!”

Here, he was just about to turn in at the end of the shady street where his buxom sweetheart dwelt, when a voice from the opposite side of the road pulled him up with a start.

“Hello, Squirrel, owd craiter; what art

thou doin' here, at this time o' th' neet? Thou'rt after some mischief, I doubt?"

"Nay," said the tailor, "I wur just goin' to tak a short cut whoam across th' coppy (coppice), here."

"Thou wur just goin' to do nought o' th' sort," said his friend, "thou wur playin' straight in at th' street end theer, toward Jenny Pepper's, yon!"

"Well," replied the tailor, "if I mun tell truth, owd lad,—thou's just hit it! But thou doesn't need to make a bother about it, thou knows!"

"Not I, marry," said his friend; "not I! I'll be goin' whoam—an' lev yo to't! So, good neet, Squirrel, owd lad; good neet! I think hoo's stonnin' in her own leet—but it's nought to me! Good neet!"

"Good neet, Billy," said the tailor; "an' God bless tho for gooin'!"

Then each went on his separate way.

As the little tailor drew nigh to his sweetheart's door he became silent, and he trod the ground with softer footstep than before. Halting in the middle of the street, he cast his eyes aloft and alow, and he saw at once that all was still.

"Hello," said he; "gone to bed!" (*He hearkens at the door.*) "Not a mouse stirrin'!" (*He peeps through the window.*)

"O's dark—dark as a soot-seck! I shouldn't wonder but hoo's dropt asleep upo' th' couch-cheer! Hoo said hoo'd wait up a bit; but I'm raither beheend time! Hush! Nay; it's nobbut a twitch-clock, or a cricket, or some'at! . . . I darn't knock—freeten't o' wakkenin' th' neighbours! Let's see! I have it! I'll goo down th' coal-grid! Now for a marlock!"

Finding the coal-grid loose, he quietly lifted it up, and in he crept, feet foremost, to the cellar. Floundering about in the dark, he fell over a barrel, and knocked over a milk-bowl, which came to the ground with a crash. Then creeping quietly up, he tried the door at the head of the cellar-steps, but, to his dismay, he found it fastened on the other side. Wiping the coal dust from his eyes, he sat down upon the top step, and began to whisper through the opening at the bottom of the cellar-door:—

"Jenny! Doesto yer? Heigh! It's me!"

In the meantime, the din in the cellar has awakened the widow; and, thoroughly frightened, she lies listening to the rattle of the sneck, and the mutter at the cellar-door. At last she leaps out of bed, and rousing her son and her daughter, she cries out, "Get up; there's thieves i'th' house!" Then,

throwing up the window, the whole three begin to scream out, "Help! Help! Thieves! Murder! Police!"

The uproar brought two or three of the neighbours to their windows; and, in a few minutes, a slow-motioned Irish policeman came up to the door, and the terrified widow came down stairs, and let him into the house.

"There's thieves i'th' cellar!" said Jenny to the policeman. "I've bin hearkenin' 'em a good while! . . . Now, don't oppen that cellar door yet! . . . Martha, gi' me howd o' th' poker! . . . Eh, I wish John had bin here! . . . Husht! What's that?"

The little tailor, hearing something of the noise above, muttered to himself—"Hoo's gotten up at last! . . . Come; I'll have a bit of a mank!" Then creeping back up the coal-grid again, he popped his head out, just under the window, and he cried out, "Heigh, Jenny, lass! What's to do?" Then slipping back into the cellar, he went and sat at the head of the steps again, waiting for the door to be opened.

The widow knew her lover's voice; an' whipping open the door, she said, "Eh, that's John! I am so fain!" Then, looking around from the doorway, she cried out, "John! Where are you?" But there was

not a soul in sight ; and as she closed the door again with a sigh, she muttered to herself, " Well—I could ha' sworn that was his voice ! "

" Now, then," said Jenny to the policeman, " mind what yo'r doin' ! They're a rough lot ; an' I don't want to have anybody hurt ! . . . Here, Martha ; howd th' candle ; an' ston a bit fur back ! . . . There's one on 'em at th' top o' the steps just this minute ! . . . Han yo yo'r truncheon ready ? . . . Gently, till I oppen th' dur ! "

Jenny slipt the bolt, and opened the cellar door, and there, at the head of the steps sat the little tailor, half drunk, and as black as a sweep with coal-dust from head to foot.

" Now then, ye scoundrel ! " said the policeman, seizing him by the collar, " I got ye this time ! Are ye goan quietly or not ? "

" Hello ! " said the little tailor, rubbing his grimy eyes and staring at the policeman,—
" Hello, Jenny ; what's up now ? "

" Eh ! " cried the widow, seizing the policeman's arm,—
" Don't touch him,—for God's sake, don't touch him ! It's John,—it's John ! "

" Oh, it's John, is it ? " said the police-

man ; "an' av it's John—as ye call the dirty-lookin' divul on the steps there—what's the manin' o' the hullabaloo ye wur kickin' up, mi darlin' ? See now, for a couple o' pins I'd take both yerself an' the little sweep ye call 'John' to the lock-ups !"

"Husht," said the widow, closing the door, "don't make a din ! Sit yo down, an' I'll goo into th' cellar for a drop of ale."





A RUN WI' TH' DOGS.



“ ‘ There's slutch upo' thi cowl, mon, an' blood upon th' chin ;

It's welly time for milkin' ; now, wherever hasto bin ? ’

‘ I've bin to see the gentlefolk o' th' county ride a run ;

Owd wench, I've been a-huntin,' an' I've seen some rattlin' fun ! ’ ”

—SQUIRE WARBURTON.

[*Winter Evening. Kitchen of an old alehouse in a moorland fold amongst the hills. JIM O' BILLY'S WI' TH' PIPES, and SAM, the landlord, sitting by the fire. MALLY, the landlady, bustling about.*]

“ **A**Y ; I tell tho, Jem,” said the landlord, “ th' owd lad skrike't like a witch in a lock-hole.”

“ By th' heart,” replied Jem, “ he might weel skrike wi' that dog hangin' at his hinder-end.”

“ Well, it sarve't him reet ; for I'd gan him fair warnin' afore,” said the landlord. “ But

he coom no more into our garden i'th' neet-time, after that, I can tell tho."

"Th' owd lad seems to have nought but ill-luck wi' gardens an' garden-gates," said Jem. . . . "Tother day I dropt in at Bull's Yed, i' Wardle Fowd, yon; an' just as I went in owd Ben coom up with his jackass-cart; and he tether't his jackass to th' garden-gate, at th' end o' th' house, an' went in for a gill. Well, there were a racketty lot o' lad's i'th house at the time; an' when Ben entered the kitchen they cried out, 'Hello, Ben, where's thi jackass?' 'I've left it outside, yon, teed to th' garden-gate,' said Ben. Well, in a bit, one o' th' crew slipt out, an' loosed th' jackass out o' th' shafts,—an' then he pushed th' shafts through th' garden-gate, and fastened th' jackass into th' shafts again,—an' there he left 'em, wi' th' cart o' one side o' th' gate an' th' jackass at tother. . . . Well, when Ben coom out he stare't at the cart, an' he stare't at th' gate, an' he stare't at th' jackass,—an' he scrat his yed, an' he said to th' jackass, 'Well, this is a crumper, owd lad! How the devil hasto managed this?' Well, thou knows, if he'd loosed th' jackass out o' th' shafts again, an' poo'd th' shafts out o' th' gate, he'd ha' bin reet again. But he never thought o' that. Th' only way he could see were to lift th'

garden-gate off th' hinges, an' bring it away with him. An' he would ha' done, too; but they were watchin' him through th' window, an' they cried out, 'Now, then, drop that! Connot thou be content wi' steighlin' th' stuff out o' th' garden, without steighlin' th' garden-gate?' . . . Hello; who's this?"

Enter DICK O' ROUGH CAP'S, singing—

"Our hounds they were staunch, and our horses were good,
As ever broke cover, or dashed through a wood!
Tally-ho, tally-ho!
Sing, bark, forward! huzza; tally-ho!"

"Top-boots for my brass! Now, then,—is there nought wick i'th' hole? Hutch up, lads, or else I'll knock some on yo o'er! Sam; where's th' mistress?"

"Hoo'll be here in a minute."

(Enter the Landlady.)

"Mally; con yo do a bit of a job for me?"

"What's it like, Dick?"

"Con yo stitch me a gallows-button on? I'm breakin'-down."

(She gets the needle and thread.)

"Come here; an' let's see what I can do for tho. . . . Now, thou mon ston still, or else I's be runnin' th' needle into tho!"

"O' reet, Mally!"

(Begins to sing.)

"The dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn;
 The hounds all join in jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.
 And a-hunting we will go."

"Mak a less o' thi yeawlin' din; an' ston still, I tell tho? How con onybody sew, an' thee bouncin' up an' down like a jack-jumper?"

"O' reet, Mally!"

"Ay; thou keeps sayin', 'O' reet!'
 Now, then, button thisel' up,—an' sit down,
 —for thou'rt as restless as wicksilver!"

"I'm as dry as soot, Mally! Bring me a pint! Well, Sam, ow'd lad, how arto?"

"Well; I'm th' better side out, Dick! Wherever hasto bin?"

"Bin? I've bin a-huntin', ow'd craiter! an' we'n had a run that would make ony mon's yure curl! This chase'll be tow'd on a hundred year after to-day!"

(Sings):—

"Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn
 And spangles deck the thorn;
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn:"

"Dogs, huntsmen, all, the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry;
 Arise, the burden of my song—
 This day a stag must die!"

"Eh, Sam, I wish to the Lord thou'd bin

theer! Th' finest felt o' hunters that ever I
clapt een on!—

(Sings) :—

They'd o' got buckskin leathers on, a-fitting 'em so tight,
As round an' plump as turnips are, and just about as white;
Their spurs were made o' silver, an' their buttons made o'
brass;
Their coats were red as carrits, an' their collars green as
grass!—

—I'll tell tho what, Sam, Brown Wardle's
th' finest huntin' ground i' Lancashire! I'll
bate nought at it! Eh, lads; we'n had a
rattling run! We'n kilt three times! I
haven't had a bite o' nought to eat sin' I left
whoam this mornin' but a cowl berm-bo'
that I begged at my uncle Joss's, at the Pot-
House Farm, as we ran by! . . . Mally; if
yo're willin' to save life,—bring me some'at
to bite at! Aught'll do! I'm hungry
enough to chew a smoothin'-iron!”

“I'll bring tho some'at, lad, if thou'll be
quiet.”

“That's reet, Mally! . . . Eh, lads; if
yo'd bin where I've bin this day!”

(Sings again) :—

Eh, my! a pratty little jingle then went ringin' through the
sky;
First Victory, then Villager, began the merry cry;
Then every mouth were oppen, from the owd un to the pup,
An o' the pack together took the swelling chorus up!—

“Heigh, Beauty! Blossom! Bouncer! Heigh

thou doin' here, at this time o' th' neet? Thou'rt after some mischief, I doubt?"

"Nay," said the tailor, "I wur just goin' to tak a short cut whoam across th' coppy (coppice), here."

"Thou wur just goin' to do nought o' th' sort," said his friend, "thou wur playin' straight in at th' street end theer, toward Jenny Pepper's, yon!"

"Well," replied the tailor, "if I mun tell truth, owd lad,—thou's just hit it! But thou doesn't need to make a bother about it, thou knows!"

"Not I, marry," said his friend; "not I! I'll be goin' whoam—an' lev yo to't! So, good neet, Squirrel, owd lad; good neet! I think hoo's stonnin' in her own leet—but it's nought to me! Good neet!"

"Good neet, Billy," said the tailor; "an' God bless tho for gooin'!"

Then each went on his separate way.

As the little tailor drew nigh to his sweetheart's door he became silent, and he trod the ground with softer footstep than before. Halting in the middle of the street, he cast his eyes aloft and alow, and he saw at once that all was still.

"Hello," said he; "gone to bed!" (*He hearkens at the door.*) "Not a mouse stirrin'!" (*He peeps through the window.*)

"O's dark—dark as a soot-seck! I shouldn't wonder but hoo's dropt asleep upo' th' couch-cheer! Hoo said hoo'd wait up a bit; but I'm raither beheend time! Hush! Nay; it's nobbut a twitch-clock, or a cricket, or some'at! . . . I darn't knock—freeten't o' wakkenin' th' neighbours! Let's see! I have it! I'll goo down th' coal-grid! Now for a marlock!"

Finding the coal-grid loose, he quietly lifted it up, and in he crept, feet foremost, to the cellar. Floundering about in the dark, he fell over a barrel, and knocked over a milk-bowl, which came to the ground with a crash. Then creeping quietly up, he tried the door at the head of the cellar-steps, but, to his dismay, he found it fastened on the other side. Wiping the coal dust from his eyes, he sat down upon the top step, and began to whisper through the opening at the bottom of the cellar-door:—

"Jenny! Doesto yer? Heigh! It's me!"

In the meantime, the din in the cellar has awakened the widow; and, thoroughly frightened, she lies listening to the rattle of the sneck, and the mutter at the cellar-door. At last she leaps out of bed, and rousing her son and her daughter, she cries out, "Get up; there's thieves i'th' house!" Then,



“SHAVING, PLEASE?”

—o—
“Here, drop it; I’ve had quite enough!
Thou’s nicked mi’ chin to th’ quick!
If thou’rt boun to cut thi customers,
I’m boun to cut mi stick!”

—ANON.

[*A cold morning in Autumn. NICE TOMMY, the polite village-barber, at work in his shop. Enter JOE O’ LUNG ENOCH’S, commonly called TULIP, a village gardener.*]

“**G**OOD morning, sir! It’s a cold morning!”

“Ay, it’s cowl, for sure, Tommy; an’, if I wur thee, I’d have a bit o’ fire i’ th’ hole; th’ look o’ that frost-bitten face o’ thine is enough to perish an otter. What’s th’ matter? Arto beheend i’ thi rent,—or hasto bin robbin’ a hen-cote, or some’at?”

“No; I’m all right, Joseph, thank you! . . . Shaving, please?”

“Ay—shavin’,—but no slaughter, mind!”

"All right, sir! . . . Take this chair, please! (JOE *sits down.*) Thank you! (TOMMY *tucks the cloth under his chin.*) I think it's some time since I shaved you before, sir!"

"Ay, it is; an' thou wouldn't ha' shaved me now if I could ha' gotten onybody else to do it!"

"Thank you! . . . Let me see, aren't you cousin to the sexton at the old church?"

"Never thee mind whether I am or not!"

"Thank you!"

"An', now, — stop, Tommy, — afore thou begins o' this job, — let me gi' tho fair warnin'!"

"Thank you!"

"Hasto sharpen't that razor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will it cut ony?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, — just tak care what thou cuts with it! Thou'rt' welcome to as much yure (hair) as thou can get at comfortably, but, if thou goes ony deeper, I'll let fly at thi shins! Doesto yer that, now?"

"Thank you!"

"Look at these shoon o' mine!"

"Yes; they're a fine pair! Thank you!"

"Ay; but thou'll give o'er thankin' me if thou gets a crack with 'em. But, now thou's sin 'em, an' thou knows what to expect."

"Thank you!"

"Well, then; get agate o' thi job. An' mind how thou scrapes round that wart on my chin. Thou took a piece out th' last time I wur here!"

"Did I, indeed? I've quite forgot. I'm very sorry, I'm sure! . . . How's the garden-ing trade now?"

"Th' gardenin' trade's o' reet. Get done as soon asto can; I want to be gooin'."

"All right, sir! I'll lose no time! . . . I should think your trade's one of the oldest trades in the world, Mr. Joseph!"

"Never thee mind whether it is or not! Let's have a less o' thi ornimental talk; an' get for'ad wi' thi shavin'. Thou'rt not one o' thoose chaps that can manage two jobs at once. . . . Theer yo go again! By th' mass, thou's made another notch! . . . Here; let's look! (*Gets up, and looks in the glass.*) Ay; thou's left thi mark upo' mi chin again,—an' bowdly, too! Here; gi' me howd o' that razor; an' goo an' sit tho down somewheer! I'll finish this mysel'! Thou should ha' bin a butcher, my lad, instead of a barber! Gi's a bit o' some'at to stop this bleedin'!"

(*Somebody tries the latch.*)

"Now, then, Tommy, there's another

customer for tho! Tak that t'other razor,
an' notch his chin, same as thou's done
mine!"

(Enter HARRY O' MON JOHN'S, *singing*):—

O Billy, my boy! O Billy, my boy!
If thou'd live like a horse, an' drink when thou'rt dry,
Thou'd have haliday duds, an' brass i' thi purse,
An' thou'd walk wi' thi face turned up to th' sky!

"Good morning, Mr. Henry! Yo're quite
merry this morning!"

"Good mornin', Tommy! Thou'rt busy, I
see."

"Well, yes. I've just been 'scraping an
acquaintance,' as my old master used to
say."

(*The old gardener turns round from the glass.*)

"Thou may co' it *scrapin' an acquaintance*,
Tommy, but I co' it *cuttin' an acquaintance*!
Look at my chin, Harry!"

"Hello; is that thee, Tulip?"

"Ay; it's o' there is left on me. Thou mun
tak care o' that barber, or else he'll have a
slice out on tho!"

"Well; an' if he does I'll have a slice out
of him! . . . Now then, Tommy, where
mun I sit?"

"Take this chair, Mr. Henry."

(HARRY sits down.)

"Now then, get into thi looms, Tommy, an' get done ; for I want to be off."

"All right. . . . All well at home, Mr. Henry?"

"If thou co's me 'Mr. Henry' again, I'll gi' tho a bat o' th' ear-hole! Keep thi tung between thi teeth ; an' get on wi' thi mowin'. . . . Aught fresh agate, Tulip?"

"Nought mich, I think. . . . Oh, yigh! Th' yung Squire's gotten wed."

"Oh, ay! Who's he gotten wed to?"

"Well, bi what I can yer, hoo's one o' th' Queen's ladies o' th' bed-chamber."

"The dule hoo is! Why, that's no greight catch, as how 'tis! I doubt his mother'll not like it."

"What for?"

"What for! Why, just to think on him gettin' wed to a sarvant! An' gooin' o' th' road to Lunnon for her too! By th' hectum, he could ha' fund better stuff than that at whoam, here! I tell tho his mother'll never tak her in—never i' this world,—for hoo's as proud as Lucifer! An' I wonder at him, too, for he's as prodigal a cowl as ever step't shoe-leather his-sel!"

"Howd thi din, mon; th' lass is a lady!"

"Lady me noan o' thi ladies! Hoo's

nought but a chamber-maid, I tell tho! An' I guess hoo makes th' beds, an' empties th' slops, an' sich like! By th' mass, if his faither had bin alive there'd ha' bin a bonny dust kicked up! I wonder what th' lad's bin thinkin' on? . . . Who's lass is hoo, saysto?"

"Nay; I didn't yer."

"Some o' th' coachmen, I guess. . . . Well, let it leet as it will, hoo's nobbut a sarvant!"

"Well; thou has it just as I had it; an' I mun be off. . . . Hello; it's rainin'!"

"Yes, it's very heavy, too. You'd better wait till it's over. See; take this chair, sir."

"Ay, I'll sit me down, an' have a reech o' 'bacco till it clears up. . . . Hasto done wi' that lad's chin?"

"I've just finished, Mr. Joseph."

"Well then, I'll tell tho what do, Tommy."

"Yes, Mr. Joseph!"

"Rom a arm-ful o' shavin's into that fire-hole; an' put a leet to't. A bit of a blash'll be better than nought; for it's as cowl as a coal-house i' this cote. . . . Here, Harry, come an' keawer (cower) tho down a minute or two, till the rain's o'er. It isn't fit to turn a dog out just now."

"O' reet! I'll be witho in a minute, as soon as I've wiped this lother off mi face!"

. . . Now then, Tulip, owd lad, how's th' world waggin' witho? Conto find me a stick or two o' celery, if I look in at th' garden to-morn?"

"I'll gi' tho a arm-ful if thou'll come i'th' forenoon, Harry."

"That's reet, owd brid, I'll co. . . . Are thi potitos o' reet this time?"

"First rate! But I've hard wark to keep 'em. Times are so bad, an' there are so mony tramps an' beggars wanderin' about, haue clemmed to death, that I miss a lot every neet. An' it's th' same wi' th' farmers o' round. Tum o' Flup's up at the Ridge, yon, had as fine a felt o' Lapstone Kidneys as ever went into a pon; but they kept disappearin', neet after neet, at such a rate that he thought he'd find out where they went to; an' one neet he muffle't his-sel' up a bit after dark had come on, an' he said to th' wife, 'Nanny, I'm gooin' to watch yon potitos a bit to-neet; an' if I can catch ony o' these thieves it'll be worse for 'em!' So he took a hob-stick out o' th' nook, an' a ten-gallon can, an' off he set, and cower't his-sel' down at th' bottom end o' th' felt, close bi th' bruck-side, 'at runs through th' hollow. 'Now then,' said he, as he filled his can wi' wayter, an' laid his cudgel down at th' side on't, 'there's wood an' wayter

theer; an' th' first thief that comes shall ha' both hard an' soft, as who they are!' Well, he waited, an' waited, till he wur nearly starve't to deeoath; but he wur determin't to see it out; so he gript his cudgel, an' gran (grinned), an' bode (did abide), expectin' some'at turnin' up every minute. In a while his wife began to think that it wur time for him to have a bit o' supper; so hoo tucked her gown o'er her yed, to keep th' rain off, an' away hoo crept to th' potito-feelt, to ax him to come in an' warm his-sel', an' have his supper. Well; it wur as dark as a fox's mouth; an' hoo went very quietly in at th' top end o' th' felt, an' began a-tootin' about, an' whisperin', 'Tom; wheer arto? Come to thi supper, an' warm tho a bit!' Well, Tum could see th' whole felt fro' th' place, where he wur lyin'; an' as soon as he spied this strange figure creepin' in at th' top-gate, he mutter't to his-sel', 'By th' maskins, there's one on 'em here at last! An' it's a woman, too, bi th' look on it!' So he crept up by th' hedge-side, with th' knobstick under his arm, an' th' canful o' wayter in his honds, till he geet close beheend her; an' he leet fly th' whole ten-gallon o' wayter slap on th' top on her; an' then he gript her by th' shoolder, an' he said, 'Come, I've catched thee, have I? Here; thou'll ha' to goo wi'

me ; I'll have a look at thee bi candle-leet !'
An' away he dragged her toward th' house,
that stood about three felt-breadths off.
Well, Nanny had gotten sich a dowsin' wi'
th' wayter that it had takken her breath at
first ; an' then, as soon as hoo see'd what a
blunder he'd made, hoo thought hoo met
(might) as weel let him have it out. So hoo
kept her gown tucked o'er her yed, an' hoo
went with him very quietly, an' never
oppen't her lips. Th' dur stood wide oppen ;
an' there wur a good fire ; an' a candle
burnin upo' th' table. So Tum took his
prisoner in ; an', as he looked round th'
house, he cried out, 'Here, Nanny ; where
arto ? Come an' look at this wayter-dog !
I've catched one o' th' thieves, here !' Wi'
that Nanny flang her gown off her yed, an'
hoo said, 'Ay ; thou'rt a bonny thief-catcher,
thou art ! Look at mi clooas ! Thou may
weel co' me a wayter-dog !' 'Well,' said
Tummy, 'this is a toe-biter, as how 'tis !
How leets thou didn't speighk ?' 'Speighk !
How could I speighk wi' o' that wayter
about me ! I've hardly gotten my breath
yet !' 'Well,' said Tum ; 'put that dur to ;
an' away witho up stairs, an' get thoose weet
things off ! *I've done enough o' potito-tentin'
for one neet*, as how 'tis !'

"Well done, Tum ! I'll tell tho what,

Tulip, if it had bin some woman he'd ha' caught it!"

"He would that! But th' rain's dropt, I see. I mun be off!"

"An' so mun I! . . . Good mornin', Tommy!"

"Good morning, gentlemen,—and thank you!"





MISERABLE SINNERS.

—o—

[*Time, winter evening.—Scene, the old kitchen—
Persons, OWD SAM, TWITTER, WOBBLE, JEM O'
TH' OWD SUR'S; and BETTY, the landlady.*]

YON'S a quare cowl, Sam."

"He's nought else."

"What a mouth he has!"

"It's a terrible gash, for sure."

"His yed's th' hawe road off, when it's
open."

"Another inch would ha' done it."

"I wish they'd ta'en it o' round."

"Didto ever see him agate o' puttin'
butter't muffins out o' seet?"

"Ay; an' I never want to see it again.
He looked as if he were postin' letters. I'd
rather keep him a week than a fortnit."

"I don't care who keeps him, if he'll keep
off me."

"I'll tell tho what, Sam, I don't think he's o' theer."

"Thou'rt about reet, Twitter; but there's too mich on him yet, for my brass."

"There is, Sam; just about thirteen stone too mich."

"He's o' offal, an' boilin'-pieces, fro' yed to fuut."

"Well, but," said Betty, "he reckons to be convarted, doesn't he?"

"So he does, lass; but he's one o' thoose that taks a' deeol o' convartin'."

"Ay," said Jem o' th' Owd Sur's, "I think they'n ha' to have another do at him, afore he's good for mich."

"I wish they'd turn him into a pillar o' saut, th' same as Lot's wife."

"Well, an' if they did," said Sam, "I'd ha' noan."

"What doesto think, Sam," said Twitter; "it isn't aboon a fortnit sin' I catch't him steighlin' our coals. I yerd a din i'th back-yard, about two o'clock i'th mornin'; an' I oppen't th' window, an' look't out; an' theer he wur, sure enough, quietly filling a whisket out o' th' coal-rook. 'Now then,' I said, 'thou'rt pikin' 'em out, I see!' An' he said, 'Nay; thou lies; I'm takkin' 'em as they come!' What dun yo think o' that?"

"Oh, I know him," said Betty. "He's a

brazen, ready-tunged good-for-nought ! An' he's a wastrel o' gates (all ways)."

"Ready-tunged !" said Twitter ; "ay, ay ; he's lost th' latch o' his lip, mon !"

"By th' mass," said Sam, "I wish he'd lost his lip o'together !"

"Well," continued Twitter, "the very next news I yerd wur that he'd turn't Ranter parson."

"Eh," said Betty, "what a world this is for change !"

"Well, but, Betty, didn't yo yer what he code us just now ?"

"Foos, happen," said Betty.

"Nay ; he says we're o' miserable sinners."

"Well ; an' so yo are."

"Well, ay ; as fur as sinnin' goes, yo known, I dar say there isn't a pin to choose amung th' lot ! I've nought again that ! I'm a sinner, I know ! Arn't thou a sinner, Wobble ?"

"I doubt I am," said Wobble.

"Thou may put me down for another, while thou'rt agate," said Jem o' th' Owd Sur's.

"An' me, too," said Sam ; "but, by the mass, I'll not be reckon't up amung th' same lot as yon mon is, as how th' cat jumps !"

"Well, thou may put me down, too," said Betty, "i'th' same lot as our Sam."

"Howd yo'r din, Betty," said Twitter ;

"yo'r o' reet! But, it's noather here nor theer! What, we're o' sinners, oather o' one sort or another!"

"Ay, ay," said Betty; "if we're gradely reckon't up, there'd be about six o' tone an' hauve-a-dozen o' tother."

"So far, so good," said Twitter; "but, here Sam; let me ax thee one thing."

"Get forrud wi' thi barrow."

"Sam; art thou miserable?"

"Well, I don't know 'at I am; nobbut, now an' then,—when th' dinner's noan ready."

"Well, Jem, owd brid; now, art thou miserable?"

"Oh, I'm o' reet, for aught that I know."

"Well, Wobble, owd lad, art thou miserable?"

"Who miserable? Me? Am I hectum as like!"

"Well, an' as for mysel',—see yo, lads,—I'm as leetsome as a layrock! He may co' us sinners, if he's a mind; but, by th' mass, if he says that we're miserable sinners, he's talkin' off at th' side! . . . Here, Betty, bring me another tot!"





THE HAY-BAG.

DID I ever tell yo abeawt Jone o' Bob's an' th' Hay-bag?" said the quarryman.

"Nawe; but I could like to hear it," replied the landlord.

"Well," said the quarryman, "Jone went to th' rent-supper; an' he stopt still o' th' tother had gone; an' when he turn't out, at one o'clock i'th' mornin', quite knocked up, he manag't o' someheaw to tak th' wrong gate (road). Istead o' gooin' towards whoam, he took th' road to Manchester. Well, he maunder't on an' on, i'th' dark, by his-sel! At last th' moon broke out, an' he began o' lookin' about him a bit. 'Hello,' said he, starin' at a house that stood close by th' road—that use't to be at the left-hond side once! Howd—let's see! If I turn round, th' heawse'll be on th' reet side. But stop,

—I'se be wrong then. I'se ha' to walk whoam th' back road on, if I turn me round! That'll do noan! There's summat out o' tune here! I'll sit me deawn, an' think a bit! An' he rear't his-sel' again a milestone, and dropt asleep. An' theer he slept on, till four i'th' mornin'. An' he'd ha' slept a good while longer, but there was a waggon coom by, pile't up wi' stuff for Manchester. 'Hello!' says th' waggoner, shaking Jone up, 'what arto doin' here?' I'm beawn whoam,' said Jone, rubbin' his een. 'Thae'll be a good while i' gettin' theer if thou travels at this rate,' said th' waggoner. 'Wheer doest live?' 'Smo'-bridge!' said Jone. 'Smo'-bridge!' cried th' waggoner; 'why, thou'rt within a mile o' Middleton!' 'Middleton!' said Jone. 'By th' mass, I've ta'en th' wrong turn! . . . I've a good mind to goo on to Middleton now, owd lad,—if thou'll gi' me a bit of a lift. Eawr Mary lives at Middleton. I'll goo an' see her.' 'I'll gi' tho a lift, wi' o' th' pleasur' i'th' world,' said th' waggoner; 'but I doubt thae'll never be able to climb to th' top o' this stuff!' an' he pointed to th' pile upo' th' waggon. 'Here, come,' said he, 'I'll manage it! Get into this hay-bag! Thae'll be as snug as a button!' 'Well, thou mun put me out at Middleton, thou

knows,' said Jone. 'O' reet,' said th' waggoner; 'I'll put tho out, owd lad! Make thisel' comfortable.' So Jone crope (crept) into th' hay-bag; an' away went th' waggon—wi' Jone fast asleep i'th' hay-bag,—an' his yed hangin' out at th' top,—like th' nob of a onion. An' away went th' waggoner, whistlin',—away he went, straight through Middleton,—till he coom to Blakeley, two mile further on; for he'd quite forgotten that he had Jone i'th' hay-bag. But, when he poo'd up at th' Blakeley ale-heawse, and went round to get some hay for th' horses, he see'd Jone's turly nob hangin' out o' th' bag, an' he said, 'Eh, I've forgotten to put this chap out at Middleton!' An' he roos't (aroused) him up. 'Now, then! Come, owd lad, get up!' 'O' reet!' said Jone, rubbin' his een. 'Are we at Middleton?' 'Ay,—an' two mile o' tother side,' said th' waggoner. 'We're at Blakeley!' 'Why, what hasto brought me here for? I wanted to get out at Middleton.' 'Well, I clen forget that thou were i'th' hay-bag,—an' that's God's truth, owd lad,' said th' waggoner. 'Well,—by th' mon,' said Jone, as he looked round,—I never wur here afore i' my life! I am gettin' nicely knock'd about between one town an' another, this neet. . . . I'se ha' to walk o' that gate back, thou sees,' said

he to th' waggoner. 'Oh, nay,' said th' waggoner; 'I can manage better than that for tho, I think. There's Billy Robishaw comin' yon, wi' his cart, I see. He's gooin' to Rachda'; an' I can get him to let tho ride.' 'That'll do,' said Jone. So, when Billy coom up, he agreed to let him ride back wi' him; an' when Jone had gotten into th' cart, Billy gav' him a pack-sheet, an' he said, 'Lap that round tho, owd lad; thou'll be starv't.' When Jone had gotten lapped up, he looked out o' th' pack-sheet, an' he said to Billy, 'If thou'll just poo up abeawt ten minutes when thou gets into Middleton, I'll gi' tho sixpence. I want to speighk to our Mary. It's close to th' Boar's Yed.' 'O' reet,' said Billy. An' then Jone went back into his pack-sheet; an' in about two minutes he wur sound asleep again. Well, by th' mon, Billy Robishaw just did th' same as th' waggoner had done. He forgeet Jone, as clean as a whistle, an' he drove through Middleton, an' straight on to Rachda', afore he unbethought his-sel.' But, when he poo'd up at th' 'Saddle,' he said, 'Eh, by th' mon! there's that chap i'th' pack-sheet! He wanted to get out at Middleton! An' he went and looked for Jone among th' pack-sheet; an' when he fund him, he said, 'Here, owd mon; wakken

up!' 'O' reet,' said Jone; 'are we at Middleton?' 'Middleton—!' said Billy; 'we're at Rachda'!' 'Rachda'! said Jone, starin'. 'Wheer——shall I get to th' next?

. . . Here, I'll come out o' this.' An' he crope out o' th' pack-sheet. 'I've had a smart neet on't amung yo,' said Jone, as he coom out o' th' cart. 'I went off in a hay-bag; an' I coom back in a pack-sheet; an' I've bin at three different towns; an' I'm noan reet yet!' 'Well, an' wheer arto for, now?' said Billy. 'I'm for Smo'-bridge,' said Jone, 'as hard as ever I con.' 'Well, said Billy, 'I'm gooin' through Smo'-bridge. Thou may as weel ride forrud wi' me.' 'Nay, I'll not!' said Jone; 'I'se happen fo' asleep, an' find mysel' i' Halifax th' next. It's day-leet, now. I'll finish this bit wi' my legs. Off witho' bi thisel'; for I'll trust no moore to noather carts nor waggons! . . . An' that's th' end o' Jone an' th' hay-bag," said the quarryman.

"Well done, Sam!" said the landlord, lifting his glass; "here's a merry Christmas to tho, when th' time comes!"





TURVIN LUMPERS.

ONE Todmorden fair, two Cliviger farmers were fratchin', i'th' White Hart, about which had groon th' big'st potitos that year; an' one said that his wur this size, an' tother said that his wur that size. An' Harry at Gauxholme had bin sittin' i'th' nook, hearkenin' 'em, till he couldn't bide a minute longer beawt puttin' his motty in; so he jumped up, an' he said that there wur a chap i' Turvin that had groon potitos, that year, five times as big as oather o' theirs. "Name him!" cried the farmers. "Amos o' Bullet-nob's, up i' Turvin," said Harry. "He's groon potitos five times as big as oather on yo; I'll bet two to one on it!" "Two what?" said one o' th' farmers. "Two penny muffins to haue a sovereign," said Harry. "Talk to some sense, an' I'll see what I can do wi' tho," said


th' farmer. "Well, I'll bet an even ten shillin' then," said Harry. "Done!" cried the farmer; an' they staked their brass. Well, in a bit these farmers went outside; an' Harry yerd 'em talkin' together under th' window; an' th' chap that had bet ten shillin' tow'd tother that he intended to slip up into Turvin th' next day, an' have a look at these big potitos; an' if th' tale prove't true, he'd try to get his brass back afore th' bet were saddle't; an' he could happen make a bit o' summat out o' somebody else,—for he wur sure nobody would believe it. Thought Harry to his-sel', "I'll slip up into Turvin, too, owd lad, an' see what I can do!" An' th' first thing th' next mornin' away went Harry up into Turvin cloof, to see owd Amos; an' he tow'd him what a foo of a bet he'd made. "Neaw, Amos," said Harry, "thae sees how it is. He's comin' up to look at these potitos to-morn. Make 'em as big as ever thae con; but, whatever tho does, dunnot let him see 'em!' I'll manage him," said Amos. Well, th' farmer coom up to see Amos th' same day; an' he said, "I yer yo'n groon some good-size't potitos upo' this side, this year. Con yo let me look at 'em?" "Well—nawe," said Amos, "I connot. They're of a mak (kind) that never were sin i' this country afore; an' we're keepin' 'em

eawt o' seet at present. But are yo wantin' to buy some!" "Well,—ay," said th' farmer; "I could like to try 'em." "Heaw mony dun yo want?" said Amos. "Well,—abeawt a stone,—just to see what they're like." "A stone!" cried Amos; "eh, I'll never cut into one o' yon potitos for th' sake o' sellin' a stone!" Well, that kilt th' farmer's pig at one stroke; an' he coom off wi' his under lip hangin' deawn. He never axed for his ten shillin' back. An' for a good while after that Harry went bi th' name o' "Turvin Lumper."






EAVES-DROPPINGS.

——
“’Tis some folks joy to take the road,
An’ go abroad, a-wand’rin’ wide,
From shore to shore, from place to place,
The swiftest pace that folk can ride :
But I’ve a joy within the door,
With friends about the fire-side.”

—WILLIAM BARNES.

*Summer twilight. Kitchen of “The Eagle and Child,”
an old roadside inn, better known thereabouts as
“Th’ Brid an’ Banilin.” JONE O’ MARLER’S
seated alone by an open window overlooking the
bowling-green behind the house. Rain falling.
JONE looks through the window into the rain,
and begins to talk to himself:—*

“ELL ; here I am bi mysel’, again !
An’ my pot’s empty ! There’s
nought seems to stop wi’ me that’s
ony sense in it,—noather folk, nor drink, nor
brass ! As for brass,—I wortch for that like
a horse, an’ I spend it like a jackass—an’
that’ll keep mi nose close to th’ grindle-stone

as long as I've breath i' mi body! I wonder if I'se ever come to mysel'! An' even time, too,—time'll not stop wi' me! Ay, ay; time's a steady traveller,—an' I'se never be able to keep up wi' him at th' rate I'm gooin' at,—for he minds his wark better than some on us! Our Mally said I wur a foo when I coom out,—an' our Mally wur reet! . . . How still everything is! Of o' th' deawly nooks I ever wur in this caps the lot! An' th' owl-leet's comin' on too! There's nought i' th' world stirrin'—nobbut th' rain—an' I can yer (hear) every drop as it leets! . . . It's gotten to th' edge o' dark; and there'll be boggarts abroad in a bit. I wish it would thunner, or some'at! This is too mich for me! My yure's beginnin' a-crakin' o' my broo' an' I'm gooin' o' goose-flesh! . . . Where's o' th' owd fuddlers? What's th' matter wi' folk that they do'not come a drinkin'? Is th' world comin' to its senses? An' am I th' last foo there is left to swill his throttle wi' beggar-berm, and barrel-weshin's? I'm noan gooin' to sit here bi mysel' mich lunger,—I cannot ston it! . . . Another good day gone by, too, an' never a stroke stricken! By the bowd tinker this an' better *may* do, but this an' worse never will! . . . What's to be done? . . . A chap that's gotten ale for his maister is

nobbut a poor mak of a craiter,—an' he get's ill paid for his wark; but, it doesn't matter,—I'm dry,—an' I may as weel be hanged for a sheep as a lamb! . . . Hello, theer! Bring me another tot."

"I'm comin'!"

"Be slippy, then,—I'm deenin'!"

(Aside, in the next room)—

"Well; dee then, an' get done wi't,—for thou'rt not mich good alive. *(Louder.)* I'm comin' in a minute, I tell yo!"

(The landlady's voice heard in the next room talking to the village dressmaker.)

"This is a bit o' good stuff, mistress. How wi'n yo have this dress made?"

"Well; I want it makin' up to th' throttle an' down to th' shackle; a walkin' length; an' a stridin' breadth; an' a belt round th' middle; an flounce't to the bottom!"

"Same as th' last, I guess?"

"I mun have raither moore girth for stridin' this time, Sally,—an' I'se want a lunger belt, thou knows, just now."

"I know."

"An'—Sally,—dun yo yer?"

"Well?"

"Mind, an' put plenty o' stitches in; for I poo my things to pieces terribly."

"I'll see to it, mistress.

"Thou'll have it done bi Thursday, Sally ;
thou knows it's rent-supper that neet ? "

"I'll have it done."

"That'll do, Sally ! Good neet to yo ! It is
fine, just now, I see. But it's a good job yo
brought yo'r umbrell ; for, bi' th' look o' th'
sky, I doubt that it'll rain at intervals."

"It'll rain here, afore aught's long, mistress,
whether it rains at intervals or not. . . . Good
neet to yo ! "

"Good neet, Sally ! "

*(JONE, in the kitchen, knocks on the table
with his pot.)*

"Now, then ; how long are yo boun to be
wi bringin' that ale ? "

"I'm comin', I tell yo ! "

"Ay ; an' so is Christmas ! "

(Enter the landlady.)

"Now, then ; what's wanted ? "

"What's wanted ! I've bin bawlin' here,
like a sheep-shouter, this last haue-hour ;
an' never a soul i'th' hole stirs a peg ! It's
like shoutin' to a lot o' rubbin'-stoops in a
moor-end pastur ! "

"Well ; an' what dun yo want, now that I
am here ? "

"I want this pot fillin'."

"Jone, yo'n had enough for one sittin'."

"Who says I've had enough?"

"I say so. Yo'r Matty 'll be comin' directly!"

"Well; let her come! I'm noan freeten't o' frogs!"

"Frogs or no frogs, I think it's time for yo to be gooin', for you looken quite done up."

"Who's done up? Me done up! Nought o' th' sort! An' if I am done up, it's noan o' yo'r ale that's done it, Liddy."

"I doubt it is, Jone."

"Well, if it is, it's th' weight on't—for I'm sure it isn't th' strength on't."

"Whether it's th' weight on't or th' strength on't, yo'n had quite enough to sarve ony gradely mon, Jone."

"Why; how mich have I had, Liddy?"

"Yo'n had seven pints that I know on."

"Seven pints! Is that o'? What's seven pints to a mon o' my size? I need more sleekin' than these under-size't kitlins than han noather height nor weight about 'em! Bring me another pint, Liddy! I'm noan boun to sit dry-mouth bi mysel' in a hole like this!"

"Well, I'll bring yo another, Jone; but, if onybody comes in, mind an' keep a civil tung i' yo'r yed."

(Exit the landlady. JONE shouts after her.)

"Thee keep thi tung between thi teeth,—
an' bi sharp wi' that ale!"

(Enter a country woman, with a basket on her arm.)

"Maister, han yo sin a chap wi' a red
yed?"

"Ay; mony a one."

"But has there bin one o' that mak in
here?"

"Nawe; we'n had nobody in here with a
ginger toppin' to-day. Come an' sit yo down."

"Nawe; I munnot sit, thank yo. . . .
Yo're sure he hasn't bin here, then?—he's a
bow-legged chap,—an' he wears a cauve-skin
singlet."

"Nawe; we'n had no bow-legged chaps,
wi' red yeds, an' cauve-skin singlets, here.
. . . But what's o' yo'r hurry? How are yo
gettin' on?"

"Oh, just middlin'. . . . Why; dun yo
know me?"

"Ay, sure I do. Do'not yo know me?"

"Nawe; yo'n th' odds o' me, this time,
maister."

"Why, dun yo mean to say that yo'n for-
getten me, then?"

"Ay; who are yo?—for I've plump for-
gotten yo."

"Well, that's a good un, as how 'tis."

"It's true, for sure, maister; an' I cannot co' yo to mind, yet."

"Yo cappen me, Mally."

"I'm noan code (called) Mally."

"Why; aren't yo one of owd Bill o' Fair-off lasses, at th' 'Swine Rootins?'"

"Not I, marry! Mi faither wur code Nathan o' Fotcher's; but he wur better known bi th' name o' Bitter-bump."

"Why, then, I mun be wrang,—an' it's noan o' yo."

"Yo're wrang, for sure, maister. . . . But, now that I come to look at yo, I can remember yo very weel. I've nobbut just fund yo out. . . . How's yo'r Jonathan?"

"What Jonathan?"

"Yo'r brother Jonathan."

"I have no brother Jonathan."

"Why; aren't yo one o' th' Kitters o' th' Smo'bridge?"

"Nawe; by th' mass,—I'm noan come'd to that yet!"

"Why, then; I'll be hanged if I am not wrang, too, maister; an' it turns out to be noather yo nor me!"

"Nawe; it's noather on us, as yo say'n, mistress. . . . But it matters nought. We're both on us somebody, when o's said an' done."

"Ay; we're somebody, for sure. But who

are yo, maister, so that I can tell yo th' next time I leet on yo?"

"I'm code Jone o' Marlers; an' mi faither's name wur Sleck-trough."

"Well; it's a good name to think on is Sleck-trough,—for I've a brother 'at's a blacksmith. . . . So I'll bid yo good day, maister! I mun goo an' look for yon chap o' mine!"

"Good day to yo, mistress! Yo winnot think no warse o' me for speighkin' to yo, wi'n yo?"

"Not a hawp'oth!"

"That's reet! Good day to yo!"

(Exit NANNY O' NATHAN'S. JONE is left alone again. He begins to sing)—

"I have lived a good while,
And I've seen a good deal
Of mirth, and of toil,
And of woe, and of weal;
But when a man's old,
I do think it is well
For to rest in the fold
Where the weary do dwell,
Do dwell;
In the fold where the weary do well."

(Enter a tattered country hawker, with a face full of ale-blossoms.)

"Hello! Where's thou sprung fro'?"

"I come fro' th' Gank, i' Rachda."

"An' what arto code?"

"Galker Jack. I wur brought up in a brew-house."

"Thou's had a rare bringin'-up, my lad ; an' it tells on tho, too. . . . What arto sellin' ?"

"Corn-plaister,—an' clooas-pegs,—an' smotooth koms (combs). Buy a kom !"

"Nawe ; I want noan."

"Well ; I've some stuff i'th the corner o' mi basket, here, for killin' bed-varmin. Wi'n yo have a packet o' that ?"

"Nawe ; I want noan o' that, noather. I kill my varmin mysel'—when I can catch 'em."

"Oh, ay ! How dun yo kill 'em ?"

"I kill 'em wi' a hommer."

"Well ; I'll be gooin'."

"Here ; stop a minute ! Thou's have a gill afore thou goes. How owd arto ?"

"Five-an'-twenty, come Thar-cake Monday."

"Thou'rt gettin' on, my lad. An' hasto had middlin' o' schooin' ?"

"Not so much ; for I don't know a B fro' a bull's fuut."

"Oh, I see. Thou's bin to neet-schoo', where they'd no candles. Conto tak' thi' meals middlin' ?"

"Ay ; when I can get howd on 'em."

"Is thi faither alive ?"

"Ay."

"How owd is he ?"

"Seventy-four."

"He'll never get o'er that. . . . Thou smooks, I see. I don't like to see lads smookin'. Aren't tho ashamed o' thi-sel'? I wur forty year owd afore I began a-smookin'."

"Yo should ha' had moore sense bi that time, maister."

"Come; that'll do, my lad! . . . Arto wed?"

"Nawe."

"Keep single, then;—whatever tho does, keep single,—we'n plenty o' thy sort i' this world o'ready! . . . Arto aught akin to feaw Tummy, o' Lobden, that wur hanged for sheep steighlin',—thou's a great favvour on him?"

"Nawe; I know nought about him."

"I'm fain to yer it, my lad. Bût, to tell truth, I didn't think there'd bin two folk alive so mich alike as thee an' him. . . . Sit tho down; what arto stonnin' theer for? Sit tho down a minute; an' let's have a gradely look at tho."

(The hawker sits down. JONE stares at him silently for a minute or two, and then mutters to himself)—

"'And God made man after his own image.' So th' owd book says,—an' I believe

it, too. But mon makes a terrible hond of his-sel'."

"Are yo talkin' about me?"

"Ay; I'm talkin' about thee, my lad."

"Well, then; I'm noan boun to ston no moore nasty talk! . . . Dun yo want to feight?"

"Nawe; I don't want to feight, my lad. An' if I did, I wouldn't feight thee. Thy days'll be short enough as it is; but if thee an' me gets agate o' feightin', they'n be a deal shorter. An' do'not thee bother thi yed about gooin' into th' feightin' line; for, if tho does, thou'rt sure to lose by it."

(JONE *knocks on the table with his pot. Enter the landlady.*)

"Here, Liddy; bring this lad a pint o' ale!"

(*She brings the ale.*)

"There, my lad; get that into tho; an' do'not thee ston i' thi own leet! I wish tho no ill! Wortch hard; an' save as mich o' thi wage as thou con; for thou'll never addle nought bi thi wits. Give o'er drinkin', an' live o' churn-milk, an' porritch, an' cheese an' brade; an' keep among daicent folk, as weel as thou con,—for if thou gets amung th' tother mak thou'rt sure to tak after 'em,—an' it'll bring tho to th' floor wi' a rattle. . . .

An' if thou mun drink, drink nought but whoam-brewed ale,—it's strung enough for strunger chaps than thee. An' drink slow,—an' don't sit wi' thi back to th' fire ; an' then thou'll happen live till thou dees,—if th' dogs don't worry tho !”





UNDER THE SNOW.



“ When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit ;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

CHRISTMAS DAY had glided by,
with a shiver and a song ; and the
old year was creeping to his close,
“ wrapped in many weeds, to keep the cold
away, and blowing his nails to warm them if
he may.” The carols of the season were still
ringing faintly in the wintry air ; and here
and there, around a comfortable fire, the fine
old festival of the Christian Church was still
kept up in a pensively-merry way amongst
those who were healthy, and strong, and well-
to-do. But the unusual bitterness of the

weather, the strange combination of disasters that afflicted the times, and the daily-increasing destitution of the poor, had touched the warmest hearth in the kingdom with a tone of melancholy. . . . The poor old year was creeping with feeble steps towards his end. The white seal of winter lay upon the land ; and the intense frost, which had turned the fields to stone, and imprisoned the waters so long, showed no sign of abatement. Everything boded the continuance of an unusually severe winter, and the sufferings of the poverty-stricken were deepening from day to day, both in town and country ; for the whole land was smitten.

There had been heavy falls of snow in quick succession, from one end of the country to the other ; and in cloughs, and creases, and lonely valleys, amongst the hills of the Blackstone Edge range, it lay in greater piles and drifts than had been known for a quarter of a century. . . . Deep in a rut of the hills there stood a rude, but roomy, and firmly-built cottage of stone, close by a moorland stream, which runs into the wild clough of Turvin. In this solitary cottage dwelt for many years "Jem o' th' Rangers," a sturdy, studious old bachelor, who earned his simple living by hand-loom weaving, and by keeping a few sheep, and watching the neighbouring

moors for the owners. Jem did all his washing, and cooking, and mending for himself; and his house and his person were scrupulously clean. He liked the lonely moorlands; and nothing on earth could tempt him from his old cottage and his solitary way of life. He had weathered many a hard storm there alone; but hardly ever so bitter a winter as this. And as he sat musing by the light of a fire made of tree-roots and dried heather, he listened, and wondered whether the two old friends who had promised to come up from Todmorden Vale to spend New Year's Eve with him would come or not—for his little house was snowed-up to the top of the doorway, and his only way out for the present was up the wide chimney.

It was early in the afternoon of the last day of the year when Jem's friends—two sturdy country weavers—who were fond of botany and mathematics, made their way up through the clough of Turvin, and across the trackless waste of deep snow that lay between the old moorland road and Jem's cottage, with long staves in their hands and woollen mufflers round their necks.

"Ben," said the elder of the two, "I see no signs o' th' house yet; but we cannot be far off, for th' ash-tree ston's yon, down i' th' hollow."

"Sitho, Jack," replied the other, pointing ahead, "does thou see a bit o' blue smooke curlin' up out of a snow-drift, yon, about two hundred yards off?"

"Ay; I can see that,—but I can see no house."

"Never thee mind. That smooke comes fro' th' house; an' th' house is under that snow, as sure as I'm a livin' mon!"

"By th' mass, I believe thou'rt reet! Th' owd lad's snowed up this time, if he never wur afore! I hope he's laid in some'at to fo' back on. If he hasn't he'll be badly nipped afore this storm's o'er!"

"Oh! thou doesn't need to be fretten't. Jem knows what he's doin'. He's as hard as nails; an' it isn't th' first storm he's had to weather."

"But, how mun we get at him; for th' house is snowed up to th' edge o' th' slate."

"Come thi ways on! We'n find a road to him; or else we'n goo in at th' top."

One end of Jem's cottage was built against the hill-side. Carefully surveying the ground, so as to avoid the snow-filled hollows, Jem's two friends stepped from the slope of the hill on to the snow-clad roof of the cottage, and peering down the wide chimney, they cried out,—

"Hello, Jem; arto theer?"

"Hello!" replied a strong, cheerful voice, from the fireplace below. "Is that yo, lads? Come in; an' sit yo down!"

"Ay; but how mun we get in?"

"Well, yo mun come down th' chimbly, th' same as I do. There's no other road at present. Th' chimbly's wide enough for a cow to come down. Yo'n tak no harm if yo'n good shoon on; for I'll tak some o this fire off. An' there's a bit of a ladder here for yo! Come down; an' don't ston there starin' into th' chimbly, like a pair o' barn-owls!"

"Well, I've nought on that'll tak ony harm," said Ben.

"Nor me, noather," said Jack.

And, without more ado, they stept in at the top of the chimney, one after the other; and, in a few minutes, they were comfortably seated with their old friend Jem in front of a great fire, newly fed with great crackling roots of dried oak and fir.

"Well," said Ben, looking round the clean little house, which was all aglow with the light of a great wood fire, "considerin' th' spot, an' th' situation, I mun say that thou looks vast comfortable. I don't know that thee an' me, an' Jack here, ever met under a snow-drift afore."

"Nawe; I don't know that we ever did,

Ben. An' I can tell tho another thing,—it's th' first time that ever I had to come down th' chimbly to get to bed."

"Oh, thou does get out, then?"

"Out? Ay! I've bin up th' chimbly mony a time this day or two back; but I've always bin fain to come down again; for, between thee an' me, I find it far moore comfortable under this snow than it is up at th' top. Bless thi life, I think I'm very snug, an' very weel off. I know bits o' lonely cots among these hills where there's no fire, an' hardly meight enough to keep soul an' body together. Poor craitors! it's a hard time for them! It makes one think they'd be better i' their graves. I'm buried alive, mysel'—in a manner of speakin',—but I shall rise again, if nought no worse happens."

"How arto off for provender?"

"Oh! I've as much laid in as will last me two or three week. An' if I want aught I've nought to do but creep up th' chimbly, theer; an' I can always manage to powler some'at out o' some nook afore I come down again. Oh, ay; I've thought mony a time when I've bin sittin' here at fireside, bi mysel', that there's not mony folk i' this world, just now, that's better off than I am under this bit o' snow."

"Well, I begin a-thinkin' so, too, Jem;

for it's a terrible time up at th' top—it is that!"

"It cannot miss; for it's th' hardest winter that I can recollect; an' it's mich if there isn't lots o' folk clemmed to deeth. . . . How are they gooin' on up at Keb Coit?"

"Oh! starvation, an' hunger, an' folk out o' wark of o' sides. An' th' farmers han suffer't, too, for there's bin so mich raggy weather upo' th' moors that there's bin a great lot o' sheep lost."

"It's bin a rough back-end, for sure. . . . Hasto sin owd Dan o' Fotler's, th' butcher, lately?"

"Well, it's about three week sin' I see'd him; an' I don't think he'll be sin about this quarter again, for a good while—at least I hope not."

"How's that?"

"Becose he's off to another shop."

"Oh, ay! Where's that?"

"Well; I cannot exactly tell; but,—they'n buried him."

"Nay, sure! What's that for?"

"Becose he dee'd!"

"Well, well! There's a trick for yo! . . . Why, it isn't aboon a month sin' I see'd him switchin' through Tormorden Market,—leet, an' breet, an' lark-heelt,—with a pluck-an-liver i' one hond, an' a thwittle i' th' tother, as

pert as a pynot; ay, an' he'd a face like a full moon; an' his yure flew like a driftin' hay-cock! Well, well, what poor things we are! An' so the owd lad's gone, is he?"

"Ay; he's left this country-side."

"What ail't him?"

"Well, he geet an ill cowl while he wur rootin' about th' moor-tops, i' this hard weather, after sheep; an' then it turn't to some'at worse; an' he weren't his own mon for a bit; an' he maunder't an' wander't in his talk; for he'd gotten it into his yed that his legs wur i' Scotlan', an' his arms wur i' Ireland, an' his neck wur i' Yorkshire; an' he kept sayin', "I wish some on yo would write, an' see how my legs are gettin' on!" An' then, when they showed him his legs, and said, 'Sitho; thi legs are here!' he geet quite vext, an' he cried out, 'Nought o' th' sort! They're i' Scotlan', I tell yo! I see'd 'em goo! An' so he went on. In a bit he type't o'er—an' o' wur still."

"Poor owd Dan! He's gan' o'er cuttin' beef up, then."

"He'll cut no moore up i' this quarter, as how 'tis."

"Why; he'd hardly gotten to th' best of his day. It hadn't stricken twelve with him!"

"It doesn't matter; th' clock stopt."

"Ay, ay; an' between thee an' me, Ben, there's no tellin' when th' clock may stop. . . . Husht! . . . What's that? . . . There's somebody a-top o' th' house!"

And now a strong clear voice shouted down the chimney—

"Hello, Jem! Where arto?"

"I'm here!" replied Jem. "Who is it?"

"It's me!"

"Hello; is it thee, William? Artn'to for comin' in?"

"Nawe; we thought we'd just see if yo wur alive."

"I'm wick an' hearty, William!"

"Well, my faither's sent yo some bits o' things in a basket, here! How mun I get 'em down?"

"Thou'll find a rope at th' back o' th' chimbly, theer. Tee it to th' basket-hondle, an' let it down!"

"There it is, Jem."

Jem emptied the basket, and sent it up again.

"There's thi basket back, William; an' tell thi faither I'm much obleeg't to him!"

"Yo'r quite welcome, Jem; Happy New Year to yo!"

"Th' same to thee, William,—an' mony on 'em!"

.

"Now, lads," said Jem, as he spread his stores out upon the table, "we'n have a bit o' baggin'! Yo're be like to stop o' neet."

"I'm willin'," said Ben.

"An' so am I," said Jack.

THE END.

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased by 1.5 million (1990–1999) and is projected to increase by a further 1.5 million by 2010 (Office of National Statistics 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to develop strategies to meet the needs of the ageing population. The Department of Health (2000) has published a strategy for ageing, which sets out the government's commitment to improve the health and quality of life of older people. The strategy is based on the principle that older people should be able to live independently, safely and comfortably, and to participate fully in society. The strategy is based on the following principles:

- Older people should be able to live independently, safely and comfortably.
- Older people should be able to participate fully in society.
- Older people should be able to live in their own homes.
- Older people should be able to live in their own communities.
- Older people should be able to live in their own homes.

The strategy is based on the following principles:

- Older people should be able to live independently, safely and comfortably.
- Older people should be able to participate fully in society.
- Older people should be able to live in their own homes.
- Older people should be able to live in their own communities.
- Older people should be able to live in their own homes.

The strategy is based on the following principles:

- Older people should be able to live independently, safely and comfortably.
- Older people should be able to participate fully in society.
- Older people should be able to live in their own homes.
- Older people should be able to live in their own communities.
- Older people should be able to live in their own homes.

The strategy is based on the following principles:

